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Lives
of the
Queens of **E**ngland

VOLUME XII

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Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin

*After the Painting by Pierre Mignard in the Collection
of the Earl of Sandwich, at Hinchinbrook*

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LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST

*FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORDS
AND OTHER PRIVATE AND PUBLIC
AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS*

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND

PRECEDED BY A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN FOSTER KIRK

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES, WITH PLATES

VOLUME XII

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AN interval of repose, and even of domestic comfort, succeeded the birth of *la Consolatrice*, as James II. fondly called the child of his adversity. Mary Beatrice, though deprived of the pomp and power of royalty, and a queen only in name, was assuredly much happier in her shadowy court at St. Germain than she had been as a childless mother and neglected wife amidst the joyless splendor of Whitehall. She was now blessed with two of the loveliest and most promising children in the world, and possessed of the undivided affection of a husband, who was only the dearer to her for his misfortunes. Like the faithful ivy, she appeared to cling more fondly to the tempest-scathed oak in its leafless ruins than when in its majestic prime.

An eloquent tribute to the virtues and conjugal tenderness of this princess was offered to her, in the days of her

exile and adversity, by the accomplished earl of Lansdowne, in a poem entitled *The Progress of Beauty*, in which, after complimenting the reigning belles of William and Mary's court, he adverts to the banished queen with a burst of generous feeling, far more gratifying than all the homage he had paid to her in the morning flower of her charms, when surrounded by the pride and pomp of royalty:—

“Be bold, be bold, my Muse! nor fear to raise
Thy voice to her who was thy earliest praise;
Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,
A monarch's pride, his glory and delight.
Princess adored and loved, if verse can give
A deathless name, thine shall forever live.
O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for still thy queen is kind;
To lie but at her feet more glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on sceptres and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
Who would not give their crowns to be so blest?”

James himself frankly acknowledged that he had never known what true happiness was till, rendered wise by many sorrows, he had learned fully to appreciate the virtues and self-devotion of his queen. He now regarded her not only with love, but veneration, and made it the principal business of his life to atone to her, by the tenderest attentions, for the pangs his former follies had inflicted on her sensitive heart. He knew that, possessed of her, he was an object of envy to his cousin, Louis XIV., and was accustomed to say that, “like Jacob, he counted his sufferings for nothing, having such a support and companion in them.”¹ Blessed in this perfect union, the king and queen endeavored to resign themselves to the will of God, whose hand they both recognized in their present reverse of fortune.

The first time James visited the convent of Chaillot after the battle of La Hogue, the abbess, Frances Angelica Priolo, condoled with him on the disastrous termination of his hopes, and lamented “that God had not granted the prayers which they had offered up for his success.” The king making no reply, she fancied he had not heard her, and

¹ Continuator of James's Life, from Stuart Papers.

began to repeat what she had said in a louder voice. "My mother," interposed the fallen monarch, gravely, "I heard you the first time you spoke. I made you no answer, because I would not contradict you; but you compel me to tell you that I do not think you right, for it seems to me as if you thought that what you asked of God were better than what he has done. All that God does is well done, and there is not anything well done but what he does."¹ The abbess next proceeded to make a comparison between him and St. Louis, when the great designs of that prince against the Saracens were overthrown. "Alas! my mother," replied James, "do not compare me to that great saint. It is true, I resemble him in my misfortunes, but I am nothing like him in my works. He was always holy from his youth, but I have been a great sinner. I ought to look upon the afflictions which God has sent me, not as trials, but as the just chastisement of my faults."² The sentiments expressed by James on this occasion, in a letter to his friend the bishop of Autun, are those of an humble and contrite heart. "God," says he, "is pleased to show from time to time, by great events, that it is He that does all, to make us the more sensible that it is by him that kings do reign, and that he is the Lord of Hosts. . . . No enterprise," continues James, "was ever better concocted than the projected landing in England, and never was anything more visibly shown than that it was not permitted by God; for, unless the winds had been contrary to us, and always favorable to our enemies, the descent had been made. We ought to submit without murmuring to all that happens to us, since we are assured that it is God's will it should be so."³

On the 7th of September, 1692, Mary Beatrice paid one of her annual devotional visits to the convent of Chaillot, and remained there till the 10th, the anniversary commemoration of the foundress, queen Henrietta Maria, when king James, who had in the mean time made a retreat to the more lugubrious solitude of La Trappe, joined her, and they both assisted at the services for the repose of the soul

¹ Contemporary Life of James, and circular-letter of the convent of Chaillot.

² Circular-letter of the convent of Chaillot. Stuart Papers.

³ Ibid.

of that queen. The archbishop of Diey said the mass, and, after all the offices were ended, came to pay his compliments to their majesties in the state apartment. They had a long conversation on the state of religion in Dauphiny, which greatly inclined to the doctrine of Geneva. The archbishop informed their majesties that in the city of Diey fourteen bishops abjured Catholicism at once, and all the men in that town declared themselves Huguenots in one day. Their wives remained Catholics ten years, and then followed the example of their husbands. "Diey," said he, "is one of the most ancient bishoprics in France. The walls of the town were built by Julius Cæsar, who named it the city of a hundred towers, there being that number round the wall, which I understand the enemy has demolished."¹ The queen lamented the destruction of so great a piece of antiquity. When the archbishop took his leave, the nuns were permitted to enter the queen's presence-chamber. Their majesties were seated on a sofa, the nuns ranged themselves round the room; but the queen requesting the abbess to permit them to sit, her reverence made a sign for them to seat themselves on the ground. The king and queen conversed pleasantly with them, and in reply to a question from the abbess about Charles II.'s death, Mary Beatrice related the particulars from beginning to end, with some assistance from her husband, who occasionally took up the word. One of the community wrote the whole narrative down exactly as it was related by their majesties. This curious and most interesting historic document is still in existence in the archives of France, entitled *The Recital of the Death of his late Majesty, king Charles.*²

In the course of the relation Mary Beatrice frankly told her consort, before every one, "that he would have done better if he had persuaded his brother to avow his religion, instead of resorting to so many little expedients about leaving the chamber. She thought deception," she said, "very wrong at such a time, and on such a subject." The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of several ladies of quality, who wished to have the honor of paying their

¹ Chaillot MS.

² Ibid.

homage to the king and queen. Their majesties consented to receive them, and the community of nuns retired. The queen gave a second reception after the vespers, which was attended by the Orleans family, and others of the great ladies of France. The earnestness with which the queen apologizes to the superior of the convent of Chaillot, for her carelessness in forgetting to give her some money which she had promised to solicit from king James for a case of distress, is amusing. Her letter is only dated:—

“At St. Germain, this Saturday.¹

“I do not know, my dear mother, whether you can pardon me the great fault which I committed the other day with regard to you. I know well that I can never pardon myself, and that I have some trouble in pardoning you for not having reminded me, when I was with you, to give you that which I had brought for you, and before I was as far as Versailles I found it in my pocket. It is certain that I felt myself blush so much on discovering it, that if it had been day instead of night, my ladies would have been astonished at the change in my countenance; and I assure you I am truly annoyed with myself about it. I have told the king that I had forgotten, the other day, to give you his money for the alms that you had asked, and I have begged him to take it himself to-day, and to give it to you with my letter. He undertook to do it with all his heart, without questioning me upon it, and you, my ever dear mother, forget, if you can, a fault of memory, but not of the heart assuredly.”

Endorsed—“To the reverend mother, Superior of the Visitation de Chaillot.”

The death of the Bavarian dauphiness, *la grande Dauphine*, as she is called in the memoirs of the period, took place in the spring of 1693, after a lingering illness, during which Mary Beatrice frequently paid her sympathizing visits, although the dauphiness had always looked upon her as a rival in the regard of Louis XIV., and was jealous of the ceremonial marks of respect that were paid to her on account of her empty title of queen of England. After the funeral of this princess, Mary Beatrice came to Versailles in her black mantle of state mourning, to pay her visits of condolence to the king, who received her in his great cabinet. There were present twenty ladies, who were allowed seats. She visited and condoled with the widowed dauphin and his children, and monsieur and madame.

The exiled king and queen had succeeded in carrying away a great many of the crown jewels, as well as those

¹ From the original French holograph, in the hôtel de Soubise.

which were their own personal property. Among the precious things which they secured was a casket full of rose nobles, coined during the reign of the sovereigns of the house of Lancaster. These had become very scarce, and a superstitious value was attached to them at that time in Europe, as it was believed that the gold from which they were struck had been the fruits of some successful alchemist's labors in transmuting inferior metals into gold. One of these Lancastrian coins was regarded as a valuable present by the ladies of the French court, and the queen was glad to increase her influence by all the little courtesies in her power.¹ The jewels were parted with one by one, in cases of extremity, and not till long after Mary Beatrice had despoiled herself of all her personal ornaments, of which few queens had a richer store, or less need.

Mary Beatrice sometimes accompanied her husband in his journeys to La Trappe, where he formed a friendship with the abbé de Rancé, and, till his death, kept up a constant correspondence with him. The English reader will take little interest in the fact that the devotion of this princess greatly edified even the strictest Trappists; yet her religion, though differing in many points from that mode of faith which the true Protestant thinks most acceptable to him who loves to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, was a vital and sustaining principle. A contemporary, who bears record of the consoling influence of religion on the heart of king James, says of his consort, "She has the same disengagement from things below. She looks upon those, which here are called goods, but as flashes of light that pass away in a moment, which have neither solidity nor truth, but deceive those who set their hearts upon them."² Mary Beatrice was now in her thirty-fifth year, but neither time nor sorrow had destroyed the personal graces which had been so lavishly bestowed upon her by nature. James earl of Perth, when writing in terms of great commendation of the charming duchess of Arenberg to his sister, the

¹ *Memoirs of the Marquise de Crequi.*

² Circular-letter of the convent of Chaillot on the Life and Death of James II., king of England.

countess of Errol, says, "She is one of the most beautiful and every way accomplished ladies I ever saw, except our queen, who deserves the preference for her merit to all I have known."¹

The fine original portrait of Mary Beatrice in the collection of Walter Strickland, Esq., of Sizergh, engraved, by courteous permission, for the frontispiece of this volume, must have been painted about this period. The elevated coiffure there represented was then the prevailing mode at the court of France, but far less becoming to the classical outline of the Italian princess than the floating ringlets of her more familiar portraits by Lely, or the Grecian fillet and strings of pearls with which her hair is arranged by Rottier, in her medals. When duchess of York, or queen of England, it was sufficient for her to consult her own exquisite taste in such matters, but in France she was compelled to submit to the tyranny of fashion. In conformity to this, her luxuriant tresses were, as we see in the frontispiece portrait, turned up almost straight from her brow, and combed over a cushion, above which the back hair was arranged in a full wreath of curls, and brought sloping down each side the head. A most trying style to any face, adding an unnatural height to the forehead, and a great stiffness to the general outline of the figure. Her dress in the original painting is of royal blue velvet, furred with miniver, the bodice fitting tight to the shape, and clasped with a jewelled stomacher, full sleeves looped with jewels, and point-lace ruffles. The portrait, which is supposed to be a Rigaud, is an exquisite work of art. It was presented by the exiled queen to her faithful friend lady Strickland, together with a portrait of the princess Louisa, as the only rewards fortune had left in her power to bestow on that lady, after thirty years of devoted service through every vicissitude. These royal gifts are heirlooms in the possession of the direct descendant of sir Thomas and lady Strickland, at Sizergh castle, Westmoreland.²

¹ Letters of James earl of Perth: edited by W. Jerdan. Published by the Camden Society.

² Madame Caylus, or her editor, has brought a most injurious and unfounded

Another of the French portraits of the consort of James II. is in the royal historical gallery at Versailles. A crimson curtain in the background is drawn aside, and shows the parterre of St. Germain's in the distance. That palace, so interesting to English travellers as the refuge of the last monarch of the royal Stuart dynasty and his faithful queen, and subsequently an asylum for their noble ruined followers, was plundered of its valuable paintings and furniture at the French revolution, and has, within the last few years, been converted into a military penitentiary. The château remains externally nearly the same as when James II. and Mary Beatrice held their melancholy courts there, but the interior has suffered a desecrating change. The great presence-chamber, where the exiled king and queen entertained the *grand monarque*, the dauphin, and all the princes and princesses of the Orleans, Condé, and Conti lineage, is now converted into a tailor's atelier. Fauteuils, pliants, and tabourets, are no longer objects of angry contention there. The ignoble board, where the military needle-men are seated in the equality of shame at their penal tasks, has superseded all those graduated scales of privileged accommodation for the full-grown children of high degree in ancient France, who wearied the vexed spirit of a queen of England with their claims and absurd pretensions. A portion of the private suite of the king and queen's apartments remains unaltered. King James's morning room or cabinet, with its dark-green and gold panelling and richly-carved cornice, presents a melancholy appearance of faded splendor. It opens with glass doors upon the stately balcony that surrounds the château, and commands a charm-

charge against lady Strickland, whose losses of property, banishment from home and country, and fidelity unto death, sufficiently disprove it. She expired in the Benedictine convent at Rouen, some months before the death of her royal mistress; her single-hearted and kind disposition is apparent from her will, in which she leaves some trifle of personal property to all her relatives, and apologizes touchingly for her poverty, having so little to leave. If madame Caylus's charge of treachery were true, why was lady Strickland's family deprived of the fine manor of Thornton Briggs, inherited from Catherine Neville, being the only landed property not secured from the grasp of William III.?

ing and extensive prospect. It was here that the fallen king retired to read or write: this room communicated with the queen's bedchamber by a private stair, and, indeed, with the whole of that wing of the palace, by a number of intricate passages which lie behind it. In one of the lobbies there is a small square window, which commands a view of the royal closet, so that any one ambushed there might look down upon his majesty, and watch all his proceedings. A pleasing tradition connected with this window was related to me by a noble lady, whose great-grandmother, Mrs. Plowden, was one of the ladies in the household of queen Mary Beatrice. Mrs. Plowden's infant family lived with her in the palace of St. Germain's, and she sometimes found it necessary, by way of punishment, to shut up her little daughter Mary, a pretty spoiled child of four years old, in the lobby leading from her own apartment to the queen's back-stairs. But the young lady always obtained her release by climbing to the little window that looked down into the king's closet, and tapping at the glass till she had attracted his attention; then, showing her weeping face, and clasping her hands in an attitude of earnest entreaty, she would cry, in a sorrowful tone, "Ah, sire! send for me." James, unless deeply engaged in business of importance, always complied with the request of the tearful petitioner, for he was very fond of children; and when Mrs. Plowden next entered the royal presence with the queen, she was sure to find her small captive closeted with his majesty, sitting at his feet, or sometimes on his knee. At last, she said to the king, "I know not how it happens, but whenever my little girl is naughty, and I shut her up in the lobby, your majesty does her the honor of sending for her into your closet." James laughed heartily, and, pointing to the window above, explained the mystery.

It was fortunate that James and his queen were fond of children, and indulgent to them, for their royal abode at St. Germain's was full of the young families of their noble attendants, who, having forsaken houses and lands for their sake, had now no other home. There were little Middle-

tons, Hays, Dillons, Bourkes, Stricklands, Plowdens, Staffords, Sheldons, and many of the children of their Protestant followers also, who might be seen sporting together in the parterres in excellent good fellowship, or forming a mimic court and body-guard for the little prince, whose playmates they were, and the sharers of his infantile pleasures. These juvenile Jacobites were objects of the tenderest interest to the exiled king and queen, who, when they went to promenade on the terrace, were always surrounded by them, and appeared like the parents of a very numerous progeny. The château, indeed, resembled an overcrowded beehive, only that the young swarms were fondly cherished, instead of being driven forth into the world. Other emigrants there were for whom the king and queen could do but little in proportion to their wants. The town of St. Germain and its suburbs were filled with Scotch, English, and Irish Jacobite families, who had sacrificed everything in their fruitless efforts for the restoration of king James, and were, for the most part, in a state of utter destitution. The patience with which they bore the sufferings they had incurred for his sake pierced the heart of that unfortunate prince with the most poignant grief. Both he and Mary Beatrice imposed rigorous self-denial on themselves, in order to administer to the wants of their followers. "King James used to call, from time to time, into his cabinet some of these indigent persons, of all ranks, who were too modest to apply to him for aid, and distributed to them, folded up in small pieces of paper, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty pistoles, more or less, according to the merit, the quality, or the exigency of each."¹

The little prince and his sister, as soon as they were old enough to understand the sufferings of the Jacobite families, devoted all their pocket-money to their relief. The princess, from a very tender age, paid for the education of several of the daughters of the British emigrants, and nothing could induce her to diminish her little fund by the purchase of toys for herself.² Her natural vivacity was softened and

¹ Nairne's Recollections of James II., in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

² Chaillot MS.

subdued by the scenes of sorrow and distress amidst which she was born and reared, and while yet an infant in age, she acquired the sensibility and tenderness of womanhood. Both in person and disposition there was a great resemblance between her and the queen her mother, with this difference, that she was of a more energetic character. She had quick talents and ready wit. Her state-governess was the countess of Middleton, to whom she was greatly attached, but her love for her parents and her brother amounted almost to passion.

Mary Beatrice fully participated in the pain which it cost the unfortunate James to disband his household troops, composed of the noble-minded and devoted gentlemen who, with unavailing loyalty, had attached themselves to his ruined fortunes, and were starving in a foreign land for his sake. In one of her letters to her friend Angelique Priolo, she feelingly alludes to this measure, which was dictated to the fallen majesty of England by the then arbiter of his destiny, Louis XIV. "Yesterday," writes the consort of king James, "we went to Versailles. At present, I can inform you that we are in good health, God be thanked ! It is long since I have seen the king look so well, but his kind heart, as well as mine, has suffered much for some days from this desolating reform that awaits us, and which we have endeavored to prepare for during the last few months ; it has at length begun among our poor troops. I can assure you, with truth, that the desperate condition of these poor people touches us far more keenly than our own calamities. At the same time I must tell you, that we are perfectly satisfied with the king [Louis XIV.], as we have good grounds to be, for he spoke to us yesterday with much kindness about it, and convinced us that, if it had not been for the consideration he has for us, and the desire he has to please us, he should not have kept a fourth part of those whom he has retained, and whom he will keep well for love of us. I will enter into all the details of this when I have the pleasure of seeing you, which will be in a fortnight, if it please God. In the mean time, I beg you not to speak of this affair, for it is not yet public, but it soon will.

... Pray much for us, my dear mother," continues the fallen queen, "for in truth we need it much. I never cease to pray for you as for myself, to the end that God would make his grace abound in the replenishing our hearts with his sacred love; and if we should be so happy as to obtain this of him, we may be indifferent to everything else, and even satisfied with all we have lost, so that we possess him." A pious Latin aspiration from the Psalms concludes this letter, which is merely signed with the initial "M." A few devotional sentences, in a child's text-hand, were originally enclosed, which the fond mother explains to her friend in the following postscript:—

"Here is a prayer from the hand of my son, which seems written well enough to be sent to you. I believe that my dear mother will be glad to have something in her hands which comes from those of that dear child."¹

Deeply interested, of course, were the sisters of Chaillot in the son of their royal patron and patroness, the exiled king and queen of England. The singular beauty and amiable disposition of this child, his docility and precocious piety, rendered him an attractive visitor to the ladies of St. Cyr, as well as those of Chaillot. "I will send my son when you wish," writes the queen to the abbess of Chaillot, at a time when that lady was on a visit to the superior of St. Cyr. "Send me word if you think he will annoy madame de Maintenon, for in that case I will send him while she is on her journey. If not, I will send him one day next week."²

In the course of the desolating reform, as Mary Beatrice had emphatically termed the reduction of the military establishment of her unfortunate lord at St. Germain, a touching scene took place between king James and the remnant of the brave followers of Dundee.³ "They consisted of 150 officers, all of honorable birth, attached to their chieftains and each other, and glorying in their political principles. Finding themselves a burden upon the late king, whose finances could scarcely suffice for the helpless who hung on him, they petitioned that prince for leave to form themselves into a company of private sentinels, asking

¹ Chaillot MS.

² Ibid.

³ Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*.

no other favor but to be permitted to choose their own officers. James assented: they repaired to St. Germain's to be reviewed by him before they were incorporated with the French army. A few days after they came, they dressed themselves in accoutrements borrowed of a French regiment, and drew up in order in a place through which he was to pass as he went to the chase. He asked who they were? and was surprised to find they were the same men with whom, in garbs better suited to their rank, he had the day before conversed at his levee. Struck with the levity of his own amusement, contrasted with the misery of those who were suffering for him, he returned pensive to his palace. The day he reviewed them he passed along their ranks, and wrote in his pocket-book with his own hand every gentleman's name, and gave him his thanks in particular; then removing to the front, bowed to the body with his hat off. After he had gone away he returned, bowed to them again, and burst into a passion of tears. The regiment knelt, bent their heads and eyes steadfast on the ground, and then rose, and passed him with the usual honors of war."¹ The parting speech which James addressed to them concludes with these words:—

"Should it be the will of God ever to restore me to my throne, it would be impossible for me ever to forget your sufferings. There is no rank in my armies to which you might not pretend. As to the prince, my son, he is of your own blood; he is already susceptible of every impression. Brought up among you, he can never forget your merit. I have taken care that you shall be provided with money, and with shoes and stockings. Fear God; love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and be assured that you will find in me always a parent as well as a king."

One of these gallant gentlemen, captain Ogilvie, was the author of one of the first and most touching of the Scottish Jacobite songs:—²

"It was a' for our rightful king,
We left fair Scotia's strand," etc.

¹ Dalrymple.

² Captain Ogilvie was of the family of Inverquhar. He served king James at the Boyne, and was one of the brave Scottish exiles who fell at the battle of the Rhine. Only four of these followers of the banished king were Roman Catholics; the rest belonged to the reformed church Episcopalian of Scotland.

The conduct of this new Scotch brigade, both in Spain and Germany, excited the admiration of all the French army, and, as related by Dalrymple,¹ forms one of the fairest pages in the history of modern chivalry. A charming trait of the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice, in connection with some of these unfortunate gentlemen, verified the truth of that monarch's assertion, "that the prince was already susceptible of every impression;" and also, that he had been early imbued by his parents with a tender sympathy for the sufferings of their faithful friends. Fourteen of the Scotch brigade, unable to endure the life of common soldiers, returned to St. Germain's to thank king James for having written to their commander to obtain their discharge, and permission for them to return to Scotland; or in case they chose to remain in France, promising to pension them out of his personal savings. James received them with the kindness and affection their attachment had merited. Four of the number, who were too much impaired in constitution to return home, continued at St. Germain's. One day, when listlessly strolling near the iron palisades of the palace, they saw a boy of six years old about to get into a coach emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain; this child was the son of the exiled king and queen, the disinherited prince of Wales, who was going to join the promenade of the French court at Marli. He recognized the unfortunate emigrants, and instead of entering the carriage, made a sign for them to approach. They advanced respectfully, and spontaneously offered the mark of homage which, according to the custom of the times, was always paid to persons of royal rank by kneeling and kissing his hands, which they bathed with their tears. The princely boy graciously raised them, and with that touching sensibility which is often prematurely developed by early misfortunes, expressed his grateful appreciation of their loyalty. He told them "that he had often heard of their valor, and that it made him proud, and that he had wept for their misfortunes as much as he had done for those of his own parents; but he hoped a day would come

¹ Memoirs of Great Britain.

that would convince them that they had not made such great sacrifices for ungrateful princes." ¹ He concluded by presenting them with his little purse, containing ten or twelve pistoles, and requesting them to drink the king's health. Both words and action were evidently unprompted, and from his own free impulse. The boy had been virtuously trained; indeed it was subsequently seriously lamented by the Jacobites "that the queen, his mother, had brought the prince up more for heaven than earth." Gold too highly refined is not fit for common use, and requires a certain portion of alloy to make it bear the stamp which gives it currency.

At the untimely death of his first state-governess, the marchioness of Powis, in 1691, Mary Beatrice had expressed an earnest wish that she could have the countess of Errol, the widow of the hereditary grand-constable of Scotland, to supply the place of that lamented lady, as she considered her the fittest woman in all the world to have the charge of her son. Just at the moment when the queen's anxiety was at its height, the countess, having received an intimation of her majesty's wish for her services, made her escape from Scotland, presented herself at St. Germain's, and received the appointment.

The sign of the ancient Jacobite hotel, *Le Prince de Galles*, has every appearance of being a contemporary relic of the Stuart court. It has a portrait of the chevalier St. George on either side, coarsely enamelled on metal, representing that unfortunate prince at two distinct periods of his boyhood, and in different costumes. On one side we see him as a smiling, round-faced child of seven or eight years old, with flowing ringlets, and royally robed in a vest and mantle of cloth of gold; in the other he is about thirteen, tall and slender, arrayed in a cuirass and point-lace cravat, his natural ringlets carefully arranged in the form of a periwig, and tied together with a blue ribbon. In both portraits he is decorated with the order of the Garter. The late proprietor of the 'Prince de Galles,' was offered and refused a thousand francs for this curious old sign, and de-

¹ Amédée Pichot.

clared that he would not part with it for any price. When a miniature of this prince was shown to pope Innocent XII., the old man, though anything but a friend to James and Mary Beatrice, was so charmed with the representation of their child, that he kissed it, and said, "he would fain hope to see the restoration of that angel to his just right." The earl of Perth, by whom this little incident is recorded, says, "this picture was brought to Rome by father Mar, and that it was accounted very like the young prince; and," continues he, "I really believe it, for one sees of the king and queen both in it. He is wonderfully handsome."¹

The exiled king and queen of England were invited to the bridal fête of their young relative, mademoiselle d'Orleans, with the duke of Lorraine. On this occasion the queen writes rather a lively letter from Fontainebleau, giving her cloistered friend at Chaillot a little account of the manner in which her consort and herself were passing their time in that gay and magnificent court.

"Fontainebleau, 17th October.

"According to my promise, my dear mother, I send you my news of this place, which is good, God be thanked, as far as regards health, although the life I lead here is very different from that at St. Germain. I have been already four times to the chase, and we have beautiful weather. The king [Louis XIV.], according to his wont, loads us with benefits and a thousand marks of friendship. Of this we are not the less sensible because we are accustomed to it from him. On the contrary, at every fresh proof, we are penetrated with more lively feelings of gratitude. Our departure is delayed till next Friday; that of the duchess of Lorraine has rendered us all very sad.² She was so much afflicted herself that one could not look at her without weeping. Monsieur and madame were, and still are, full of compassion at seeing it. They did not return here till yesterday evening. The young bride preserved a demeanor throughout that has charmed all the world, and me in particular, who have always loved, and now esteem her more than ever. I have seen madame de M—— [Maintenon] twice: she has been indisposed, but at present she is better. I entered yesterday with her on the chapter of Chaillot very naturally: I told her what I had resolved with you, and many other things. She told me that she had represented to the king the state of your house. If, however, you would not be flattered, it is necessary that I should

¹ Perth Correspondence, edited by W. Jerdan, Esq.: Camden Society.

² She was the daughter of the duke of Orleans by his second wife, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, and the great-grand-daughter of Elizabeth queen of Bohemia; therefore doubly related to James II. She proved a firm friend to his son.

tell you that I do not believe you will gain anything by that at present, for a reason I will tell you when I see you. I am in doubt whether I should speak to her again; I have no great inclination, for, in truth, I am ashamed of her and of myself, that I had not power to obtain anything. I do not seem to have anything to reproach myself with on this matter, seeing that I did all, and will do all I can think of, to render you a little service.”¹

There was a grand review, in the plain of Houille, of the French and Swiss guards, at which James and his queen were present. As soon as they arrived on the ground, the king of France made queen Mary Beatrice come into his coach, in which mademoiselle, and his daughter-in-law the duchess of Maine, were already seated. Louis was ever and anon at the door of the carriage, to do the honors of the review to her, and took much trouble in explaining to her the evolutions of the troops. The prince-royal of Denmark was also at this review, and was treated with great attention. James and his queen met this prince at all the balls, hunts, and other amusements, with amity, notwithstanding his close relationship to prince George. They were both at the royal hunt on the 20th of February, where the prince was very much astonished at the grand huntsman, the duke de Rochefoucault, giving the bâton to the exiled king of England,—a compliment only paid to the princes of the blood-royal of France, but always to king James.

Neither James nor his consort were forgotten, meantime, in England, where the enormous taxes of William's war-government, together with his exclusive Dutch patronage and other grievances, caused many to recur with regretful feelings to “the king over the water,” as they significantly styled the deposed sovereign. The following enigmatical song, entitled “Three Healths,” was sung at convivial meetings by the Jacobite partisans at this period, both in country and town:—

“THREE HEALTHS.

A JACOBITE SONG.

“To ane king and no king, ane *uncle* and father,
To him that's all these, yet allowed to be neither;
Come, rank round about, and hurrah to our standard;
If you'll know what I mean, here's a health to our landlord!

¹ From the original French autograph, Chaillot collection.

"To ane queen and no queen, ane *aunt* and no mother,
Come, boys, let us cheerfully drink off another;
And now, to be honest, we'll stick by our faith,
And stand by our landlord as long as we've breath.

"To ane prince and no prince, ane son and no bastard,
Beshrew them that say it! a lie that is fostered!
God bless them all three; we'll conclude with this one,
It's a health to our landlord, his wife, and his son.

"To our monarch's return one more we'll advance,
We've a king that's in Flanders, another in France;
Then about with the health, let him come, let him come, then,
Send the one into England, and both are at home then."¹

The year 1694 commenced with a strong confederacy of the aristocracy of Great Britain to bring back "the good old farmer and his wife," as James and Mary Beatrice were, among other numerous cognomens, designated in the Jacobite correspondence of that epoch. The part acted by Marlborough in these intrigues will be seen in the following letters from James's secret agent and himself, from which it should appear that both placed great reliance on the prudence of the queen:—

LETTER FROM GENERAL SACKFIELD TO LORD MELFORT.²

"May 3, 1694.

"I have just now received the enclosed for the king. It is from lord Churchill, but no person but the queen must know from whom it comes. For the love of God, let it be kept a secret. I send it by express, judging it to be of the utmost for the service of my master [king James], and consequently, for the service of his most Christian majesty" [Louis XIV.].

MARLBOROUGH TO JAMES II. (*enclosed in the above*).

"It is only to-day I have learned the news I now write you; which is, that the bomb-ketches and *twelve* regiments encamped at Portsmouth, with two regiments of marines, all commanded by Talmash,³ are destined for burning

¹ This is one of the oldest Jacobite songs, and is from the collection of sir Walter Scott. It was written during the life of James II. The epigrammatic turn of the last verse is admirable. The epithets, uncle and aunt, allude to the relationship of the exiled king and queen to William III.

² See Original Stuart Papers, in Macpherson, vol. i. p. 444. The name is often spelled Sackville.

³ See Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*, vol. ii. pp. 44, 45. Likewise many curious confirmatory particulars, and Lloyd's Report to James II.—Macpherson's *Stuart Papers*, vol. i. p. 480. The unfortunate general Talmash (Tollemache) and his regiments were the victims of this information, and a disastrous defeat of the British forces occurred, June 8, 1694, at Brest.

the harbor of Brest, and destroying all the men-of-war which are there. This will be a great advantage to England, but no consideration can prevent, or ever shall prevent me, from informing you of all that I believe to be for your service. Therefore you may make your own use of this intelligence, which you may depend upon being exactly true; but I must conjure you, for your own interest, to let no one know but the queen and the bearer of this letter. Russell sails to-morrow, with forty ships; the rest are not yet paid, but it is said that in ten days the rest of the fleet will follow. I endeavored to learn this from admiral Russell, but he always denied it to me, though I am sure he knew this design for six weeks. This gives me a bad sign of that man's intentions. I shall be well pleased to learn that this letter comes safe into your hands."

Of a very different character from this double-minded favorite of fortune were some of the devoted gentlemen who had adhered to James and Mary Beatrice in their adversity. The disinterested affection to both that pervades the following letter from the earl of Perth, then at Rome, to Colin earl of Balcarres, is an honor to human nature:—

"My heart has not been capable of any joy like what yours must feel now, when you are to see our king and queen. I'm sure it must be such a one as, to me, is inconceivable at present. I'm told, from home, that there's no defence against the *forfaulture* [forfeiture] of my family. I thank God I have never been tempted to wish it might subsist upon any other terms than to be serviceable to my dearest master. If things go well with him, I need not fear; and if not, should I beg a morsel of bread, I hope I shall never complain. Give him and his lady my duty, and kiss our young master's hand for me. I have no longing but to see them altogether, and I must confess I languish for that happiness. I'm sure, if somebody have anything, you will not want; so you may call for it until your own money arrives. Continue to love, my dearest lord, yours entirely," etc.¹

Every year, Mrs. Penn, the wife of James's former *protégé*, the founder of Pennsylvania, paid a visit to the court of St. Germain, carrying with her a collection of all the little presents which the numerous friends and well-wishers of James II. and his queen could muster. Mrs. Penn was always affectionately received by the king and queen, although she maintained the fact that the revolution was necessary, and what she did was from the inviolable affection and gratitude she personally felt towards their

¹ Notes of lord Lindsay's Biographical Notice of his ancestor, Colin earl of Balcarres; Balcarres's Memorial, printed by the Bannatyne Club.

majesties.¹ Unfortunately, James and his queen were surrounded by spies at St. Germain, and their faithful friends became known and marked persons, in consequence of their rash confidence in traitors. The following is a specimen of the intelligence constantly forwarded to the government of Great Britain by one of William's spies at St. Germain:—

“There was one Mrs. Ogilvie, sent to Scotland with the answers of some letters she had brought the late queen from that country. She is to be found at the countess of Carnwath's lodgings, in Edinburgh.”²

On the 7th of September Mary Beatrice paid her annual visit to Chaillot, and remained till the king joined her there, for the anniversary of his royal mother's death. Their majesties attended all the services performed on this occasion, and afterwards went to visit one of the aged sisters who was sick in the infirmary. They remained with her a full quarter of an hour, and then dined together in the queen's apartment, in the presence of the community. The queen begged the abbess to tell the sisters not to keep their eyes always fixed on the ground, but to raise them; observing, “that they all seemed as serious as if they were at a funeral.” While they were at dinner, their majesties talked on various subjects. James drew a lively picture of the occupations of men of the world who are governed by their passions, whether of ambition, love, pleasure, or avarice; and concluded by observing, “that none of those things could give content or satisfaction, but that the peace of God alone could comfort those who were willing to bear the cross patiently for the love of Him.” The conversation turning on death, the king expressed so much desire for that event that the queen was much distressed. “Alas!” said she, with tears in her eyes, “what would become of me and of your little ones, if we were deprived of you?” “God,” he replied, “will take care of you and our children; for what am I but a poor, feeble man, incapable of

¹ Kennersley's *Life of Penn*, 1740. Mrs. Penn was the daughter of a cavalier of good family.

² *Carstairs's State-Papers*, edited by MacCormick.

doing anything without Him?" Mary Beatrice, whose heart was full, went to the table to conceal her emotion, by pretending to look for a book. The assistant sister, who tenderly loved the queen, softly approached the king, and said to him, "We humbly entreat your majesty not to speak of your death to the queen, for it always afflicts her." "I do so to prepare her for that event," replied James, "since it is a thing which, in the course of nature, must soon occur, and it is proper to accustom her to the certainty of it." James only missed a few days of completing his sixty-first year at the time this conversation took place, and he was prematurely old for that age. The assistant said to the queen, when they were alone, "Madame, I have taken the liberty of begging the king not to talk of death to your majesty, to make you sad." The queen smiled, and said to her, "It will not trouble me any more. He is accustomed to talk to me about it very often, and above all, I am sure that it will not accelerate his death a single moment."

The devoted love of Mary Beatrice led her to perform the part of a ministering angel to her sorrow-stricken lord; but the perpetual penances and austerities to which he devoted himself, must have had, at times, a depressing effect on her mind. Like his royal ancestor, James IV. of Scotland, he wore an iron chain about his waist, and inflicted many needless sufferings on his person.¹ James and Mary Beatrice were about to pay a visit to the French court at Fontainebleau, when an express arrived from Louis XIV. to give James a private intimation of the death of the queen's only brother, Francisco II., duke of Modena, who died September 6th, at Gossuolo, of the gout and a complication of cruel maladies, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. In the evening, James broke the news to Mary Beatrice, who was much afflicted. All the amusements of the French court were suspended for some days, out of compliment to her feelings; and she received visits and letters of condolence from all the members of the royal family and great nobles of France. In reply to a letter

¹ Chaillot MS.

written to her on this occasion by the duc de Vendôme, the grandson of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle, she says:—

“MY COUSIN:—

“The obliging expressions in the letter that you have written to me on the death of my brother, the duke of Modena, correspond fully with the opinion I have always had of the affection with which you interest yourself in all that concerns me. I wish to assure you, that in the midst of my grief I am very sensible of the marks of sympathy which you give me, and that I shall be always, with much esteem, my cousin,

“Your very affectionate cousin,

“MARIE, R.

“At St. Germain-en-Laye, the 27th of Oct., 1694.”¹

The brother of Mary Beatrice was the founder of the university of Modena: as he died childless, she would have succeeded to his dominions, if the order of investiture had not preferred the more distant males.² Her uncle Rinaldo, therefore, inherited the dukedom without a question, and obtained leave to resign his cardinal's hat, that he might marry the princess Charlotte Félicité, the eldest daughter of John Frederick duke of Brunswick-Hanover. Mary Beatrice considered that, although she and her son were barred from the succession of the duchy, she had a claim, as the natural heir, to all the personal property of her childless brother, and she employed the earl of Perth to repre-

¹ Printed in Delort's *Journeys in the Environs of Paris*.

² Gibbon's *Antiquities of the House of Brunswick*. *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*. Hercules Renaud, the grandson and representative of the uncle of queen Mary Beatrice, had an only daughter, who bore the same name. This Mary Beatrice d'Este the younger was compelled by her father to marry the archduke Ferdinand, the brother of the emperor, in 1771, and her descendant is at present duke of Modena. If it be asked why this duchy did ultimately go to heirs-female, in the persons of the younger Mary Beatrice of Este and her Austrian descendants, who now hold it, it may be answered, that the Modenese heirs-male having failed in duke Hercules Renaud, her father, the duchy reverted to and was consolidated in the empire, so that the emperor could give it to whom he chose, and most naturally—by his influence, and from political reasons too—to *Mary Beatrice* who married his relative, and to her descendants, who now, owing to the complete failure of the *Stuart-Modenese* line in the person of the cardinal of York, step into the shoes of the latter, and are the nearest heirs-female, or of line, of the Estes, dukes of Modena, formerly dukes of Ferrara. By the marriage, likewise, of François IV., son of Mary Beatrice the younger, with Victorie Josephine of Sardinia, the *Sardinian* and *Stuart eldest* co-heir and representative, their descendants singularly conjoin.

sent her case to the pope. Unfortunate in everything, she gained nothing by the contest except the ill-will of her uncle, and a coolness ensued between those relatives, who were once so fondly united by the ties of natural affection. Duke Rinaldo joined the Germanic league, which, being absolutely opposed to the restoration of the male line of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain, of course increased the estrangement; yet when Modena, several years afterwards, was occupied by the French army, and subjected to great misery in consequence, Mary Beatrice, notwithstanding the injurious conduct of the duke, her uncle, acted as the friend of his unfortunate subjects, by using her personal intercessions with the king of France and his ministers to obtain some amelioration for their sufferings. Louis XIV. was, however, too much exasperated to interfere with the proceedings of his general, the duc de Vendôme, to whose discretion everything regarding Modena was committed by the war minister. Mary Beatrice then addressed the following earnest letter of supplication to that chief, by whom she was much esteemed:—

“MY COUSIN:—

“I am so persuaded of your friendship for me, and of the inclination you have to please every one when in your power, that I cannot refrain from writing a word to you in favor of the poor distressed country where I was born, and where you are at present, at the head of the king’s armies.

“The governor of Modena, or those who govern for him in his absence, have sent a man here, to make known to the ministers of the king the sad state in which that unfortunate city, and all the country round it, are. I have not been able to obtain so much as a hearing for him; but they reply to me, ‘that no one here can interfere in that business, and that the king ought to leave the care of it to his generals, who with the intendants must decide about those places.’ Consequently, this man has made a useless journey, and it is therefore that I address myself to you, to implore you, with all the earnestness in my power, that you would be very favorable to these poor people, without, in the slightest degree, compromising the king’s interests, which are not less near to my heart than my own, and preferred by me to every other on earth. M. l’Intendant Boucha assures me, and will render the same testimony to you, of the good-will of those poor people to the French, to whom they are ready to give everything they have; but they cannot give more than they have, and this is what is demanded of them. In fine, my cousin, I resign this business into your just and benevolent hands, being persuaded that you will do your best to save this unfortunate country, if it can be done without prejudice to the service of the king, for I repeat, that I neither ask, nor even wish it at

that price. I pray you to be assured that I have for you all the esteem and friendship that you deserve from

"Your affectionate cousin,

"MARIA, R."¹

The pecuniary distress of the court of St. Germain's began to be very great in the year 1694. The abbé Renaudot, a person entirely in the confidence of the cabinet of the unfortunate James, writes to one of the French ministers, December 17th, that the queen of England proposed to sell all her jewels, that she might raise the sum necessary for some project, to which he alludes, connected with the affairs of her royal husband. "I believe, monseigneur," writes he, "that I ought to relate to you this circumstance, as it seems to me that no one dare speak of the utter destitution which pervades the court of St. Germain's. It is not their least embarrassment, that they have no longer the means of sending to England to those who have the wish to render them service."

Many persons, both French and English, resorted to the court of St. Germain's, to be touched by king James for 'the king's evil.' Angry comments are made by several contemporary French writers on his presuming to exercise that function, fancying that he attempted the healing art as one of the attributes pertaining to his empty title of king of France, and that it was a usurped faculty, formerly inherent in their own royal saint, Louis IX. The representative of the elder line of that monarch James undoubtedly was, but the imaginary power of curing the king's evil by prayer and touch was originally exercised by Edward the Confessor, as early as the ninth century, in England, and afterwards by the sovereigns who, in consequence of their descent from Margaret Atheling, claimed the ancient royal blood. Though James and his consort were now refugees in France, and dependent on the charity of the reigning sovereign of that realm for food and shelter, they continued to style themselves king and queen, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. James frequently received hints as to the propriety of dropping the latter

¹ Printed in Delort's *Journeys in the Environs of Paris*.

title ; but he would as soon have resigned that of England, which was now almost as shadowy a distinction.

Mary Beatrice writes to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, January 4th, to thank her and her sisterhood for their good wishes for the new year, 1695, and to offer those of herself, her husband, and children, in return. In the postscript of this letter she notices the death of the duke of Luxembourg as a great loss to Louis XIV., "and, in consequence, to ourselves also," she adds. She appears a little uneasy at not having seen madame de Maintenon since the day when she had received what she considered a slight from her. "It is true," continues her majesty, as if willing to impute both this and the omission of an invitation to an annual Christmas fête at the court of France to accidental causes, "that the frost and ice are so hard that it is difficult to approach us here, and there is some trouble in descending from this place. I believe that this is the reason that the king has not sent for us to come to-morrow, as in other years."¹

The news of the death of James's eldest daughter, queen Mary II., reached St. Germain, January 15th, and revived the drooping hopes of the anxious exiles there. James, however, felt much grief that she had not expressed a penitential feeling for her unfilial conduct towards himself. It was expected that an immediate rupture would take place between William and Anne, on account of his retaining the crown, to which she stood in a nearer degree of relationship ; but Anne was too cunning to raise disputes on the subject of legitimacy while she had a father and a brother living. Her claims, as well as those of William, rested on the will of the people, and any attempt to invalidate his title would naturally end in the annihilation of her own. She played a winning game by submitting to a delay, which the debilitated constitution of the Dutch king assured her would be but of temporary duration ; and she openly strengthened their mutual interests by a reconciliation with him, while she continued in a secret correspondence with her betrayed father.² It was, perhaps, through her artful

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

² Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Life of James II.

representations that James neglected to take advantage of the favorable crisis produced by Mary's death. He was vehemently urged at that time by his partisans to make a descent in England, and assured that even the support of ten thousand men would be sufficient to replace him on the throne.¹ The French cabinet could not be induced to assist James, and he was fretted by the proceedings of his daughter by Arabella Churchill, who, having been left a widow by the early death of her husband, lord Waldegrave, married lord Wilmot privately, but not soon enough to save her reputation. The queen forbade her her presence, and James ordered her to retire to a convent in Paris till after her confinement, as great scandal was caused by her appearance. Acting, however, by the advice of her mother, with whom she had always been in correspondence, she fled to England, and made her court there by revealing all she knew of the plans of the unfortunate king, her father.² King James had not a more bitter enemy than his former mistress, Arabella Churchill, now the wife of colonel Godfrey. The duke of Berwick, about the same time, took the liberty of marrying one of the fair widows of St. Germain's, against the wish of his royal father and the queen, who were with difficulty induced to sanction the alliance. The lady was the daughter of viscount Clare, and widow of lord Leven. The displeasure against Berwick was short-lived: Mary Beatrice very soon appointed his new duchess as one of the ladies of her bedchamber; she was much attached to her. It is mentioned by Dangeau that the king of France gave the duke and duchess of Berwick apartments at Versailles, because he knew it would be agreeable to the queen of England.

It is a curious circumstance that a book entitled the Life of Lady Warner³ was published in England this year, fearlessly dedicated to Mary Beatrice, not by name, but significantly inscribed "To THE QUEEN." Readers in general who are not very minute in their chronological observations, might fancy that this was intended as a compliment to

¹ Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Life of James II.

² Dangeau.

³ Printed by Thomas Hailes, London, 1696.

Mary II.; but independently of the fact that the queen-regnant, Mary, was no longer in existence, the following extract from the epistle dedicatory will prove that it was no time-serving tribute to a successful rival, but a generous offering of unbought affection to the unfortunate consort of the exiled sovereign James II.

“A queen, to be truly great, is always the same, whether fortune smiles or frowns upon her; neither elevated in prosperity nor dejected in adversity, but showing the greatness of her soul in despising all things beneath it. This golden mean, this equal temper, the Christian world has always admired in your majesty, but never more than in this present conjuncture. . . . For what can speak so efficaciously as your example of the instability of all human felicity? For, as your present state offers forcible motives towards the disparaging of all worldly greatness, so the consideration of your royal patience and unshaken constancy cannot but comfort the most afflicted. ’Twas prudence in not wrestling with the merciless waves and furious tumults of an ungrateful people, which has saved us the best of kings, the best of queens, and the most hopeful of princes. Methinks,” observes our author, in conclusion, “I hear the guardian-angel of our island whispering in our sovereign’s ear, as heretofore the angel guardian of Israel did in the ear of St. Joseph,—Rise, and take the child and his mother, and return into your country, for they are dead who sought the life of the child.”

While the partisans of the exiled royal family were in a state of feverish anxiety, awaiting some movement or important decision on the part of James, both he and Mary Beatrice appeared to exhibit a strange indifference to the chances of the game. Caryl, the secretary of state at St. Germain, in a letter to the earl of Perth, dated July 4, 1695, after a discussion of state affairs, says, “The king and queen are both absent from St. Germain, but will return this night, having spent four or five days severally in a ramble of devotion, the king at La Trappe, and the queen at Chaillot. The prince and princess are in perfect health, and grow up to the wonder of everybody.” In the month of August, Louis XIV. gave a stag-hunt in the forest of Marli, expressly for the amusement of Mary Beatrice, whom he was anxious to divert from the ascetic habits which, like her consort, she was too much disposed to practise. In October, Louis invited her and James to spend several days with his court at Fontainebleau. The formal round of amusements in which the exiled king and queen were com-

pelled to join with absent and sorrowful hearts, occupied, without interesting, Mary Beatrice. In a letter to her friend, madame Angelique Priolo, she says :—

“These six days past have I sought for a moment to write to you, my dear mother, but without being able to find one. Yesterday evening I thought myself sure of the opportunity of doing it before supper, but monsieur de Ponchartrain [a person not to be neglected, certainly, as he was one of the cabinet-ministers of Louis XIV.] entered my chamber just as I would have finished my letter to our mother, and prevented me. I strive to do my duty here towards God and man, but, alas! I fail greatly in both, for in this place there is so much dissipation. Yet it is certain, also, that I am never so much persuaded of the littlenesses and vanities of this world, as when I am in the midst of its grandeur and its great appearances. I shall complete my thirty-seventh year to-morrow. Pray to God, my dear mother, that I may not spend another without serving and loving him with all my heart.”

That minute court chronicler, Dangeau, gives these particulars of a visit paid by Mary Beatrice and her lord to the French court at Versailles, November 9th :—¹ “The king and queen of England came here at three o’clock. The king [Louis XIV.] walked with them to his new fountains and his cascade. When they returned to madame Maintenon, the queen sat down to cards. Louis always delighted to make her play, but she generally quitted her cards soon after, under the excuse of going to prayers. When the supper was announced, the king took both her and the king her husband, and placed them at his own table. The dauphin had another table. The queen was only attended by four ladies, the duchess of Berwick, the duchess of Tyrconnel, and the ladies Almonde and Bulkeley.” Lady Tyrconnel was a great favorite of the queen : she was not altogether so trustworthy as her husband ; her chief error was not in intention, but a habit of scribbling news incessantly to her treacherous sister, lady Marlborough.

The arrival of Mr. Powel at St. Germain, in 1696, charged with urgent letters and messages from a strong party of the open adherents and secret correspondents of king James in London, entreating him to make a descent in England without delay, rekindled a fever of hope in the hearts of the exiled king and queen. The representations

¹ Dangeau’s Memoirs.

made to them of the unpopularity of William, the miseries caused by excessive taxation, a debased currency, and the decay of commerce and trade, induced them to believe that the people were eager to welcome their old master, not only as their legitimate sovereign, but as their deliverer from the miseries of a foreign yoke.¹ Louis XIV. entered into measures for assisting James in this new enterprise with apparent heartiness. Berwick, whose military talents and chivalric character had won for him in France the surname of the British Dunois, was to take the command of the Jacobite insurgents. 12,000 men, whom they had required to assist them, were already on their march to Calais, and all things promised fair. On the 28th of February, James bade adieu to his wife and children, in the confident belief that their next meeting would be at Whitehall. James had been assured by his friends in England, that if he would adventure a descent, he would regain his crown without a contest. Unfortunately, Powel, the secret agent who brought this earnest invitation to his old master, had not explained the intentions of the Jacobite association with sufficient perspicuity. In the first conversation he had with his majesty, in the presence of the queen, he was so eager for something to be attempted, and talked with so much ardor, that both James and Mary Beatrice imagined that the rising would take place directly it was known that the king was ready to embark. But, in reality, they expected him to land first with the 12,000 men, which was to be the signal for a general revolt from William. The mistake was fatal to the project. Louis was willing to lend his troops and transports to assist an insurrection, but his ministers persuaded him that it would be useless to risk them on the chance of exciting one. The fleet and troops were in readiness at Calais when James arrived there, but were not permitted to stir from thence till certain news of a rising in England should be received.² The design of sir George Barclay, and a party of desperate persons attached to the Jacobite party, to precipitate matters by the wild

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson. Life of James II. Journal.

² Journal of James II. Life. Macpherson.

project of a personal attack on king William in the midst of his guards, did the utmost mischief to James's cause, though he had always forbidden any attempt on the life of his rival, except in the battle-field.

Meantime, the fleet of French transports that should have conveyed James and his auxiliaries to the shores of England were shattered by a violent storm, which wrecked many of them on their own coast.¹ In short, in this, as in every other enterprise for the purpose of replacing the exiled line of Stuart on the throne of Great Britain, winds, waves, and unforeseen contingencies appeared to be arrayed in opposition, as if an immutable decree of Heaven forbade it. James retired to Boulogne on the 23d of March, with the intention of remaining there till something decisive should take place. The state of his faithful consort's mind, meanwhile, will be best explained in one of her confidential letters to her friend, Angelique Priolo, to whom, as usual, she applies for sympathy and spiritual consolation in her trouble. "If you could imagine, my dear mother," she says, "to what a degree I have been overpowered with grief and business since I quitted you, your kind heart would have compassion on mine, which is more broken and discouraged than it has ever been, although for the last few days I appear to begin to recover a little more fortitude, or rather, to submit with less pain to the good pleasure of God, who does all that pleases him in heaven and earth, and whom no one can resist; but if we had the power, I do not believe that either you or I, far less my good king, would wish to do it. No, no, my dear mother; God is a master absolute and infinitely wise, and all that he does is good. Let him, then, be praised forever by you and by me, at all times and in all places." After lamenting that her heart does not sufficiently accord with the language of her pen in these sentiments, and entreating her friend to pray for her, that she may become more perfect in the pious duty of resignation, she goes on to say, "The king is still at Calais, or perhaps now at Boulogne; as long as he remains there, he must have some hope. I will tell you more about it

¹ Macpherson. Dalrymple.

when I see you, which will be Saturday next, if it please God." ¹ Her majesty concludes with these words:—"Offer many regards on my part to our dear mother, to whom I cannot write, for I have written all this morning to the king, and I can do no more; but my desire to write to you impels me to make this effort."

All the business at the court of St. Germain's was directed by Mary Beatrice at this anxious period, which involved constant correspondence and meetings between her and the French ministers.² Early in April she had a long interview with Louis XIV. at Marli, in the vain endeavor of prevailing upon him to allow his troops to accompany king James to England. Louis was inflexible on this point, and she had the mortification of communicating the ill success of her negotiation to her husband. Calais was, meantime, bombarded by the English fleet under Russell, who stood so far committed by the confessions of some of the confederates in the late plot, that he was compelled to perform the duty of the post he held, without regard to the interests of his late master. James was anxious still to linger on the coast; but the French cabinet having destined the troops for service elsewhere, Louis signified his wish that his royal kinsman should return to St. Germain's.³ Mary Beatrice once more sought, by her personal influence with Louis, to avert measures so entirely ruinous to their cause, but her solicitations were fruitless. James returned to St. Germain's in a desponding state of mind, with the mortifying conviction that no effectual assistance would ever be derived from the selfish policy of the French cabinet.⁴ The devoted love and soothing tenderness of his queen mitigated the pain he felt at the bitter disappointment of his hopes, and he resigned himself with uncomplaining patience to the will of God. The most poignant distress was felt by Mary Beatrice at the executions which took place in consequence of the denunciation of their unfortunate adherents. In one of her letters to her Chaillot correspondent, she says, "There

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

² Letters of the earl of Middleton, in Macpherson.

³ Journal of James. Stuart Papers.

⁴ Ibid.

have been three more men hanged in England, making eight in all, and two more are under sentence. Nothing can be sadder than the news we hear from that country, though we hear but little, and that very rarely."

It was at this time that the crown of Poland courted the acceptance of James II., but he firmly declined it. "Ambition," he said, "had no place in his heart. He considered that the covenant which bound him to his subjects was indissoluble, and that he could not accept the allegiance of another nation, without violating his duties to his own. England had rejected him, but she was still too dear to him to be resigned. He would hold himself, till death, free to return to his own realm, if his people chose to unite in recalling him."¹ Mary Beatrice applauded his decision, though urged by Louis XIV. to persuade her lord to avail himself of so honorable a retreat from the hopeless contest for the recovery of his dominions.

The appointment of the duke of Perth to the important office of governor to the young prince, her son, then about eight years old, is thus announced by the royal mother to her friend, madame Priolo:—

"July 23d.

"The king has named, this morning, milord Perth governor of my son, and we are going to put him into his hands. This is a great matter achieved for me, and I hope that God will bless the choice we have made, after having prayed for more than a year that God would inspire us to do it well. Tell this to our dear mother from me, for I have not time to write to her. Her prayers, with yours and those of our dear sisters, have had a great part in this election, which I believe will be agreeable to God, for he is a holy man, and of distinguished merit as well as of high rank. I am content to have my son in his hands, not knowing any one better. But I have placed him, above all, and in the first place, in the hands of God, who in his mercy will have care of him, and give us grace to bring him up in his fear and in his love."²

In the same letter her majesty says:—

"We are all in good health here. We had yesterday a visit from the king [of France], and the day before from madame de Maintenon. We go to-morrow to St. Cloud, for the ceremonial of the baptism of mademoiselle de Chartres."

¹ Journal of James II. Life. Macpherson.

² Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot collection.

Mary Beatrice was godmother to the infant. The ceremonial, which was very splendid, took place at St. Cloud, in the presence of king James and all the foreign ambassadors, as well as the princes and princesses of the blood. After they had promenaded for some time in the apartments, the king gave his hand to the queen of England and led her to the chapel, where they both held the little princess at the font.¹

Although, in the general acceptance of the word, a great friendship might be said to subsist between Mary Beatrice and madame de Maintenon, there were times when, like most persons who have been raised by fortune immeasurably above their natural level, the widow of Scarron took the opportunity of making the consort of James II. feel how much more there is in the power of royalty than the name. The fallen queen complains, in one of her letters, of the want of sympathy exhibited by this lady on a subject which seems to have given her great pain. "You will be surprised," she says to her friend Angelique Priolo, "and perhaps troubled, at what I am now going to tell you in regard to that which cost me so much to tell that person to whom I opened my heart thereupon, she not having thought proper so much as to open her mouth about it the other day, though I was a good half hour alone with her. I declare to you that I am astonished at it, and humiliated. However, I do not believe that I am quite humble enough to speak to her about it a second time, whatever inconvenience I may suffer. There is no order come from Rome as yet regarding our poor; on the contrary, the pope has been very ill, and I believe he will die before they are given; so that, yesterday, we came to the resolution to sell some jewels to pay the pensions for the month of September, and it follows that we must do the same for every month, unless we get other assistance, and of that I see no appearance. I conjure you, my dear mother, not to afflict yourself at all this. For myself, I assure you I am more astonished than grieved." This observation refers to the slight the unfortunate queen had received from madame

¹ Dangeau.

de Maintenon, to whom her application had apparently been made in behalf of the suffering adherents of king James. "And in respect to our poor," continues she, "I never shall consider that I have done my duty till I have given all I have; for it will not be till then that I can say, with truth, that nothing remains to me, and it is impossible for me to give more."¹

Mary Beatrice was as good as her word; by degrees she sacrificed every ornament she had in the world, except her bridal and her coronation rings, for the relief of the unfortunate British emigrants. The following interesting testimony is given of her conduct by an impartial witness, madame de Brinon, in a letter to her friend Sophia, electress of Hanover:—"The queen of England," says this lady, "is scarcely less than saintly; and in truth it is a happiness to see her as she is, in the midst of her misfortunes. A lady of her court told me 'that she deprived herself of everything, in order to support the poor English who had followed the king to St. Germain's.' She has been known to take out the diamond studs from her manchettes [cuffs], and send them to be sold. And she says, when she does these charitable actions, 'that it is well for her to despoil herself of such things to assist others.' Is it possible that the confederate princes cannot open their eyes to the real merit and innocence of these oppressed and calumniated *majesties*? Can they forget them when a general peace is made?"² I always speak to you, dear electress," pursues the correspondent of the generous princess, on whom the British parliament had settled the succession of this realm, "with the frankness due to our friendship. I tell you my thoughts as they arise in my heart, and it seems to me that your serene highness thinks like me." Sophia of Hanover was of a very different spirit from the daughters of James II. She always had the magnanimity to acknowledge his good qualities and those of his faithful consort, and la-

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

² MS. Collection of George IV. Recueil de Pièces, Brit. Museum, 124, a. Madame de Brinon to the electress Sophia, February 22, 1697, dated from Maubisson.

mented their misfortunes, though she accepted with gratitude the distinction offered to her and her descendants by a free people; but she scorned to avail herself of the base weapons of falsehood or treachery, or to derive her title from any other source than the choice of Protestant England. In a preceding section of the same letter, madame Brinon speaks of James II., with whom she had recently been conversing. "He suffers," she says, "not only like a saint, but with the dignity of a king. The loss of his kingdoms he believes will be well exchanged for heaven. He reminded me often that one of the first things he did, after his arrival in France, was to go to see madame de Maubisson."¹

The exhausted state of the French finances compelled Louis XIV., who was no longer able to maintain himself against the powerful Anglo-Germanic, Spanish, and Papal league, to entertain proposals for a general peace. The deliberations of the congress which met for that purpose at Ryswick, in the year 1697, were painfully interesting to James and his queen, since the recognition of William's title of king of Great Britain was, of course, one of the leading articles. Louis, however, insisted on the payment of the dower settled by parliament on James's queen, as an indispensable condition of the treaty. Mary Beatrice had done nothing to forfeit this provision; her conduct as wife, queen, and woman had been irreproachable. She had brought a portion of 400,000 crowns to her husband, whose private property had been seized by William. Her claims on the revenue of a queen-consort rested on the threefold basis of national faith, national justice, and national custom. When it was objected that James was no longer the sovereign of England, the plenipotentiaries of France proposed to treat her claims in the same manner as if her royal husband were actually, as well as politically, defunct, and that she should receive the provision of a queen-dowager of

¹ The elder sister of the electress Sophia, who had given up all her hopes of the English succession to become a Catholic abbess. She was a great artist, "and her portraits bear a high price," says Grainger, "not as princess, but as paintress."

Great Britain. So completely was the spirit of the laws and customs regarding the inviolability of the rights of the queens of England in her favor, that we have the precedent of Edward IV. extorting from his prisoner, Margaret of Anjou, the widow of a prince whose title he did not acknowledge, a solemn renunciation of her dower as queen of England, before he could appropriate her settlement to his own use. No wonder, then, that the claims of Mary of Modena infinitely perplexed her gracious nephew's cabinet. One of their understrappers, sir Joseph Williamson, whose style is worthy of his era, thus discusses the question:—

“And as to the *late king James's queen's jointure* which the French *stick hard upon to be made good*, it is a point of that delicacy that we are not willing, hitherto, to entertain it as any matter of our present business. If she have by law a right, *she be to enjoy it*; ¹ if not, we are not here empowered to stipulate anything for her. And so we endeavor to *stave it off* from being received as any part of what we are here to negotiate. However, it seems to be of use, if Mr. secretary can do it without noise or observation, to get an account of all that matter, how it now stands, and what settlements were made by the marriage-articles, if any: What, of any kind, have been made on her, and how far, according as the law now stands, those that have been made *will take*?”

These inquiries were not to be made for the purposes of justice towards the rightful claimant of the said jointure, but in order that a flaw may be picked in the settlement, as this righteous Daniel subjoins:—

“A private knowledge of this, if we could get it in time, might be of good help to us to *stave off the point*, which, as we think, cannot so much as be openly treated on by any of us, without inconveniences that will follow.”

Mary Beatrice caused the following statement, in vindication of her claims on the justice of her former subjects, to be laid before the plenipotentiaries assembled in congress:—

“MEMORIAL CONCERNING THE APPANAGE OF THE QUEEN OF
GREAT BRITAIN.²

“October, 1696.

“According to the most ancient laws and customs of England, which are still in force, queens have their full right and power in their own persons, their estates and revenues, independently of the kings their husbands, by virtue

¹ So in the original. The letter is published in Coxe's Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury, pp. 361, 362.

² Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Nairne's Papers, vol. ii., No. 40.

of which they have always had officers of their revenues, who depended entirely on them, and all their acts have been valid without the concurrence of the kings their husbands.

“As the queen of England [Mary Beatrice of Modena] brought a very considerable sum as her portion at her marriage, the king her husband (on his accession to the crown) thought it was reasonable for him to make an establishment of fifty thousand pounds sterling of annual revenue on her, which was passed under the great seal of England, and afterwards confirmed by acts of parliament, which have not been repealed to this day; insomuch, that the queen has an incontestable right to all the arrears of this revenue which are due since she left England, as well as to those which shall be due hereafter. Her majesty only asks this simply and purely as a private debt, which is incontestably due to herself, and of which she only sets forth a state[ment], lest it should be unknown to those who have the power and the will to do her justice.”

The courtesy and gentleness of the last clause of the poor queen's plea deserved to be met with more candor and justice than are perceptible in the official Williamson's despatches before quoted.

While this matter was in debate, Louis XIV. treated James and Mary Beatrice with the most scrupulous personal attention. William required that they should be deprived of their shelter at St. Germain, and, indeed, driven from France altogether; but to this Louis would not consent. He invited them to assist at the nuptials of his grandson the duke of Burgundy with Adelaide of Savoy, which were solemnized at Fontainebleau, September 7th. The bride was nearly related to Mary Beatrice on the father's side, and her mother, being the daughter of Henrietta duchess of Orleans, was a niece of James II., whose connection with the royal family of France was consequently much strengthened by this alliance. The exiled king and queen were given the place of honor as the most distinguished of the guests at this marriage, and Mary Beatrice was seated between Louis XIV. and her husband at the nuptial banquet. When supper was over, the two kings withdrew, followed by all the gentlemen, and the queen honored the bride by assisting at her *couchée*, and presenting her *robe de nuit*. James attended, in like manner, on the bridegroom, whom he led into the bridal chamber. The queen, who had retired with her ladies while his

royal highness got into bed, re-entered and bade him and the bride good-night, according to the ceremonious etiquette of the court of France.¹ It was observed that madame de Maintenon only appeared twice, and then stayed scarcely half an hour; for on this occasion of high and stately ceremony, her doubtful rank was not recognized, and she was forced to sit behind the seat of the queen of England, who was the leading lady at the court of France. The queen again visited Louis XIV. at the Trianon, with all her court, as he gave a grand festival there on the 17th of September, and again was Maintenon forced to retreat into her original insignificance.²

Unfortunately, the courier who brought the news that the peace of Ryswick, whereby Louis XIV. recognized William of Orange as king of Great Britain, was signed, arrived at Fontainebleau at the same time as the exiled king and queen. Louis XIV. had, with peculiar delicacy, told his minister Torcy, that whatever expresses arrived, or however urgent the news might be, the peace was not to be mentioned if he were in company with the king or queen of England, and he would not suffer the least sign of rejoicing to take place, or the musicians of his palace to play or sing any songs in celebration of the peace, till their majesties and their whole court had returned to St. Germain.³ The affectionate sympathy and kindness of Louis did much to soothe the pain his political conduct had caused to his unhappy guests. They were too just to impute that to him as a fault which was the result of dire necessity, and they had the magnanimity to acknowledge his benefits, instead of reflecting on him for the present extinction of their hopes. "We are, in the bottom of our hearts, satisfied with your great king," writes Mary Beatrice to her friend madame Priolo. "He was beside himself to see us arrive at Fontainebleau at the same time with the courier who brought the news of the peace, and he testifies much friendship, pity, and even sorrow, for us. He had no power to act otherwise in this matter. In other things there is no alteration. Our residence at St. Germain appears fixed,

¹ St. Simon, vol. ii.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

from what he has told us,—I say that it appears, for in truth, after all that we see, how can we believe that anything is sure in this world?¹ I have the promise of the king [Louis] that I shall be given my dower, and I have entreated him to be pleased to take upon himself the payments for me." In other words, for him to become the medium through which the money was to be transmitted by William and received by the consort of James. "For," pursues she, her lofty spirit rising above the exigencies of her circumstances, "I will demand nothing, nor receive aught from any other than from him, to whom I will owe entirely and solely the obligation." Louis having insisted on that article of the treaty as a *sine quâ non*, William signed it without the slightest intention of ever fulfilling the obligation. The consort of his uncle might have spared herself the trouble of arranging any punctilios of ceremony as to the how, when, and where she was to receive her income from William; he scrupled not to deceive the British nation at the same time that he defrauded his aunt, by charging the annual sum of 50,000*l.* to that account, and applying it to his own purposes. Mary Beatrice, after unburdening her mind of the subject that was uppermost in her thoughts, experienced a sudden misgiving that she was acting with some degree of rashness, for she says, "I have been drawn on, without intending it, to enter into this matter, and not knowing what I may have said, I entreat you to burn my letter."²

Is it not sufficient comment on the imprudence of which this princess was habitually guilty, in writing long confidential letters on the most important subjects of her own and her unfortunate consort's private affairs, and afterwards those of her son, to her spiritual friends at Chaillot, to say that her request was *not* complied with? Her letters afford sufficient evidence that the consort of Midas was not the only queen in the world who felt an irresistible necessity to whisper her lord's secrets in a quarter where she flattered herself that they would be kept from the world.

¹ Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

² *Ibid.*

The holy sister had as little appearance of being a dangerous confidante as the marsh ditch in that memorable tale; but without accusing her of bad intentions, it is more than probable that she was no more fit to be trusted with a secret than her royal friend. She went not abroad to reveal that rash confidence, it is true, but it is equally certain that the convent of Chaillot was the resort of busy and intriguing ecclesiastics. William, and his ambassador the earl of Manchester, had several priests in their pay,¹ and that such men would succeed in obtaining a sight of the exiled queen of England's correspondence with her beloved friends at Chaillot there can be little doubt, especially when letters, which ought never to have been written, were preserved, notwithstanding the royal writer's earnest request to the contrary.

It is a fact, no less strange than true, that by one of the secret articles of the peace of Ryswick, William III. agreed to adopt the son of his uncle James II. and Mary Beatrice d'Este, as his successor to the British crown, provided James would acquiesce in that arrangement, and leave him in peaceful possession of the disputed realm for the term of his natural life.² One of William's eulogists, Dalrymple, calls his proffered adoption of his disinherited cousin "an intended piece of generosity towards the exiled family." There can be no doubt but that he would have been glad, under any pretence, to get the young prince into his own hands; by which means he would have held the son as a hostage against his own father, and at the same time kept Anne and her party in check as long as he lived, leaving them to fight the matter out after his death. The proposition contained in itself an acknowledgment of the falseness of the imputations William had attempted to throw on the birth of the son of James and Mary Beatrice,³ and

¹ Reports of the earl of Manchester.

² Journal of James II. Treaty of Ryswick.

³ One of the reasons alleged by him for his coming over with a foreign army, was "to cause," as he said, "inquiry to be made by parliament into the birth of a supposed prince of Wales." This inquiry he never made. "He dared not," says the duke of Berwick, "enter into the question, well knowing that no prince ever came into the world in the presence of so many witnesses. I

had they possessed the slightest portion of political wisdom, they would have entered into a correspondence with William on the subject, for the sake of exposing his duplicity to the people of England, and the little respect he paid to the act of parliament which had settled the succession on the princess Anne and her children. When, however, the project was communicated to James, Mary Beatrice, who was present, before he could speak, exclaimed with the natural impetuosity of her sex and character, "I would rather see my son, dear as he is to me, dead at my feet, than allow him to become a party to his royal father's injuries."¹ James said "that he could bear the usurpation of the prince of Orange and the loss of his crown with Christian patience, but not that his son should be instrumental to his wrongs;" and thus the matter ended.² James has been accused of pride and obstinacy in this business, but, as he has himself observed, he had no security for the personal safety of his son, and he had had too many proofs of the treachery of William's disposition to trust the prince in his keeping.

King William was piqued at the asylum that was afforded to the deposed king and queen at St. Germain's. They were too near England to please him. He had labored at the peace of Ryswick to obtain their expulsion from France, or at least to distance them from the court. Louis was inflexible on that point. The duke of St. Alban's, the son of Charles II. by Nell Gwynne, was sent to make a fresh demand when he presented the congratulations of William on the marriage of the duke of Burgundy, but it was negatived. St. Alban's was followed by William's favorite, Portland, attended by a numerous suite. At the first conference the Dutch-English peer had with the min-

speak," continues he, "from full knowledge of the facts, for I was present; and, notwithstanding my respect and my devotion to the king, I never could have lent a hand to so detestable an action as that of wishing to introduce a child to take the crown away from the rightful heirs; and after the death of the king, it was not likely that I should have continued to support the interests of an impostor: neither honor nor conscience would have permitted me."—*Autobiography of the Duke of Berwick.*

¹ Nairne's Collection of Stuart Papers.

² James's Journal.

ister Torcy, he renewed his demand that James and his family should be chased from their present abode. Torcy replied "that his sovereign's pleasure had been very fully expressed at Ryswick, that it was his wish to maintain his present amicable understanding with king William, but that another word on the subject of St. Germain's would disturb it." Portland was treated with all sorts of distinctions by the princes of the blood, and was invited to hunt with the dauphin several times at Meudon. One day, when he had come for that purpose, word was brought to the dauphin that it was the intention of king James to join him in the chase, on which he requested Portland to defer his sport till a future occasion. Portland quitted the forest with some vexation, and returned to Paris with his suite. Portland was a great hunter, and he was surprised that he received no more attention from the duke de Rochefoucauld than common civility warranted. He told him he was desirous of hunting with the king's dogs. Rochefoucauld replied, dryly, "that although he had the honor of being the grand huntsman, he had no power to direct the hunts, as it was the king of England [James] of whom he took his orders. That he came very often; and as he never knew till the moment where he would order the rendezvous, he must go to attend his pleasure with great reverence;" and left Portland, who was much displeased.¹ What he had replied was out of pure regard for James, who at that time was not well enough to hunt; but he wished to show Portland that he was not one of the time-serving nobles whom he had been able to attach to his chariot wheels. Portland resolved to depart, and before he left Paris, hinted that the dower which, by one of the articles of the peace of Ryswick, had been secured to Mary Beatrice, would never be paid as long as king James persisted in remaining at St. Germain's.² Prior, the poet, was at that time secretary to the English embassy. He saw the unfortunate James in his exile a few months before his troublous career was brought to a close, and in these words he describes the royal exiles to his master, Halifax:—"The court is gone to

¹ Dangeau.

² Ibid.

see their monarch, Louis XIV., a cock-horse at Compiègne. I follow as soon as my English nags arrive. I faced old James and all his court the other day at St. Cloud. *Vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is [James II.], lean, worn, and rivelled, not unlike Neale, the projector. The queen looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough: their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible. I have written to my lord Portland the sum of several discourses I have had with M. de Lauzun, or rather they with me, about the pension which we were to allow the queen. Do we intend, my dear master, to give her 50,000*l.* per annum, or not? If we do not, I (or rather my lord Jersey) should now be furnished with some chicaning answers when we are pressed on that point, *for it was fairly promised*; that is certain.”¹ Prior, however brutally he expresses himself, was right as to fact, parliament had actually granted the dower, and England supposed it was paid; “but,” as the duchess of Marlborough truly observes,² “it never found its way further than the pockets of William III.”

In one of her letters, without date, the poor queen says:—

“I have been sick a whole month, and it is only within the last four or five days that I can call myself convalescent; even within the last two days I have had inflammation in my cheek and one side of my throat, which has incommoded me, but that is nothing in comparison to the other illness I have suffered, which has pulled me down, and rendered me so languid that I am good for nothing. In this state it has pleased God to allow me to remain all the time I have been at Fontainebleau. It is by that I have proved doubly the goodness and the patience of the king, which has exceeded everything one could imagine. I have also been overwhelmed with kindness by every one. Monsieur and madame have surpassed themselves in the extreme friendship they have shown for me, which I can never forget while I live. Madame de Maintenon has done wonders with regard to me, but that is nothing new with her. After all, my dear mother, I agree with you, and I am convinced in the bottom of my heart, and never more so than at the present moment, that all is but vanity. I dare not allow myself to go on writing to you without reserve, but I will tell you everything when I have the pleasure of conversing with you, which will be next Tuesday, I hope.”³

¹ Letters of Eminent Literary Men, by sir H. Ellis, p. 265: Camden Society.

² Conduct, duchess of Marlborough. Burnet.

³ Chaillot MS.

One day the princess of Conti said to the exiled queen, "The English don't know what they would be at. One party is for a republic, another for a monarchy." To which her majesty made this acute rejoinder, "They have had a convincing proof of the fallacy of a republic, and they are now trying to establish it under the name of a monarchy."¹

Mary Beatrice, with the fond simplicity of maternal love, which makes mothers in humbler life fancy that every little incident or change that affects their offspring must be no less interesting to their friends than to themselves, communicates the following details to her friend at Chaillot:—

"My son has had two great teeth torn out within the last twelve days; they were very fast, and he bore it with great resolution. They had caused him much pain, and prevented him from sleeping. My daughter's nose is still a little black from her fall; in other respects they are both well."²

The royal matron, whom nature, when forming her heart so entirely for the instincts of maternal and conjugal love, never intended for a politician, now proceeds, as a matter of minor moment, to speak of public affairs, and thus mentions the severe mortifications that had recently been inflicted on their great adversary, William III., in the dismissal of his Dutch guards.

"In regard to business, the parliament of England have not had much complaisance for M. le P. d'Orange, for they have deprived him of his army; and he has himself consented to it, and passed the bill, seeing plainly that he had no other resource."³

Mary Beatrice passes briefly over the affair of the Dutch guards as a mere matter of personal mortification to the supplanter of her lord in the regal office, not perceiving the importance of the political crisis that had been involved in the question of whether the Dutch sovereign of England were to be permitted to overawe a free people by a foreign standing army, paid with their gold. The fates of Stuart and Nassau were then poised in a balance, which William's refusal to acquiesce in the unwelcome fiat of those who had placed the regal garland on his brow would have turned in

¹ MS. Memorials.

² Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice to sister Angelique Priolo, in the Chaillot collection, hôtel de Soubise.

³ Ibid.

favor of the former. William, however, possessed a wisdom in which his luckless uncle was deficient, the wisdom of this world. He knew how to read the signs of the times; he felt the necessity of schooling his sullen temper into a reluctant submission, and kept his diadem.

The following interesting letter from Mary Beatrice to the abbess of Chaillot, though without any date of the year, appears to have been written some little time after the peace of Ryswick:—

“Fontainebleau, 25th September.

“I received your last letter, my dearest mother, just as we were starting from St. Germain, and could only read your letter in the coach, where, too, I read that from sister Angelique, which you had copied in such fair and good writing that it was really wonderful. The king and all my ladies were charmed with it, for I read the whole of it aloud. We put your basket of fruit into the coach, and found the contents so excellent that we ate of them several times in the course of that day.

“Your own letter is admirable. Nothing can be more beautiful than your reflections on the cross. That cross follows me everywhere, and I have found it even here, having been ill for three or four days. My indisposition was occasioned, M. Fagon thinks, by the violent exercise of hunting, after having remained for a long time inactive; but, God be thanked, it is all over, and I have been twice to the chase since without suffering any inconvenience.”

The abbess of Chaillot's fine basket of fruit, which the royal party had such pleasure in discussing during their journey to Fontainebleau, had probably more to do with her majesty's illness than the fatigues of the chase, which she only followed in her coach, as she expressly notices in another letter. The devotion of Mary Beatrice to this amusement was not among the most amiable of her propensities. It was a passion with James, and almost the last pleasure in which he permitted himself to indulge. Again the exiled queen writes to her friend at Chaillot:—

“We are treated here, by the king and all his court, as in other years, and having said that, I can say no more, for you know in what manner I have always described it. With the permission of the king, we have named Thursday for the day of our departure, and to-morrow we go to Melun. I shall not go to Lis; you can divine the reason. . . . It is two days since I commenced this letter, and I cannot finish it to-day, (the 27th). I was yesterday at Melun, and was very much pleased with our sisters there, and above all, with their mother. They are very good daughters; they were charmed with the king, my husband, whom I brought to see them.

"I am now about to write two words to our mother on the subject of the little Strickland, who is perhaps dead at this time; for Mr. Arthur has sent word to her mother that she was very ill, and it is several days since she has had any tidings of her. Adieu, my ever dear mother; I embrace you with all my heart at the foot of the cross. It is there where you will always find me. I will send you my news from St. Germain's on Friday or Saturday next, if it pleases God, who alone knows what may happen between this and then. Alas! poor M. de Pomponne, who was so well on Tuesday last, died yesterday evening. There is nothing more to tell you at present, for in this place they talk of nothing but the chase."

Endorsed—"2d letter of the Queen, during the extremity of our little sister Strickland."¹

This young lady, in whom the queen took almost a maternal interest, was the daughter of one of her faithful servants, who had forsaken everything to follow her adverse fortunes. "La petite Strickland," as Mary Beatrice familiarly calls her, had, by the liveliness of her disposition, caused some anxiety to her parents and the nuns, though it appears, from a subsequent letter of the queen, that she died in what was considered by them an odor of sanctity, having received the white veil of a probationer from the hand of her royal mistress,—an honor of which all the ladies who destined themselves to a religious life in that convent were ambitious.

The English ambassador gives the following information, which he had collected by his spies, of the delusive expectations which flattered the exiled king and queen in the autumn of 1699. Also some curious particulars connected with the Jacobite cause:—

LORD MANCHESTER TO THE EARL OF JERSEY.

"Paris, September 30, 1699.

"At St. Germain's they are still pleasing themselves with the hopes that the nation will recall them at last. One George Mills, living at the sign of the Ship in Charles street, Westminster, came thither near three weeks ago. He says that he brought letters from fourteen parliament men: he is still at Fontainebleau, where he expects his despatches for England. I believe I shall know where he goes, and which way. One Thomas Johnson, too, who keeps the Cooks' Arms, a victualling house near Lockit's.

"Mrs. Evans is gone for England. She saw king James, and the queen was conducted by Berkenhead. It is believed that Mrs. Evans, who is the wife of a hair-merchant in the Old Bailey, brought and carried back letters. A sort

¹ MSS. in the archives of France.

of button has been invented, which every one that engages for king James wears on his coat. There is a small roll of parchment in the button, on which is written the first letter of each of these words, *God bless king James, and prosper his interest*. This will appear out of the button, if it be turned with an instrument like a screw, made on purpose.”¹

It is surprising what numbers of persons in humble life went to pay their homage to the king and queen at St. Germain, according to lord Manchester the ambassador's account, nor does he mention them as his spies.

“One Cockburn, an old quartermaster of James II.'s horse-guards, brought that king letters from the earls of T—— and H——. He was commissioned from the whole of the Jacobites of the south of Scotland. The old soldier was governor, in 1699, to the young earl of Seaton, whom he introduced at Fontainebleau, to kiss king James's hand.”²

In the following November of 1699, Mary Beatrice was alarmed during one of her annual retreats to Chaillot, by a rumor that the king her husband was seriously indisposed. Without tarrying for the ceremonies of a formal leave-taking of the community, she hastened back on the wings of love and fear to St. Germain, and found his majesty in great need of her conjugal care and tenderness. She gives the following account of his sufferings and her own distress, in a confidential letter to the abbess of Chaillot, dated 28th of November:—“Although I quitted you so hastily the other day, my dear mother, I do not repent of it, for the king was too ill for me to have been absent from him. He was surprised, and very glad to see me arrive. He has had very bad nights, and suffered much for three or four days; but, God be thanked, he is getting better, and has had less fever for some days, and yesterday it was very slight. I am astonished that it was not worse, for the disease has been very bad. Felix [one of Louis XIV.'s surgeons] says that it is of the same nature with that which the king, his master, had in the neck about two years ago. It suppurated three days ago, but the boil is not yet gone.” Thus we see that king James's malady was not only painful, but loathsome,—even the same affliction that was laid on Job, sore boils breaking out upon him. His faithful

¹ Manchester despatches, edited by Christian Cole, envoy of Hanover, p. 52, called *Memoirs of Affairs of State*.

² *Ibid*.

consort attended on him day and night, and unrestrained by the cold ceremonial etiquettes of royalty, performed for him all the personal duties of a nurse, with the same tenderness and self-devotion with which the patient heroine of domestic life occasionally smooths the pillow of sickness and poverty in a cottage.

"It is only for the last two nights," she says, "that I have slept apart from the king on a little pallet-bed in his chamber. I experienced some ill consequences myself, before I would consent to this separation; and you may believe, my dear mother, that I have not suffered a little in seeing the king suffer so much. I hope, however, that it will do him great good, and procure for him a long term of health. My own health is good: God has not sent all sorts of afflictions at once. He knows my weakness, and he has disposed for me accordingly. It is His signal grace that the malady of the king has come to so rapid a conclusion, and without any relapse. Thank him, my dear mother, for me, and pray that I may be rendered sufficiently thankful for this mercy, and for all that has been done for me, *mortificat et vivificat*; but he can never be sufficiently praised by you and me. I am yours, my dear mother, with all my heart. I recommend my son to your prayers: he will make his first communion at Christmas, if it please God."¹ The latter part of this letter is illegibly written, and in broken French, with a confusion of pronouns, which renders it difficult to translate. It bears evident traces of the restless nights and anxious days which the royal writer had spent in the sick-chamber of her unfortunate consort, and the reader must remember that it was not the native language of the Modenese princess.

In another of her letters, Mary Beatrice speaks in a more cheerful strain of her husband's health:—"The king, thank God, is better: he is not quite free of the gout yet (that is but a trifle). His other complaint is quite cured, but the doctor would not permit him to go to Marli yesterday, as he had hoped, because it was too far to go in the coach for

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in Chaillot collection. Super-scribed, "*A ma Sœur la Déposée.*"

the first time. He has been out for the first time to-day to take the air, without the least inconvenience, so that we hope he may be able to accomplish the journey to Marli." She hastily concludes her letter with these words:—"Adieu, my ever dear mother; I must finish, for the king calls me to come to supper." The king did not rally so fast as was anticipated by his fond consort. The season of the year was against him, and he had more than one relapse. Mary Beatrice was herself very far from well at this time, but all thoughts of her own sufferings were, as usual, swallowed up in her anxiety for her husband. "I have been for a long time indisposed," writes she to Angelique Priolo, "but my greatest pain has been the serious illness of the king; yet, God be thanked! he has been without fever for the last two days, and is now convalescent, as I am also." In the same letter she requests her friend to ask the abbess of Chaillot to forward the bills of expenses for her own chamber, and for the young Scotch novice her *protégée*, whom she always designates as "*la petite sœur de Dumbarton*," for whose board in the convent of Chaillot she had made herself responsible. She also names the chamber of the ladies in waiting, who were accustomed to attend on her during her occasional retreats to the convent of Chaillot, some expenses having been incurred for their accommodation:—

"Adieu," she says, "my ever dear mother. *Sursum corda*, adieu! Let us, in all times and in all places, employ time for eternity. Amen."¹

¹ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot collection.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA, QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ill health of queen Mary Beatrice—Alarming symptoms—Princess Anne announces death of the duke of Gloucester—Letter of Mary Beatrice thereon—Her importunity for Chaillot—Rudeness of madame Maintenon to her—Queen's conversation with Louis XIV.—Visits Fontainebleau—Her escape from fire—Alarming illness of James II.—Distress of the queen—Her letter from his bedside—Their pecuniary difficulties—Queen accompanies the king to Bourbon baths—Her devoted attention—Anxiety to return to her children—Placability to her step-daughters—Decline of James II.—All business transacted by the queen—Hopes of her son's restoration—James II. struck with apoplexy—Her devoted attendance on his death-bed—His eulogium on her virtues—Violence of her grief—Watches unseen near him—Recognition of her son by Louis XIV. as heir to James II.—Queen's touching parting with James II.—His death—QUEEN'S WIDOWHOOD—Her son proclaimed James III. at St. Germain's—Queen's homage to him—She goes to Chaillot—Reception there—Obsequies of James II.—Anecdotes of the queen's sojourn at Chaillot—She returns to her children at St. Germain's—Louis XIV.'s visit of condolence—James II.'s will—Appoints Mary Beatrice regent for their son—Her letter to princess Anne—Conferences with lord Belhaven—Refuses to send her son to Scotland—Her cabinet at St. Germain's—In debt to the convent at Chaillot—Her letter.

THE keen, bracing air of St. Germain's was certainly inimical to Mary Beatrice, a daughter of the mild, genial clime of Italy, and she suffered much from coughs and colds, which often ended in inflammations of the lungs and chest. Her children inherited the same tendency to pulmonary affections, and their constitutions were fatally weakened by the erroneous practice of frequent and copious bleedings, to which the French physicians resorted on every occasion. Habitual sorrow and excitement of spirit, generally speaking, produce habits of valetudinarianism. Mary Beatrice seldom writes to her friends at Chaillot without entering

into minute details on the subject of health. That king James, prematurely old from too early exertion, broken-hearted, and practising all sorts of austerities, was an object of constant solicitude to her is not wonderful, or that anxiety and broken rest, for which her delicate frame was ill suited, laid her in turn upon a bed of sickness; but she generally passes lightly over her own sufferings to dwell on those of her beloved consort and their children. In one of her letters to Angelique Priolo, she says:—

“For myself, I have been more frightened than ill, for my indisposition has never been more than a bad cold, attended, for half a day, with a little fever. I am still a little *en rhumée*, but it is just nothing. My alarm was caused by the very serious illness of my son, in which, for thirteen or fourteen days, the fever never left him; and scarcely did he begin to amend a little, when the fever attacked the king. I declare to you that the thought of it overwhelmed me with affliction. But, God be thanked, he had only one fit of it, and a very bad cold, of which he is not yet quit. That one fit of the fever has weakened and depressed him very much, and he has not been out, as yet, further than the children's little chapel, and for this reason I would not leave him here alone to go to Chaillot. Since the last two days his cold has abated, and he is regaining his strength so well that I hope to see him wholly recovered at the end of this week. My son is also very much pulled down and enfeebled, but he, likewise, has improved much during the last two days. He went, the day before yesterday, to mass, for the first time. My poor daughter had also a very severe cold and fever for two days, but it has left her for several days, and she is entirely recovered; so that, thank God, we are all out of the hospital. This morning the king and I united in an act of thanksgiving together for it, in the little chapel.”¹

The poor queen had also been suffering from a severe attack of the hereditary complaint of her family, gout in her hand, which had prevented her from holding her pen,—a great privation to so determined a letter-writer as she appears to have been. She says:—

“As to M. d'Autun, alas! I have not been in a condition to write to him. It is all I can do (and you can see it, without doubt, in the characters), to write to you, to-day,—to you, my dear mother, to whom I can assuredly write when I cannot to any other, for my heart conducts and gives power to my hand.”²

In the same letter there is a proof of the delicacy of feeling with which Mary Beatrice conformed her wishes to the inclinations of her husband, when she perceived that they were likely to be opposed. “I had,” says she, “a great de-

¹ Autograph letters of the queen of James II.: Chaillot MSS.

² Ibid.

sire to go to Chaillot before Christmas-eve, to make up for my journey at the presentation. I sounded the king upon it, but perceiving that I should not be able to obtain his permission without pain, I would not press it.”¹ It may be said that this was but a trifling sacrifice on the part of the queen; but it should also be remembered that she was in a state of personal suffering, attended with great depression of spirits, at that time, the result of a long illness, brought on by fatigue and anxiety during her attendance on her sick husband and children, and that she felt that desire of change of place and scene which is natural to all invalids; above all, it is the little every-day occurrences of domestic life that form the great test of good-humor. A person who is accustomed to sacrifice inclination in trifles, will rarely exercise selfishness in greater matters. “I shall not,” says she on another occasion, “have the pleasure of seeing you before the vigil of the Ascension, for the king goes very little out of my chamber, and I cannot leave him. He will not even be in a state to go to La Trappe so soon, therefore I will not quit him till the eve of that feast.”

The terrible malady of which Mary Beatrice died,—cancer in the breast, made its appearance, though possibly in an incipient state, during the life of her husband, king James, and notwithstanding the angelic patience with which all her sufferings, both mental and bodily, were borne, must have added a bitter drop to the overflowing cup of affliction of which she was doomed to drink. She mentions this alarming symptom to her friend, madame Priolo, in these words:—

“I cannot say that I am ill, but I have always this gland in my bosom undiminished; and three days ago I discovered another tumor in the same breast, near the first, but not so large. I know not what God will lay upon me, but in this, as in everything else, I try to resign myself, without reserve, into his hands, to the end that he may work in me, and for me, and by me, all that it may please him to do.”²

The sympathies of Mary Beatrice were not confined within the comparatively selfish sphere of kindred ties. She

¹ Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Chaillot MSS. ² Ibid.

never went to the convent of Chaillot without visiting the infirmary, and endeavoring to cheer and comfort the sick. Once, when an infectious fever had broken out in the convent, and it was considered proper for her to relinquish her intention of passing a few days there, she says:—

“For myself I have no apprehension, and if there were not some danger in seeing my children afterwards, I should come; but I believe the doctor is the only judge of that, and for that reason I wish to send you one of ours, that you may consult with him about the sickness, the time of its duration, and how far the sick are from my apartment; and after that, we must submit to his judgment.”

The peace between England and France, however fatal in its terms to the cause of James II., was the means of renewing the suspended intercourse between him and his adherents, many of whom came to pay their homage to him and the queen at St. Germain, with as little regard to consequences as if it had been Whitehall. A still more numerous class, impelled by the national propensity which has ever prevailed among the English to look at celebrated characters, flocked to every place where they thought they might get a peep at their exiled king and queen, and their children. “Last Thursday, May 22, 1700,” writes the British ambassador, the earl of Manchester, to the earl of Jersey, “was a great day here. The prince of Wales, as they call him, went in state to Nôtre Dame, and was received by the archbishop of Paris with the same honors as if the French king had been there himself. After mass, he was entertained by him; and your lordship may easily imagine that all the English that are here ran to see him.”¹ Mary Beatrice, writing to her friend at Chaillot on the same subject, says:—

“That dear son, God be praised, appeared to me to make his first communion in very good dispositions. I could not restrain my tears when I witnessed it. I seem as if I had given him to God with my whole heart, and I entreat our heavenly Father only to permit him to live for his service, to honor and to love Him. The child appears to be well resolved on that. He has assured me, ‘that he would rather die than offend God mortally.’ Let us all say, from the depths of our hearts, Continue, O Lord, to work thus in him.”²

¹ Cole's State-Papers.

² Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Chaillot collection.

The queen refers, in the same letter, with great satisfaction, to the religious impression that had lately been made on one of the young ladies in the convent of Chaillot:—

“We must,” she says, “entreat God for its continuance. Our mother, her mistress, and yourself, will have great merit in his sight on account of it, for that child has tried your patience and your charity in the same manner as the little Strickland exercised that of others; and we have seen with our eyes the blessing of God on them both, for which may He be forever praised, as well as for the cure of the king, which we may now call perfect, for the abscess is healed, and the gout is gone, but it will require time and repose to harden the skin, which is still very tender and delicate, but, with his patience, all will be well soon.”¹

The death of the young duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of the princess Anne of Denmark, which occurred August 12, 1700, appeared to remove a formidable rival from the path of the son of Mary Beatrice. The news of that event was known at St. Germain's two or three days before it was officially announced to the English ambassador, who was first apprised of it by one of his spies in the exiled court. This seems a confirmation of the assertion of Lamberty, that the princess Anne sent an express secretly to St. Germain's, to notify the death of her son to her injured father. “In respect to the decease of the young prince,” says Mary Beatrice, in one of her confidential letters to Angelique, “that does not as yet produce any visible change; but it must, of necessity, in the sequel, and perhaps rather sooner than they think in France. We follow our good rule of keeping a profound silence, and put our hopes in God alone. Pray to him, my dear mother, that he will be himself our strength.”

“There was to have been a great hunting on the plains of St. Denis for the prince of Wales,” writes the earl of Manchester, “in order that the English here might have seen him; but after this melancholy news, it was thought more decent to put it off,”—a proof of respect, at any rate, on the part of the exiled king and queen for the memory of his innocent rival, and of their consideration for the feelings of the princess Anne. Greatly were the outward and visible signs of respect paid by the court of France to

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Chaillot collection.

the son of James II. augmented by the death of his nephew, Gloucester. "I shall only tell you," proceeds the earl of Manchester, "that the prince of Wales is to be at Fontainebleau for the first time, and an apartment is preparing for him." September 8th, Manchester writes "that the court of St. Germain's is actually in mourning, except the king and queen. One of the cabinet there was of opinion that they should be so far from expecting an official notification of the duke of Gloucester's death, that king James himself ought rather to notify it to all other princes." William's ambassador goes on to report that "sir John Parsons, of Rygate (one of the London aldermen), and his son, have both been to make their court to the late king and queen; and he [Parsons] says, 'he hopes to receive them when he is lord mayor of London,' which he pretends is his right next year. The court of France goes to Fontainebleau on the 23d instant, and the late king of England and the prince of Wales on the 27th. There are great numbers of English," continues his excellency, "and it is observed at St. Germain's that they see every day new faces, who come to make their court there. There are a few of note who go; but I find some that come to me, and go there also."¹ Very accurate is the information of William's ambassador as to the movements of the royal exiles of St. Germain's.

The queen writes, on the 26th of September, to the abbess of Chaillot, to tell her that she had performed her devotions in preparation for her journey to Fontainebleau. "I renewed," says she, "my good resolutions; but, my God, how ill I keep them! Pray to him, my dear mother, that I may begin to-day to be more faithful to him. Alas! it is fully time to be so, since I am at the close of my forty-second year. . . . Here is a sentence," continues the queen, "which comes from the mind, the hand, and, I believe I may say, the heart of my son. Give it to father Raffron from me, and recommend us all to his prayers." Her reverence of Chaillot, in all probability, did as she was requested, for the paper written by the young prince is not with his royal mother's letter.

¹ Cole's State-Papers.

The constant solicitation on the part of Mary Beatrice for some temporal advantage for her friends at Chaillot, subjected her at last to a rude repulse from madame de Maintenon; for that lady, while her majesty was speaking to her on the subject, rose up abruptly and left the room, without troubling herself to return an answer. Mary Beatrice did not condescend to resent her ill-manners, though, in one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, she expresses herself with some indignation at her breach of courtesy. Her majesty was impolitic enough to endeavor to carry her point by a personal appeal to Louis XIV., and was unsuccessful. "I acquitted myself," she says, in one of her letters, "as far as was possible of the commission with which our dear mother had charged me, and which I undertook with pleasure; but I must confess to you that the king replied very coldly, and would scarcely allow me to speak thereupon. I had, however, sufficient courage to tell him a good deal of what I had purposed. I obliged him to answer me once or twice, but not in the manner I could have wished. He afterwards inquired after you. I told him you had been much distressed that his majesty could believe that the daughters of Chaillot had wished to deceive him; to which he frankly replied, 'Oh, I have never believed that;' and then he appeared as if he would have been glad to change the conversation, and I had not the boldness to prevent him a second time." The poor queen showed little tact in importuning the fastidious and ease-loving prince so perseveringly on a subject which appeared disagreeable to him. In this letter she begs her friend not to mention her having related the particulars of her conversation with Louis, as it might be taken amiss by him and madame de Maintenon. After having importuned madame de Maintenon for several years about the Chaillot business, till she obtained at last the object of her petition, Mary Beatrice, with strange inconsistency, forgot to express her personal thanks to that powerful mover of the secret councils of Versailles for the favor she had rendered to her *protégées* at her solicitation. Her majesty writes to the abbess of Chaillot in a tone of consternation about this omission:—

"You are already acquainted," she says, "with what I am about to tell you, for it is impossible but that M. de M—— must have expressed her surprise to you, that I conversed with her an hour and a half the other day without so much as mentioning the favors that she had obtained for you of the king, having been so full of thankfulness, on my own account, two days before. I, however, avow this to you, and entreat your forgiveness, as I have done to herself in a letter which I have just been writing to her. It seems to me that when we have the misfortune to commit faults, the best thing we can do is to repent of them, confess them, and endeavor, as far as we can, to repair them. Send me word," she says, in conclusion, "when you would like best that I should come and see you, and what day you would wish to see my son."

On the day of the Assumption, 1700, the queen attended the services of her church in the convent of Chaillot. Her majesty was accompanied by king James and their son: she presented them both to the abbess and the nuns. In the circular letter of Chaillot for that year, the holy ladies give the following description of the disinherited heir of Great Britain:—"He is one of the finest and best made princes of his age, and he has the most beautiful and happy countenance in the world; he has much wit, and is lively, bold, and most agreeable. He greatly resembles the queen, his mother, and is also like the late king Charles, his uncle." Portraits and medals of their son were sent by the deposed king and queen this year, not only to their adherents in England, but, in many instances, to noble families opposed in principles,¹ to show them how decidedly nature had vindicated his descent by stamping his countenance, not only with the unmistakable lineaments of a royal Stuart, but with a striking resemblance of the kindred Bourbons, Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. His visit to Fontainebleau gave great pleasure to the young prince, and to his fond mother also, whose maternal pride was, of course, highly gratified at the caresses that were lavished on her boy, and the admiration which his beauty and graceful manner excited. "My son," she says to her friend at Chaillot, "is charmed with Fontainebleau. They would make us believe that they are

¹ "Seven thousand medals of the pretended prince of Wales are to be stamped by Rottier, who is here, and sent to captain Cheney, who formerly lived at Hackney, but is now in some part of Kent."—Despatches of the earl of Manchester, August, 1700.

delighted with him. It is true that, for the first time, he has done well enough."¹

The death of his nephew, William duke of Gloucester, who was only one year younger than the son of Mary Beatrice and James II., appeared to place that prince in a more favorable position than he had occupied since he had been deprived of his place in the royal succession. The decease of William III. was confidently expected to precede that of king James, who was accustomed to say, "that he would embark for England the instant the news of that event reached him, though three men should not follow him."²

Mary Beatrice was with her husband, king James, again at Fontainebleau in October, on a visit to the French court. She writes to her friend at Chaillot, on the 13th of the month, in a more lively strain than usual. "I have never," she says, had such good health at Fontainebleau as this year. The king, my husband, has also been perfectly well. He has been hunting almost every day, and is growing fat. We have had the most beautiful weather in the world. The king [Louis], as usual, lavished upon us a thousand marks of his goodness, and of the most cordial regard, which has given us the utmost pleasure. The whole of his royal family followed his example, and so did all his court. To God alone be the honor and glory . . . I found my children," continues her majesty, "God be thanked, in perfect health on my return yesterday evening at half-past seven; they told me that you had not forgotten them during our absence. I thank our mother, all our sisters, and you, for it with all my heart."³

The queen's preservation from a frightful peril in which she was involved during her recent visit to the French court excites all the natural enthusiasm of her character. "I experienced," she says, "when at Fontainebleau, the succor of the holy angels, whom you have invoked for me; for one evening, while I was saying my prayers, I set fire to my night cornettes, which were burned to the very cap, without singeing a single hair."⁴ These cornettes were

¹ Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

² Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

³ Chaillot collection.

⁴ Ibid.

three high, narrow stages of lace, stiffened very much, and supported on wires placed upright from the brow one above the other, like a helmet with the visor up, only composed of point or Brussels lace, and with lappets descending on either side. A lady stood small chance indeed of her life if such a structure ignited on her head; therefore some allowance must be made for the pious consort of James II. imputing not only her escape, but the wonderful preservation of her jetty tresses, under those circumstances, to the friendly intervention of the guardian angels, whom the holy *mère Déposée* of the convent of Chaillot had been endeavoring to interest in her favor. The fashion of the cornettes was introduced by madame de Maintenon, and was invariably adopted by ladies of all ages, though becoming to very few, from the ungraceful height it imparted to the forehead. Mary Beatrice not only wore the cornette head-tire both by day and night herself, but had her beautiful little girl, the princess Louisa, dressed in this absurd fashion when but four years old, as may be seen in a charming print in possession of Kirkpatrick Sharp, Esq., from the original picture of the royal children at play in the parterre at St. Germain. The infantine innocence and arch expression of the smiling babe, who, hand in hand with the prince her brother, is in eager pursuit of a butterfly, give a droll effect to the formal appendage of Brussels lace cornettes and lappets on the little head. The following letter was written by the young princess, when in her eighth year, to the queen, her mother, during a temporary absence from St. Germain:

“MADAME:—

“I hope this letter will find your majesty in as good health as when I left you. I am at present quite well, but I was very tired after my journey. I am very glad to learn from my brother that you are well. I desire extremely your majesty's return, which I hope will be to-morrow evening, between seven and eight o'clock. M. Caryl begs me to inquire of you, if I ought to sign my letter to the nuncio ‘Louise Marie, P.’ I am impatient to learn if you have had any tidings of the king. I am, madame,

“Your majesty's very humble and obedient daughter,

“LOUISE MARIE.¹

“St. G., this 21st of May, 1700.”

¹ The original autograph is in French, written in a child's large-text hand, between ruled lines. It is preserved in the Chaillot collection.

Some secret intrigue appears to have been on foot at this time, for the purpose of inducing the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice to undertake the desperate enterprise of effecting a landing in some part of England unknown to his royal parents, if any credit is to be attached to the following mysterious passage in one of the earl of Manchester's ambassadorial reports, dated December 11th:—

“I cannot tell from whence they have, at St. Germain, an apprehension that the P. [prince of Wales] will be carried away into England with his own consent; and upon this, they have increased his guards. Whereas formerly he had six, he has now fourteen. They think their game so very sure, that there is no occasion he should take such a step.”

If such a scheme were in agitation, it is possible that it originated with some of the Scotch magnates, who were anxious to defeat the project of the union which was then contemplated by William. The notorious Simon Fraser, generally styled lord Lovat, made his appearance at the court of St. Germain about this time, with offers of services, which, in consequence of the horror expressed by Mary Beatrice of his general conduct and character, were rejected, and he received an intimation that his presence was unwelcome. It would have been well for the cause of the exiled family if, after James's death, she had continued to act according to her first impression regarding this unprincipled adventurer. If any judgment may be formed from the secret correspondence of the nobility and landed gentry of Great Britain with the court of St. Germain, it should seem that nearly the whole of Ireland, and a closely-balanced moiety of the people of England, weary of the oppressive taxation of the Dutch sovereign, sighed for the restoration of a dynasty, who, whatever were its faults, did not needlessly involve the realm in expensive continental wars, to the ruin of commerce and the decay of trade. In Scotland the burden of the popular song:—

“There's nae luck about the house, there's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house while our guid man's awa',”

is well known to have borne a significant allusion to the absence of the deposed sovereign.

The wisdom of the proverbial sarcasm, "Defend me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies," was never more completely exemplified than in the case of king James. A letter, written by his former minister, the earl of Melfort, to his brother, the duke of Perth, stating "that there was a powerful party in Scotland ready to rise in favor of the exiled sovereign, and that it was fully the intention of that prince to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion in England," being intercepted, was communicated by king William to parliament, and, of course, did more injury to the cause of the royal Stuarts than anything that could have been devised by their foes. The king and queen were greatly annoyed, and Melfort was banished to Angers; but the mischief was irreparable. In the midst of the vexation caused by this annoying business to the king and queen, James was seized with an alarming fit of that dreadful constitutional malady, sanguineous apoplexy, of which he had manifested the first symptoms at the period of the Revolution. The attack, on this occasion, appears to have been produced by agitation of mind, under the following affecting circumstances. Their majesties were attending divine service in the chapel-royal at St. Germain's on Friday, March 4, 1701,—the anthem for that day being from the first and second verses of the last chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider, and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens." These words, so applicable to his own case, touched too powerful a chord in the mind of the fallen monarch. His enfeebled frame was unable to support the climax of agonizing associations which they recalled; a torrent of blood gushed from his mouth and nose; he fainted, and was carried out of the chapel in a state of insensibility. A report of his death was generally circulated.¹ The terror and distress of the poor queen may readily be imagined; but she had acquired, during long years of adversity, that needful virtue of the patient heroine of domestic life, the power of controlling her own feelings for the sake of ministering to the

¹ Somers's Tracts. Stuart Papers.

sufferings of the beloved partner of her trials. Very touching is the account given by Mary Beatrice to her friend, Angelique Priolo, in a letter, dated December 13th, of the sufferings of her unfortunate consort, and her own despondence during her anxious attendance in his sick-chamber.

"I seize this moment," she says, "while the king sleeps, to write a word to you by his bedside. I have read your letter to him, and he has charged me to return his thanks to you, holy mother, and to all the sisters, for your prayers, and for the sympathy you express for his illness, which is not painful, but I fear dangerous; for he is extremely weak in the right hand and leg, which threatens paralysis. His other hand is not affected, God be thanked, but he trembles with apprehension lest it should mount to his head. I suffer far more than he does, from the anticipation of greater sufferings for him; and, throwing myself at the foot of the cross, my heart seems to tell me that this is not enough, for that it is the will of God that it should be pierced with a terrible wound."

The dread that the beloved of her heart would be taken from her with a stroke fills her soul with unutterable anguish as a woman; but as a Christian, she submits, and only seeks to obtain the grace of resignation:—

"You know my weakness, my dear mother, and my little virtue, and therefore you may judge better than any other person the extreme need I have of prayers. I do not ask anything in particular, for I feel a want of my former faith in devotion; but only a humble desire to be able to conform myself to the will of God. I request the fervent prayers of my dear mother and all our sisters, and of the other monastery. I ask yours, my good mother, who suffer for me and with me, and who know well the sad state in which I find myself. I do not hope to see you during the holy week; but we will be found at the foot of that cross, whither our crosses should be borne."¹

The apprehensions entertained by the anxious consort of James that he was threatened with an attack of paralysis were fully realized, and, as a last resource, he was ordered to the baths of Bourbon. "The late king," says William's ambassador, the earl of Manchester, in his official report of the 16th, "is very ill, having had a second fit of apoplexy,² which was violent, and has taken away the use of

¹ Chaillot collection.

² The ambassador uses this word erroneously two or three times, instead of paralysis. Several of the fits with which James was attacked during the last six months of his life were epileptic.

his limbs on one side of him." In another despatch, dated 26th, his excellency gives the following particulars to secretary Vernon of the melancholy state of their old master, of whose sufferings he invariably writes with more than diplomatic hardness:—"What I wrote concerning James was a true account, which you may judge by his intending to go to Bourbon in November next. He is far from being well, and is very much broke of late, so that some think he cannot last long. His stay at Bourbon will be three weeks. He is to be eleven days in going, and as long coming back. They intend to pump his right arm, which he has lost the use of, and he is to bathe and drink the waters." The anguish of the poor queen was increased by the misery of pecuniary distress at this anxious period. Having no funds for the journey, she was compelled to appeal to Louis XIV. for a charitable supply. "They desired," says the earl of Manchester, "but 30,000 livres of the French court for this journey, which was immediately sent them in gold. I don't know but they may advise him after that to a hotter climate, which may be convenient enough on several accounts. In short, his senses and his memory are very much decayed, and I believe a few months will carry him off." Very kind attention and much sympathy were shown to James and his queen, on this occasion, by Louis XIV. He sent Fagon, his chief physican, to attend him at Bourbon, and charged d'Urfi to go with them, to pay all the expenses of the journey, and to arrange that they were treated with the same state as if it had been himself, although they had entreated that they might be permitted to dispense with all ceremonies.¹

The waters and baths of Bourbon were, at that era, regarded as the most sovereign panacea in the world for paralytic affections and gout. King James, who was fully aware that he was hastening to the tomb, was only induced to undertake the journey by the tender importunity of his consort. They bade adieu to their children, and left St. Germain on the 5th of April, proceeding no farther than Paris the first day. Even that short distance, sixteen

¹ St. Simon, vol. iii. pp. 93, 94.

miles, greatly fatigued the king. They slept at the house of their old friend, the duke de Lauzun, where several persons of quality from England, who were then in Paris, came privily to inquire after king James's health, and to kiss his hand and that of his queen. So closely, however, were their proceedings watched by William's ambassador, that the intelligence, together with the initials of the names of the parties, was transmitted to the secretary of state in London.¹ The following day their majesties had a meeting with Louis XIV. at the Louvre, and attended mass at Nôtre Dame. King James, says our authority, walked without much difficulty, aided by the supporting arm of his faithful queen, who was constantly at his side.²

Among the papers at the hôtel de Soubise, are letters from various ecclesiastics to the queen's friend, la mère Priolo, tracing the progress of their journey to the baths of Bourbon, in which they made stages from one convent to another. The tender and devoted affection of Mary Beatrice for her unfortunate consort is touchingly manifested in a letter which she addressed, on the 20th of April, to her friend, madame Priolo, after they had accomplished their long, weary journey to the baths of Bourbon. The king was better, and her heart overflows with thankfulness to God: an unwonted strain of cheerfulness pervades her paper:—

“ Bourbon, 20th April.

“ At last, my dear mother,” she says, “ we arrived at this place on the fourteenth day after our departure from St. Germain, without any accident. God be thanked, the king is much better. He has had a little gout, which is now gone; his hand and knee are gaining strength. He eats and sleeps well, and I hope that we shall bring him back in perfect health. If God should grant us this mercy, instead of complaining of the journey, which I have assuredly found very long and uncomfortable, I shall call it the most agreeable and the happiest I have made in all my life. With regard to myself, too, I ought not to complain, for I am so well that I am astonished at it. Assist me, my dear mother, in rendering thanks to God for his mercy in sustaining me in all the various states in which it has pleased him to place me, and beseech him to grant me the grace to be more faithful and grateful to him.”³

¹ Despatches of the earl of Manchester.

² Inedited letter of the abbé de Roguette, dated May 2, 1701: in the archives of France, hôtel de Soubise.

³ Autograph letter of the queen of James II.: Chaillot collection.

James II

From the Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller



The British ambassador had accurate information, meantime, of the minutest particulars relating to the proceedings of Mary Beatrice and her suffering lord. In a despatch dated April 20th, he says:—"The late king has the gout at Bourbon, so cannot drink the waters." Mary Beatrice, in her letter of the same date, mentions her visits to the nuns of Montargis, and other religious communities, being aware that such matters would prove of greater interest to her friends at Chaillot, than details of the company whom she met at the baths of Bourbon, or the business of the great world:—

"I have been much pleased with our sisters of Montargis, and above all, with the good mother, with whom I appeared to be well acquainted from the love I bear to her sister, whom she much resembles. They have also a *déposée*, who appears to have some merit. Those of Nevers gave me your dear letter. There was such a crowd when I received it that I was not able to look over it as I could have wished, but the little I saw pleased me much. Our poor sisters of Moulins I have not seen, because we were taken by another road, at which I was much vexed; but, if it please God, before I quit this place, I will go one day expressly to see them. To-day they have sent their confessor to signify their chagrin at not having seen me."

The queen edified all the *religieuses* by the humility with which she followed the processions of the festival of the Holy Trinity on foot, "without *parasol*,¹ squire, or train-bearer, with a taper in her hand. The angelic modesty of her countenance made her the admiration of all beholders." The king was unable to walk without the supporting arm of his faithful consort, but he viewed the procession from a balcony. "We have had five queens here," says the superior of Moulins, "whom I remember very well, but not one comparable to this. Every one is equally charmed and edified by her." The waters and baths of Bourbon freed king James's arm from the rheumatic gout, and enabled him to walk and speak with less difficulty. The personal attentions of the queen to her suffering husband are mentioned with admiration by the writers of the numerous packets of letters from which we have gleaned this intelligence. Such instances of humanity

¹ The remark proves that this article of luxury was in use in Louis XIV.'s reign.

and affectionate duty can be appreciated by every one; those who would turn away with disgust from the processions and trifling observances with which these letters are loaded, may nevertheless accord their sympathy to the fond wife and devoted nurse.

Contrary to all expectation, king James was able to commence his journey to St. Germain on the 4th of June. The queen, on her return from the baths of Bourbon, visited the convent of nuns in the town called 'La Charité,' on the Loire. She could not help observing the extreme poverty of the nuns. They told her "that this was occasioned by robbers, who often came and pillaged them of all that they possessed; but of late they had kept a rifle always loaded, in order to fire if the bandits came," which, indeed, the queen added, "that she had noticed, and had remarked to herself that it was strange to see such a weapon in a cell of nuns."¹ She writes from Montargis the following cheering account of king James's health:—"We are now within three days' journey of Paris, in good health, thank God. The king gains strength every day, and they assure us that, after a few days of rest, he will find himself much better than he has yet done. He has a very good appearance; he eats and sleeps very well; walks much better, and has begun to write. It is a great change for the better." In her postscript she adds:—"I must not forget to tell you that it will be impossible to stop at Chaillot at all; for the Tuesday, the last day of our journey, we have arranged to go straight by d'Essone to St. Germain, having, as you may believe, some impatience to embrace my dear children."²

During her anxious attendance on her sick consort at Bourbon, Mary Beatrice, from time to time, sent messengers to St. Germain, to inquire after the health and welfare of her children, who remained there under the care of the duke of Perth and the countess of Middleton. Very constant and dutiful had the prince and his little sister been in their correspondence with their royal parents at this period of unwonted separation. A packet of their simple

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II.: Chaillot MSS.

² Ibid.

little letters to the queen is still preserved, among more important documents of the exiled Stuarts, in the archives of France, containing interesting evidence of the strong ties of natural affection by which the hearts of this unfortunate family were entwined together. Mary Beatrice and James arrived at St. Germain in time for the celebration of the birthday fêtes of their son and daughter. The prince completed his thirteenth year on the 10th of June, and the princess her ninth on the 28th of the same month. Visits of congratulation were paid by the king of France, and all the members of the royal family, to the king and queen, on their return from Bourbon. Though Louis XIV. had been compelled to recognize William III. as king of Great Britain, he continued to treat the deposed king and queen with the same punctilious attention to all the ceremonials of state, as if they had retained their regality.

The improvement in the health of her beloved consort from the use of the Bourbon waters, which had filled the heart of Mary Beatrice with false hopes of his ultimate recovery, was but of temporary duration. The British ambassador, who kept, through his spies at St. Germain, a close watch on the symptoms of his deposed sovereign, gives the following account of his state in a despatch dated June 15th:—"King James is so decayed in his senses that he takes care of nothing, all things going direct to the queen. They were both yesterday at Versailles to wait on the king, but they did not come till after five, so that I was gone."¹ The decay of king James's senses, of which his former liegeman speaks, was a failure of his physical powers, which had, as before noticed, been brought too early into action. Edward the Black Prince, John of Gaunt, Henry IV., and Henry VII., men of far greater natural talents than James II., all died in a pitiable state of mental atrophy, prematurely worn out, the victims of their precocious exertions. In addition to this cause, James had been heavily visited, in the last fourteen years of his life, with a burden of sorrow such as few princes have been doomed to bear. Calumniated, betrayed, and driven from his throne into exile and

¹ Cole's State-Papers.

poverty by his loved and fondly-cherished daughters, the heart of the modern Lear of British history had, of course, been wrung with pangs no less bitter than those which that great master of the human heart, Shakspeare, has portrayed, goading the outraged king and father to madness; but James bore his wrongs with the patience of a Christian, and instead of raving of "foul unnatural hags," and invoking the vengeance of Heaven on one and both of them, like the hero of the tragedy, he besought daily of God to pardon them. He was encouraged in his placable feelings by his consort. Mary Beatrice, deeply as she had been injured by her step-daughters and their husbands, never spoke an angry word of either, but was accustomed to check her ladies if they began to inveigh against them. "As we cannot speak of them with praise," she would say, "we will not make them a subject of discourse, since it only creates irritation, and gives rise to feelings that cannot be pleasing to God. Let us rather look closely to ourselves, and endeavor to avoid those faults which we see in others."¹ Although a few fond superstitions, the result of education and association with her conventual friends, now and then peep out in the letters of Mary Beatrice, the fervency and depth of her piety and love of God, her patience and resignation under all her trials and afflictions, and her charitable forbearance from reviling those who had so cruelly injured and calumniated her, prove her to have been a sincere Christian. In one of her letters to her friend Angelique Priolo, she says :—

"I supplicate the God of all consolation to fill my heart with this holy love, and then to do what He will with me; for I believe that a heart full of divine love is at peace and content in every kind of state, and cannot be otherwise than well. This is the only thing I would pray you to ask for me, my dear mother. It is the sole thing needful; without which one cannot be happy, either in this world or in the other; and with which, all that the world calls misfortunes and disgrace cannot render one miserable."

King James's sands of life were now ebbing fast. The earl of Manchester, in a despatch dated July 13th, says :—
"The late king was taken with another fit of apoplexy, and

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este.

it was thought he would not have lived half an hour. His eyes were fixed, and I hear yesterday he was ill again. He is so ill decayed, that by every post you may expect to hear of his death." The skill of Fagon, who remained in constant attendance, and the tender care of his conjugal nurse, assisted the naturally strong constitution of James to make a second rally. He crept out once more, on fine sunny days, in the parterre, supported by the arm of his royal helpmate, accompanied by their children, and attended by the faithful adherents who formed their little court. Sometimes his majesty felt strong enough to extend his walk as far as the terrace of St. Germain, which, with its forest background and rich prospect over the valley of the Seine, bore a tantalizing resemblance to the unforgotten scenery of Richmond hill and the Thames, with the heights of Windsor in the distance. The eyes of Mary Beatrice were at times perhaps suffused with unbidden tears at the remembrances they recalled ; but the thoughts, the hopes, the desires of the dying king, her husband, were fixed on brighter realms. He who had learned to thank his God for having deprived him of three crowns, that He might lead him through the chastening paths of sorrow to a heavenly inheritance, regarded the kingdoms of this world, and their glories, with the eye of one who stands on the narrow verge between time and eternity.

The terrace at St. Germain was a public promenade, and many of the English who visited France, after the peace of Ryswick, incurred the risk of being treated as Jacobites on their return home by resorting thither. Some, doubtless, sought that prohibited spot to gratify a sort of lingering affection for James and his queen, which they dared not acknowledge even to themselves ; but the greater number came for the indulgence of their idle curiosity to see the exiled court. Few even of the latter class, however, except the hireling spies of the Dutch cabinet, who were always loitering in the crowd, could behold without feelings allied to sympathy the wasted form of him who had been their king, bowed earthward with sorrow rather than with years, his feeble steps supported by his pale, anxious consort, their

once beautiful queen ; her eyes bent with fond solicitude on his face, or turned with appealing glances from him to any of their former subjects whom she recognized, and then with mute eloquence directing their attention to her son. It was not every one who could resist her silent pleading ; and it is noticed by lord Manchester, that the hopes of the Jacobites of St. Germain's of the restoration of the royal family were never more sanguine than at that period, when everything in the shape of business was transacted by the queen.

The tender solicitude of Mary Beatrice for her children led her to bestow much of her personal attention on them when they were ill. On one occasion, when they were both confined to their chambers with severe colds, she describes herself as "going from one to the other all day long."¹ The early deaths of her four elder children rendered her naturally apprehensive lest these beloved ones should also be snatched away ; yet her maternal hopes were so confidently fixed on her son, that one day, when he was so seriously ill that apprehensions were entertained for his life, she said, "God, who has given him to me, will, I hope, preserve him to me. I doubt not that he will rule, one day, on the throne of his fathers. God can never permit the legitimate line of princes to fail." It was the personal influence of the woman, a queen now only in name, that gave vitality to the Stuart cause at a time when every passing day brought king James nearer to the verge of the tomb. It was her impassioned pleading that, enlisting the dauphin and his generous son the duke of Burgundy, and madame de Maintenon on her side, obtained from Louis XIV. the solemn promise of recognizing her son's claim to the style and title of king of England when his father should be no more.²

King James continued to linger through the summer, and was occasionally strong enough to mount his horse. Mary Beatrice began to flatter herself with hopes of his recovery ; and weary as he was of the turmoil of the world, there were yet strong ties to bind him to an existence that was

¹ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

² Earl of Manchester's despatches, in Cole.

endeared by the affection of a partner who, crushed as he was with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity, continued, after a union of nearly eight-and-twenty years, to love him with the same impassioned fondness as in the first years of their marriage. It was hard to part with her and their children, the lovely, promising, and dutiful children of his old age, whom nature had apparently well qualified to adorn that station of which his rash and ill-advised proceedings had been the means of depriving them. A political crisis of great importance appeared to be at hand. The days of his rival, William III., were numbered as well as his own; both were laboring under incurable maladies. The race of life, even then, was closely matched between them; and if James ever desired a lengthened existence, it was that, for the sake of his son, he might survive William, fancying—fond delusion!—that his daughter Anne would not dare to contest the throne with him. The clear-sighted diplomatist who represented William at the court of France, feeling the importance of unremitting attention to the chances in a game that was arriving at so nice a point, kept too keen a watch on the waning light of his old master's lamp of life to be deceived by its occasional flashes. In his despatch of the 31st of August, 1701, he says, "The late king hopes still to go to Fontainebleau; but I know this court will prevent it, because he might very likely die there, which would be inconvenient."¹

The event alluded to in these humane terms appears to have been hastened by a recurrence of the same incident which caused king James's first severe stroke of apoplexy in the preceding spring. On Friday, September 2d, while he was at mass in the chapel-royal, the choir unfortunately sung the fatal anthem again, "Lord, remember what is come upon us; consider, and behold our reproach," etc. The same agonizing chord was touched as on the former occasion, with a similar effect. He sank into the arms of the queen, in a swoon, and was carried from the chapel to his chamber in a state of insensibility. After a time, suspended animation was restored; but the fit returned

¹ Earl of Manchester's despatches, in Cole.

upon him with greater violence. "A most afflicting sight for his most disconsolate queen, into whose arms he fell the second time."¹ Mary Beatrice had acquired sufficient firmness in the path of duty to be able to control her own agonies on this occasion, for the sake of the beloved object of her solicitude. She had inherited from her mother the qualifications of a skilful nurse, and her queenly rank had never elevated her above the practical duties of the conjugal character. She could not deceive herself as to the mournful truth which the looks of all around her proclaimed; and her own sad heart assured her that the dreaded moment of separation between them was at hand. Contrary, however, to all expectation, nature made another rally; her husband recovered from his long death-like swoon, and all the following day appeared better; but he, looking death steadily in the face, sent for his confessor on the Sunday morning, and had just finished his general confession when he was seized with another fit, which lasted so long that every one believed him to be dead. His teeth being forced open, a frightful hemorrhage of blood took place,—a recurrence for the third time, only in a more aggravated form, of the symptoms of sanguineous apoplexy with which he was threatened when with the army at Salisbury, and which so effectually fought the battles of his foes against him, by precluding him from the possibility of either bodily or mental exertion.

The distress and terror of the queen nearly overpowered her on this occasion, but she struggled with the weakness of her sex, and refused to leave her suffering husband in his extremity. James himself was calm and composed, and as soon as the hemorrhage could be stopped, expressed a wish to receive the last rites of his church, but said he would see his children first, and sent for his son. The young prince, when he entered the chamber and saw the pale, death-like countenance of his father, and the bed all covered with blood, gave way to a passionate burst of grief, in which every one else joined except the dying king, who

¹ Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers; edited by Stanier Clark, historiographer to George IV.

appeared perfectly serene. When the prince approached the bed, he extended his arms to embrace him, and addressed his last admonition to him in these impressive words, which, notwithstanding the weakness and exhaustion of sinking nature, were uttered with a fervor and a solemnity that astonished every one:—¹ “I am now leaving this world, which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests, it being God Almighty’s will to wean me from it by many great afflictions. Serve Him with all your power, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation. There is no slavery like sin, no liberty like his service. If his holy providence shall think fit to seat you on the throne of your royal ancestors, govern your people with justice and clemency. Remember, kings are not made for themselves, but for the good of the people. Set before their eyes, in your own actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues: consider them as your children. You are the child of vows and prayers, behave yourself accordingly. Honor your mother, that your days may be long; and be always a kind brother to your dear sister, that you may reap the blessings of concord and unity.”² Those who were about the king, apprehending that the excitement of continuing to speak long and earnestly on subjects of so agitating a nature would be too much for his exhausted frame, suggested that the prince had better now withdraw; at which his majesty was troubled, and said, “Do not take my son away from me till I have given him my blessing, at least.”

The little princess Louisa was brought to the bedside of her dying father, bathed in tears, to receive, in her turn, all that Heaven had left in the power of the unfortunate James to bestow on his children by Mary Beatrice,—his paternal benediction and advice. It was, perhaps, a harder trial for James to part with this daughter than with his son: she was the child of his old age, the joy of his dark and wintry years. He had named her *la Consolatrice* when he first looked upon her, and she had, even when in her

¹ Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

² Somers’s Tracts, vol. xi. p. 342.

nurse's arms, manifested an extraordinary affection for him. She was one of the most beautiful children in the world, and her abilities were of a much higher order than those of her brother. Reflective and intelligent beyond her tender years, her passionate sorrow showed how deeply she was touched by the sad state in which she saw her royal father, and that she comprehended only too well the calamity that impended over her. "Adieu, my dear child," said James, after he had embraced and blessed her, "adieu! Serve your Creator in the days of your youth: consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the steps of that great pattern of it, your mother, who has been, no less than myself, overclouded with calumnies; but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, at last make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."¹ This noble tribute of the dying consort of Mary Beatrice to her moral worth, doubly affecting from the circumstances under which it was spoken, is the more interesting, because the prediction it contained is fulfilled by the discovery and publication of documents verifying the integrity of her life and actions, and exposing the baseness of the motives which animated the hireling scribblers of a party to calumniate her. The observation of human life, as well as the research of those writers who, taking nothing on trust, are at the trouble of first searching out and then investigating evidences, will generally prove that railing accusations are rather indicative of the baseness of the persons who make them, than of want of worth in those against whom they are brought.

James did not confine his death-bed advice to his children; he exhorted his servants and friends to forsake sin, and lead holy and Christian lives. After he had received the last sacraments from the curé of St. Germain's, he told him that he wished to be buried privately in his parish church, with no other monumental inscription than these words, "Here lies James, king of Great Britain." He declared himself in perfect charity with all the world; and lest his declaration that he forgave all his enemies from the bottom of his heart should be considered too general, he named his son-

¹ Somers's Tracts, vol. xi. p. 342.

in-law the prince of Orange, and the princess Anne of Denmark, his daughter.

All this while, the poor queen, who had never quitted him for a moment, being unable to support herself, had sunk down upon the ground by his bedside, in much greater anguish than he, and with almost as little signs of life. James was sensibly touched to see her in such excessive grief. He tried all he could to comfort and persuade her to resign herself to the will of God in this as in all her other trials; but none had appeared to Mary Beatrice so hard as this, and she remained inconsolable, till a visible improvement taking place in the king's symptoms, she began to flatter herself that his case was not desperate.¹ James passed a better night, and the next day Louis XIV. came to visit him. Louis would not suffer his coach to drive into the court, lest the noise should disturb his dying kinsman, but alighted at the iron gates the same as others. James received him with the same ease and composure as though nothing extraordinary were the matter. Louis had a long private conference with Mary Beatrice, for whom he testified the greatest sympathy and consideration. On the following Sunday his majesty of France paid a second visit, and the whole of that day the chamber of king James was thronged with a succession of visitors of distinction, who came to harass him and the queen with complimentary marks of attention on this occasion. No wonder that he sank into a state of exhaustion on the following day, that his fever returned, and all hopes of his recovery vanished.²

When this fatal change appeared, the queen, who was as usual by his bedside, gave way to an irrepressible burst of anguish. This distressed the king, who said to her, "Do not afflict yourself. I am going, I hope, to be happy." "I doubt it not," she replied; "it is not for your condition I lament, but for my own," and then her grief overpowering her, she appeared ready to faint away, which he perceiving, entreated of her to retire, and bade those who were near him lead her to her chamber.³ The sight of her grief was the

¹ Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

² Ibid; edited by Stanier Clark.

³ Ibid.

only thing that shook the firmness with which he was passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death. As soon as the queen had withdrawn, James requested that the prayers for a departing soul should be read. Mary Beatrice, having recovered herself a little, was only prevented by the injunctions of her spiritual director, and the consciousness that, worn out as she was by grief and watching, she would be unable to command her feelings, from returning to her wonted station by the pillow of her dying lord. But she came softly round by the back-stairs, and knelt unseen in a closet behind the alcove of the bed, where she could hear every word and every sigh that was uttered by that dear object of a love which, for upwards of seven-and-twenty years, had been the absorbing principle of her existence. There she remained for several hours, listening with breathless anxiety to every sound and every motion in the alcove. If she heard the king cough or groan, her heart was pierced at the thought of his sufferings, and that she was no longer permitted to support and soothe him; and if all were silent, she dreaded that he had ceased to breathe. James sank into a sort of lethargy, giving for several days little consciousness of life, except when prayers were read to him, when by the expression of his countenance and the motion of his lips, it was plain that he prayed also.¹

Meantime, the momentous question of what should be done with regard to acknowledging the claims of the youthful son of James II. and Mary Beatrice to the title of king of Great Britain, after the decease of the deposed monarch, was warmly debated in the cabinet council of Louis XIV. All but seven were opposed to a step in direct violation to the treaty of Ryswick, and which must have the effect of involving France in a war for which she was ill prepared. Louis, who had committed himself by the hopes he had given to Mary Beatrice, listened in perturbed silence to the objections of his council, in which his reason acquiesced; but the dauphin being the last to speak, gave strong proof

¹ Circular-letter of the convent of Chaillot, on the death of Mary Beatrice of Modena, late queen of England.

of the friendship which, in his quiet way, he cherished for the parents of the disinherited heir of England, for rising in some warmth, he said "it would be unworthy of the crown of France to abandon a prince of their own blood, especially one who was so near and dear to them as the son of king James; that he was, for his part, resolved to hazard not only his life, but all that was dear to him for his restoration." Then the king of France said, "I am of monseigneur's opinion;" and so said the duke of Burgundy and all the princes of the blood.

"It was," said Mary Beatrice, when subsequently speaking to her friends of this decision,¹ "a miraculous interposition, in which, with a heart penetrated with a grateful sense of his goodness to us, I recognize the hand of the Most High, who was pleased to raise up for us a protector in his own good time, by disposing the heart of the greatest of kings to take compassion on the widow and orphans of a king whom it pleased God to cover with afflictions here below. We can never cease to acknowledge the obligations that we owe to the king; for not only has he done all that he could for us, but he did it in a manner so heroic and touching that even our enemies cannot help admiring him for it. He came twice to see my good king during his illness, and said and did everything with which generous feeling could inspire a noble heart for the illustrious sufferer. He could not refrain from shedding tears, more than once, on seeing the danger of his friend. He spared neither care nor pains to procure every solace, and every assistance that was considered likely to arrest the progress of the malady. At last, on the Tuesday after the king my husband had received the *viaticum* for the second time, and they had no longer any hopes of him, this kind protector did me the honor of writing with his own hand a note to me, to let me know that he was coming to St. Germain's to tell me something that would console me. He then came to me in my chamber, where he declared to me, with a thousand marks of friendship, the most consolatory that could be under the

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his queen: Chaillot MS., archives of France.

circumstances, 'that after due reflection, he had determined to recognize the prince of Wales, my son, for the heir of the three kingdoms of Great Britain whensoever it should please God to remove the king, and that he would then render the same honors to him as he had done to the king his father.' I had previously implored this great monarch, in the presence of the king my husband, to continue his protection to my children and me, and entreated him to be to us in the place of a father. I made him all the acknowledgments in my power, and he told me that 'I could impart these tidings to the king my husband when and how I thought best.' I entreated him to be the bearer of them himself."¹

Louis, being desirous of doing everything that was likely to alleviate her affliction, proceeded with her to king James's chamber. Life was so far spent with that prince that he was not aware of the entrance of his august visitor, and when Louis inquired after his health, he made no answer, for he neither saw nor heard him.² When one of his attendants roused him from the drowsy stupor in which he lay, to tell him that the king of France was there, he unclosed his eyes with a painful effort, and said, "Where is he?"—"Sir," replied Louis, "I am here, and am come to see how you do."—"I am going," said James, quietly, "to pay that debt which must be paid by kings, as well as by their meanest subjects. I give your majesty my dying thanks for all your kindnesses to me and my afflicted family, and do not doubt of their continuance, having always found you good and generous."³ He also expressed his grateful sense of the attention he had been shown during his sickness. Louis replied, "that was a small matter indeed, but he had something to acquaint him with of more importance," on which the attendants of both kings began to retire. "Let nobody withdraw," exclaimed Louis. Then turning again to James, he said, "I am come, sir, to ac-

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his queen : Chaillot MS., archives of France.

² Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers. St. Simon.

³ Somers's Tracts. Stuart Papers. St. Simon.

quaint you, that whenever it shall please God to call your majesty out of this world, I will take your family under my protection, and will recognize your son, the prince of Wales, as the heir of your three realms." At these words all present, both English and French, threw themselves at the feet of the powerful monarch, who was at that time the sole reliance of the destitute and sorrowful court of St. Germain.¹ It was perhaps the proudest, as well as the happiest moment of Louis XIV.'s life, that he had dared to act in compliance with the dictates of his own heart, rather than with the advice of his more politic council. The scene was so moving that Louis himself could not refrain from mingling his tears with those which were shed by those around him. James feebly extended his arms to embrace his royal friend, and strove to speak; but the confused noise prevented his voice from being heard beyond these words, "I thank God I die with a perfect resignation, and forgive all the world, particularly the emperor and the prince of Orange." He might have added, the empress Eleanor Magdalen of Newburgh, whose personal pique at the preference which his matrimonial ambassador the earl of Peterborough had shown for the beautiful Mary Beatrice of Modena eight-and-twenty years before was one of the unsuspected causes of the ill offices James, and afterwards his widow and son, experienced from that quarter.

James begged, as a last favor, "that no funeral pomp might be used at his obsequies." Louis replied, "that this was the only favor that he could not grant." The dying king entreated "that he would rather employ any money that he felt disposed to expend for that purpose, for the relief of his destitute followers." These he pathetically recommended to his compassionate care, with no less earnestness than he had done Mary Beatrice and her children. Having relieved his mind by making these requests, he begged his majesty "not to remain any longer in so melancholy a place."² The queen having, meantime, sent for the prince her son, brought him herself through the little bed-

¹ St. Simon. Stuart Papers.

² Duke of Berwick's Memoirs.

chamber into that of his dying father, that he might return his thanks to his royal protector. The young prince threw himself at Louis's feet, and embracing his knees, expressed his grateful sense of his majesty's goodness. Louis raised, and tenderly embracing him, promised to act the part of a parent to him. "As this scene excited too much emotion in the sick," says the queen, "we passed all three into my chamber, where the king of France talked to the young prince my son. I wish much I could recollect the words, for never was any exhortation more instructive, more impressive, or fuller of wisdom and kindness."¹

The earl of Manchester, in his private report of these visits of Louis XIV. to the sorrowful court of St. Germain's, and his promises to the queen and her dying husband in behalf of their son, mentions the resignation of king James; and then speaking of the prince his son, says:—"I can tell you that the moment king James dies, the other will take the title of king of England, and will be crowned as such by those of St. Germain's. The queen will be in a convent at Chaillot till the king be buried, and the P. [prince] at the duke of Lauzun's at Paris; and after that, they will return to St. Germain's. I doubt not but the French will call him *roi d'Angleterre*.—September 14th. It was expected that king James would have died last night; but he was alive this morning, though they expect he will expire every moment, being dead almost up to his stomach, and he is sensible of no pain."² James retained, however, full possession of his mental faculties, and when his son entered his chamber, which was not often permitted, because it was considered to occasion too much emotion in his weak state, he stretched out his arms to embrace him, and said:—"I have not seen you since his most Christian majesty was here, and promised to own you when I should be dead. I have sent my lord Middleton to Marli to thank him for it." The same day, the duke and duchess of Burgundy came to take their last leave of him, when he spoke with composure to both, and begged that the duchess

¹ Recital of the death of James II. : Chaillot MS.

² Despatches of the earl of Manchester.

would not approach the bed, fearing it might have an injurious effect on her health.¹

The duke of Berwick, who was an attendant on the death-bed of his royal father, James II., says that his sight was weakened, but sense and consciousness remained with him unimpaired to his last sigh. "Never," continues Berwick,² "was there seen more patience, more tranquillity, and even joy, than in the feelings with which he contemplated the approach of death, and spoke of it." He took leave of the queen with extraordinary firmness; and the tears of this afflicted princess did not shake him, although he loved her tenderly. He told her to restrain her tears. "Reflect," said he to her, "that I am going to be happy, and forever."³ Mary Beatrice told him that the nuns of Chaillot were desirous that he should bequeath his heart to their community, to be placed in the same tribune with that of their royal foundress, queen Henrietta, his mother, and her own, when it might please God to shorten the term of their separation by calling her hence." James thanked her for reminding him of it. He gave her some directions about their son, and requested her to write to the princess Anne, his daughter, when he should be no more, to assure her of his forgiveness, and to charge her, on his blessing, to endeavor to atone to her brother for the injuries she had done him. Soon after, his hands began to shake with a convulsive motion, and the pangs of death came visibly upon him. His confessor and the bishop of Autun told the queen "that she must withdraw, as they were about to offer up the services of their church for a departing soul, and that the sight of her agony would disturb the holy serenity which God had shed upon the heart of the king." She consented, as a matter of conscience, to tear herself away; but when she kissed his hands for the last time, her sobs and sighs roused the king from the lethargic stupor in which exhausted nature had sunk, and troubled him. "Why is this?" said he tenderly to her. "Are you not flesh of my flesh, and bone of my

¹ Life of James II. Stuart Papers.

² Memoirs of the duke of Bedford.

³ Ibid.

bone? are you not a part of myself? How is it, then, that one part of me should feel so differently from the other,—I in joy, and you in despair? My joy is in the hope I feel that God in his mercy will forgive me my sins, and receive me into his beatitude, and you are afflicted at it. I have long sighed for this happy moment, and you know it well; cease, then, to lament for me. I will pray for you. Farewell.”¹

This touching adieu took place four-and-twenty hours before James breathed his last. They forbade the queen to enter the chamber again, though he asked for her every time he awoke. Mary Beatrice being informed of this, implored so passionately, the evening before his death, to be permitted to see him once more, promising not to allow anything to escape her that should have the effect of agitating him, that she was permitted to approach his bed. She struggled to feign a composure that she was far from feeling; but James, although his eyes were now waxed dim, and his ear dull, perceived the anguish of her soul, and when she asked him if he suffered, replied, “I suffer, but it is only because I see how much you suffer. I should be well content if you were less afflicted, or could take some share in my happiness.”² She asked him to request of God for her the grace of love and perfect resignation to his will. They compelled her to withdraw, and she passed the awful interval in fasting, watching, and prayer alone in her chamber. When all was over, her confessor, father Ruga, came to seek her, no one else venturing to announce to her the fact that her husband had breathed his last. Even he shrank from the task of telling her so in direct words; but requesting her to unite with him in offering up some prayers for the king, he commenced with *Subvenite sancte, Dei*. “Oh, my God, is it then done?” exclaimed the queen, throwing herself upon the ground in an agony of grief; for she knew, too well, that this was part of the office appointed by their church for a soul departed, and, pouring out a torrent of tears, she remained long unable to utter a word.³

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his widow: Chaillot MSS.

² Ibid.

³ Chaillot MS.; Records of the death of James II.

Father Ruga exhorted her to resign herself to the will of God, and, in token of her submission to his decrees, to say, *Fiat voluntas tua*: 'Thy will be done.' Mary Beatrice made an effort to obey her spiritual director, but at first she could only give utterance to the word 'Fiat.' The blow, though it had so long impended over her, was hard to bear; for, in spite of the evidences of her own senses to the contrary, she had continued to cherish a lingering hope that the separation might yet be delayed, and she scarcely knew how to realize the fact that it was irrevocable. "As there never was a more perfect and more Christian union than that which subsisted between this king and queen, which for many years had been their mutual consolation," says a contemporary, who was well acquainted with them both, "so there never was a more bitter sorrow than was felt by her, although her resignation was entire and perfect."¹

King James departed this life at three o'clock in the afternoon: he died with a smile on his countenance.² The bitterness of death had long been passed, and he had requested that his chamber-door might be left without being guarded, so that all who wished to take a last look of him might freely enter. His apartments were crowded both with English and French, of all degrees, and his curtains were always open. "The moment after he had breathed his last," says the duke of Berwick, "we all went to the prince of Wales, and saluted him as king. He was, the same hour, proclaimed at the gates of the château of St. Germain by the title of James III., king of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France." The earl of Manchester affirms that there was no other "ceremony than that the queen waited on him and treated him as king. What was done in the town," continues his excellency, "was done in a tumultuous manner. Some say there was a herald, an Irishman. Lord Middleton, etc., did not appear, because they could not tell how the title of France would be taken here, had they done it in form. Lord Middleton brought

¹ Narrative of the death of king James, written by an eye-witness for the nuns of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

the seals to him, which he gave him again. Others did the like. I am told that, before the French king made this declaration, he held a council at Marli, where it took up some time to debate whether he should own him or no ; or if he did, whether it ought not to be deferred for some time. The secret of all this matter is, that in short there was a person who governs here who had, some time since, promised the queen that it should be done.¹ So that whatever passed in council, was only for form's sake."

When the royal widow came, in compliance with the ceremonial which their respective positions prescribed, to offer the homage of a subject to her boy, she said to him, "Sir, I acknowledge you for my king, but I hope you will not forget that you are my son;" and then, wholly overpowered by grief, she was carried in a chair from the apartment, and so conveyed to her coach, which was ready to take her to the convent at Chaillot, where she desired to pass the first days of her widowhood in the deepest retirement, declaring that she would neither receive visits nor compliments from any one.²

Mary Beatrice left St. Germain's about an hour after her husband's death, attended by four ladies only, and arrived at Chaillot a quarter before six. The conventual church of Chaillot was hung with black. As soon as her approach was announced the bells tolled, and the abbess and all the community went in procession to receive her at the convent gate. The widowed queen descended from her coach in silence, with her hood drawn over her face, followed by her four noble attendants, and apparently overwhelmed with the violence of her grief. The nuns gathered round her in silence ; no one offered to speak comfort to her, well knowing how tender had been the union that had subsisted between her and her deceased lord. The abbess kissed the hem of her robe, some of the sisters knelt and embraced her knees, and others kissed her hand ; but no one uttered a single word, leaving their tears to express how much they felt for her affliction. The tragedy of real life, unlike that

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

² Stuart and Chaillot MSS. Autobiography of the Duke of Berwick.

of the stage, is generally a veiled feeling. "The queen," says our authority,¹ "walked directly into the choir, without a sigh, a cry, or a word, like one who has lost every faculty but the power of motion. She remained in this mournful silence, this stupefaction of grief, till one of our sisters"—it was the beloved Françoise Angelique Priolo—"approached, and, kissing her hand, said to her in a tone of tender admonition, in the words of the royal psalmist, 'My soul, will you not be subject to God?'—'*Fiat voluntas tua*,' replied Mary Beatrice, in a voice stifled with sighs. Then advancing towards the choir, she said, in a firmer tone, 'Help me, my sisters, to thank my God for his mercies to that blessed spirit, who is, I believe, rejoicing in his beatitude. Yes, I feel certain of it in the depth of my grief.' The abbess told her she was happy in having been the wife of such a holy prince. 'Yes,' answered the queen, 'we have now a great saint in heaven.' She was then conducted into the choir, and all the sisters followed her. She prostrated herself before the altar, and remained long in prayer." Having eaten nothing since the night before, she was so weak that the nuns, apprehending she would faint, begged her to be carried to her chamber in a chair; but, out of humility, she chose to walk. "My blessed Saviour," she said, "was not carried up the painful ascent to Mount Calvary, but walked to the consummation of his adorable sacrifice, bearing the burden of his cross for our sins; and shall I not imitate his holy example?" The abbess and two or three of the nuns attended their royal guest to her chamber, and entreated her to suffer herself to be undressed and go to bed; but she insisted on listening to more prayers, and complained bitterly that the solace of tears was denied her. She could not weep now,—she who had wept so much during the prolonged agony of her husband's illness.²

"She sighed often," says the nun who has preserved the record of this mournful visit of the widow of James II. to

¹ MS. Narrative of the visit of the widow of James II. to Chaillot, by one of the nuns, in the archives of France.

² Ibid.

the convent of Chaillot. "Her sighs were so heavy and frequent that they pierced all our hearts with a share of those pangs that were rending her own. She was seized with fits of dying faintness, from the feebleness and exhaustion of her frame; but she listened with great devotion to the abbess, who knelt at her feet, and read to her appropriate passages from the holy Scriptures for her consolation. Then she begged the community to offer up prayers for the soul of her husband, for 'oh!' said she, 'a soul ought to be very pure that has to appear in the presence of God, and we, alas! sometimes fancy that persons are in heaven, when they are suffering the pains of purgatory;' and at this thought the sealed-up fountain of her grief was opened, and she shed floods of tears. Much she wept, and much she prayed, but was at last prevailed on to take a little nourishment and go to bed, while the nuns returned to the choir, and sang the vespers for the dead.¹ Then the prayers for the dead were repeated in her chamber, in which she joined, repeating the verses of every psalm, for she knew them all by heart. She begged that a prayer for the conversion of England might be added for her sake, observing, 'that for the last twelve years she had been at St. Germain, she had never omitted that petition at her private evening devotions.'

"At seven in the evening the queen sent for her almoner, and after she and her ladies had united in their domestic worship for the evening, she begged that the writer of this record, who was her particular friend, and another of the sisters of Chaillot would remain with her, for she saw that her ladies in waiting and her *femme de chambre* were worn out with fatigue and watching, and made them all go to bed. The nuns read to her from the book of Wisdom, and the description of the new Jerusalem in the Apocalypse, the occupation of the blessed in that holy city, and several

¹ The author of this biography does not consider herself in any way responsible for the sentiments and theology of either James II. or his queen. She is herself a member of the church of England, and relates things as she finds them, that being the duty of a biographer, notwithstanding differences of opinion on many important points.

other passages from holy writ, that were considered applicable to the time and circumstances. The queen listened, sometimes with sighs, and sometimes with elevation of the soul to God and submission to his decrees; but her affliction was inconceivable, and would scarcely permit her to taste a few moments of repose." During the whole of the Saturday she continued to pray and weep, and from time to time related the particulars of the illness of the late king her husband, and his patience. "Never," said her majesty, "did the illustrious sufferer give utterance to a word of complaint, nor make a gesture of impatience, although his pains were sharp, and lasted more than fifteen days. He accepted his sufferings as a punishment for his sins. He took all the remedies that were prescribed, however disagreeable they might be, observing, 'that he was willing to live as long as it pleased God's providence to appoint, although he desired with ardor to die, that he might be united to Jesus Christ without the fear of offending him any more.' So entirely was my good king detached from earthly things," continued the royal widow, "that notwithstanding the tenderness I have always had for him, and the love he bore to me, and the grief that I must ever feel for his loss during the rest of my days, I assure you that if I could recall his precious life by a single word, I would not pronounce it, for I believe it would be displeasing to God."

After the royal widow had departed from St. Germain's to Chaillot, about six o'clock in the evening, the public were permitted to view the body of king James in the same chamber where he died. The clergy and monks prayed and chanted the dirge all night. When the body was opened for embalming, the heart and the brain were found in a very decayed state. James had desired, on his death-bed, to be simply interred in the church of St. Germain's, opposite to the château; but when his will was opened, it was found that he had therein directed his body to be buried with his ancestors in Westminster abbey. Therefore the queen resolved that his obsequies only should be solemnized in France, and that his body should remain unburied till

the restoration of his son, which she fondly hoped would take place; and that, like the bones of Joseph in holy writ, the corpse of her royal husband would accompany his children when they returned to the land of their ancestors. The body was destined to await this expected event in the church of the Benedictines, fauxbourg de St. Jacques, Paris, whither it was conveyed on the Saturday after his demise, about seven in the evening, in a mourning carriage, followed by two coaches, in which were the officers of the king's household, his chaplains, and the prior and curate of St. Germain. His guard carried torches of white wax around the hearse. The obsequies being duly performed in the convent church of the Benedictines, the body was left under the hearse, covered with the pall, in one of the chapels. So it remained during the long years that saw the hopes of the Stuart family wither, one after the other, till all were gone; still the bones of James II. remained unburied, awaiting sepulture.

But to return to Mary Beatrice, whom we left in her sorrowful retreat at Chaillot, endeavoring to solace her grief by prayers and devotional exercises.¹ "On the evening of Saturday, September 17th, the second day of her widowhood, her majesty," continues the sympathizing recluse, who had watched beside her on the preceding night, "did me the honor of commanding me to take some repose, while sister Catharine Angelique took my place near her. At the second hour after midnight I returned to the queen. As soon as she saw me, she cried out, 'Ha! my sister, what have I suffered while you were away! It is scarcely possible to describe my feelings. I fell asleep for a few moments, but what a sleep it was! It seemed to me as if they were tearing out my heart and rending my bowels, and that I felt the most horrible pains.' I made her majesty take some nourishment, and read to her the soliloquies in the Manual of St. Augustin, and she slept again for a few moments. Then my sister, Catharine Angelique, told me that, during my absence, her majesty had done nothing but

¹ MS. Recital of the death of James II., and the visit of the queen to the convent of Chaillot.

sigh, lament, and groan, and toss from one side of the bed to the other, and bemoan herself as if in the greatest pain. We, who had seen the queen so resigned in the midst of her affliction, were surprised at this extreme agitation; but," continues the simple nun, "our surprise ceased when they told us, privately, that the body of the late king had been opened and embalmed at the precise time that the queen was thus disquieted in her sleep. That same night they had conveyed his bowels to the English Benedictines, and his heart to us, without any pomp or noise, as secretly as possible, for fear the queen should hear of it, and be distressed. Our mother had received particular orders on that subject from our king [Louis XIV.], prohibiting her from either tolling her bells or chanting at the reception of king James's heart within the convent of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, lest it should agitate the royal widow. The young king of England, too, had expressly recommended us, by milord Perth, to take every possible precaution to prevent the queen, his mother, from having the slightest idea of the time of its arrival; but the sympathy of the queen defeated all our precautions. The late king had good reason to say to his august spouse 'that she was flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone;' for when death had rendered his body insensible of the wound, the queen had felt all the pain in her own living frame; and this was the more to be remarked, since she knew nothing of what was then doing." The good sister of Chaillot, being of a marvellous temperament, has made a miracle of a coincidence very easy to be accounted for by natural causes. The poor queen had scarcely closed her eyes in sleep for upwards of a fortnight, during which time she was in a state of the most distressing excitement; while the occasional deceptive amendments in the king's symptoms, by kindling the "hope that keeps alive despair," had added the tortures of suspense to her other sufferings, and kept her nerves on a perpetual stretch. Every one knows the distressing sensations that attend the first perturbed slumbers into which exhausted nature sinks, after either nurse or patient has passed many nights of continuous vigils.

Early on the Sunday morning the queen asked many questions, which the nuns considered a confirmation of the presentiment she had had of the arrival of the heart of her departed lord. She said she knew that it was near her; and at last they acknowledged that it was already enshrined in their tribune, near that of the queen, his mother. She spoke much, and eloquently, that day of James. She said "that he had felt his humiliation, and above all, the injustice he had experienced, very keenly; but that his love of God had changed all his calamities into blessings. She compared him to St. Stephen, who saw the heavens opened while they were stoning him." While the queen was at Chaillot, they read to her some passages from the life of the reverend mother, Anne Marie d'Epéron, the superior of the great Carmelite convent at Paris, who had recently departed this life with a great reputation for sanctity. Her majesty had been well acquainted with this *religieuse*, whom both the late king and herself had been accustomed to visit, and held in great esteem. Mary Beatrice appeared much interested in the records of her departed friend, who, before she took the habit, had refused the hand of the king of Poland, and preferred a life of religious retirement to being a queen. "Ah!" exclaimed the royal widow, "she was right; no one can doubt the wisdom of the choice, when we are at liberty to make it." Her majesty told the community that she had herself passionately desired to take the veil, and that it was only in compliance with her mother's commands that she had consented to marry her late lord. "If it were not for the sake of my children," said she, "I would now wish to finish my days at Chaillot." Other duties awaited her.

The king of France had commanded the exempt of the guard of honor, by whom her majesty was escorted to Chaillot, and who remained on duty during her stay, not to admit any person whatsoever to intrude upon her grief during her retirement there, not even the princesses of the blood, though Adelaide duchess of Burgundy was king James's great-niece. Among the rest cardinal Noailles was refused admittance, at which the queen expressed regret,

having a wish to see him. When his eminence was informed of this, he returned, and they had a long conference.

On the third day after her arrival, being Monday, Mary Beatrice assumed the habit of a widow; "and while they were thus arraying her," continues our good nun, "her majesty, observing that I was trying to look through her eyes into her soul, to see what effect this dismal dress had on her mind, assured me 'that those lugubrious trappings gave her no pain, because they were in unison with her own feelings, and that it would have been very distressing to herself to have dressed otherwise, or, indeed, ever to change that garb. For the rest of my life,' said her majesty, 'I shall never wear anything but black. I have long ago renounced all vanities, and worn nothing, in the way of dress, but what was absolutely necessary; and God knows that I have not put on decorations except in cases where I was compelled to do so, or in my early youth.'"¹ When the melancholy toilet of Mary Beatrice was fully completed, and she was dressed for the first time in widow's weeds, she seated herself in a *fauteuil*, and all the ladies in the convent were permitted to enter, to offer her their homage and condolences. But every one was in tears, and not a word was spoken; for the queen sat silent and motionless as a statue, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently too much absorbed in her own unspeakable grief to be conscious of anything. "I had the boldness," says our simple nun, "to place the crucifix where her majesty's regards were absently directed, and soon all her attention was centred on that model of patience in suffering. After a quarter of an hour, I approached to give her an account of a commission with which she had charged me. She asked what hour it was? I told her that it was half-past four o'clock, and her carriages were come; that the community were waiting in the gallery, and a chair and porters were in attendance to convey her to her coach." She rose and said, "I have a visit to make before I go." Then bursting into a passion of tears, she cried, "I will go and pay my duty to the heart of my good king. It is here;

¹ Chaillot MS.

I feel that it is, and nothing shall stop me from going to it. It is a relic that I have given you, and I must be allowed to venerate it.”¹

The more enlightened tastes of the present age incline us to condemn, as childish and superstitious, this fond weakness of an impassioned lover, in thus clinging to a portion of the earthly tabernacle of the beloved after his spirit had returned to God who gave it; but it was a characteristic trait, both of the times, the religion, and the enthusiastic temperament of the countrywoman of Petrarch, of Ariosto and Tasso. Every one, in the church of St. Marie de Chaillot at any rate, sympathized with her, and felt the tragic excitement of the scene, when the disconsolate widow of James II. in her sable weeds, covered with her large black veil, and preceded by the nuns singing the *De Profundis*, approached the tribune where the heart of her beloved consort was enshrined in a gold and vermeil vase. “She bowed her head, clasped her hands together, knelt, and kissed the urn across the black crape that covered it; and after a silent prayer, rose, and having asperged it with the holy water, without a tear or sigh, turned about in silence to retire, apparently with great firmness, but before she had made four steps from the spot, she fell into a fainting fit, which caused us,” continues the recording nun, “some fears for her life. When, at last, she recovered, she was, by the order of her confessor, placed in a chair, and so carried to her coach. It was impossible for her to stay longer at Chaillot, because the young prince and princess, her children, had need of her presence at St. Germain. . . . We have seen all this with our own eyes,” observes the nun, in conclusion, “and the queen herself confirms what we have said here, as our mother and all the community judged it proper that an exact and faithful narrative of the whole should be made, to the end that it might be kept as a perpetual memorial in our archives, and for those who may come after us.”

Mary Beatrice returned to her desolate palace at St. Germain on Monday, September 19th. In the evening the

² Chaillot MS.

prince and princess rejoined her from Passy, where they had passed the mournful interim in deep retirement : at the country-house of the duc de Lauzun a tender reunion took place between the sorrowful family and their faithful adherents. The next day, Louis XIV. came in state to pay his visits of condolence to the royal mother and son. The widowed queen received him in her darkened chamber hung with black, lying on her bed of mourning, according to the custom of the French queens. Louis said everything he could to mitigate her affliction, and comforted her with the assurances of his protection to her and her son. William's ambassador, who kept a jealous eye on all the proceedings of the French sovereign with regard to the widow of James II. and her son, gives the following notices in his reports to his own court :—"I did not go to Versailles yesterday. I was satisfied that the whole discourse would be of their new *roi d'Angleterre*, and of the king's going to make him the first visit at St. Germain, which he did that day. He stayed but little with him, giving him the title of 'majesty.' He was with the queen a considerable time. The rest of the court made their compliments the same day.—September 23d. The French king made the P. [prince] the first visit. Next day the P. [prince] returned the visit at Versailles. All the ceremonies passed to the entire satisfaction of those at St. Germain, and in the same manner as it was observed with the late king.—September 24th. I can perceive from M. de Torcy, that the French king was brought to do this at the solicitation of the queen at St. Germain. It is certain that M. de Torcy, as well as the rest of the ministers, was against it, and only the dauphin and madame de Maintenon, whom the queen had prevailed with, carried this point, which I am satisfied they may have reason to repent of.—September 26th. The will of the late king James is opened, but not yet published, but I hear it is to be printed. What I have learned of it is, that the queen is made regent; the French king is desired to take care of the education of the P [prince]; that in case he be restored, the queen is to be repaid all that she has laid out of her own; that all other debts which they have contracted since they left England,

and what can be made out, shall be paid; and that the new king shall not take any revenge against his father's enemies, nor his own; that he shall not use any force in matters of religion, or in relation to the estates of any persons whatsoever. He recommends to him all those that have followed him. I am told that lord Perth is declared a duke, and Caryl a lord."¹

The information touching the will of king James was true, as far as regards the power given to Mary Beatrice; but this document was dated as far back as November 17, 1688, having been made by him after the landing of the prince of Orange, when he was on the eve of leaving London to join the army at Salisbury. By that document he bequeaths his soul to God, in the confident assurance of eternal salvation, through the merits and intercession of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, without a word of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint. "Our body," he says, "we commit to the earth, and it is our will that the same be privately interred in our royal chapel, called Henry VII.'s chapel." After mentioning the settlements which he had made,—first, as duke of York, out of his personal property, and afterwards when king, as a provision for his entirely beloved consort, queen Mary,—he constitutes his dear son, James prince of Wales, his sole heir, both of his three kingdoms and his personal property, with the exception of certain jewels, plate, household furniture, equipages, and horses, which are left to the royal widow. "And we will and appoint that our said dearest consort," continues his majesty, "have the sole governance, tuition, and guardianship of our said dear son, till he shall have fully completed the fourteenth year of his age."

It is a curious fact that James, after thus constituting Mary Beatrice as the guardian of their son and executrix of his last will and testament, appoints a council to assist her in this high and responsible charge, composed of the persons in whom he, at that date, reposed the most especial trust and confidence; and at the head of this list stood, uncanceled, the name of his son-in-law, prince George of

¹ Cole's State-Papers.

Denmark! The duke of Newcastle, the earl of Nottingham, the duke of Queensbury, Cromwell's son-in-law, viscount Fauconberg, and lord Godolphin are there, united with the names of some of the most devoted of James's friends, who, with their families, followed him into exile,—the true-hearted earl of Lindsay, the marquess of Powis, the earls of Perth and Middleton, and sir Thomas Strickland, besides several of those who played a doubtful part in the struggle, and others, both friend and foe, who had gone to their great account before the weary spirit of the last of the Stuart kings was released from its earthly troubles. In virtue of this will, the only one ever made by James II., Mary Beatrice was recognized by the court and council of her deceased lord at St. Germain's as the acting guardian of the prince their son, and took upon herself the title of queen-regent of Great Britain. She was treated by Louis XIV. and his ministers with the same state and ceremony as if she had been invested with this office in the only legal way,—by the parliament of this realm.

The first care of the widowed queen was to obey the death-bed injunctions of her deceased consort, by writing to his daughter, the princess Anne of Denmark, to communicate his last paternal message and admonition. It was a painful duty to Mary Beatrice, perhaps the most painful to her high spirit and sensitive feelings that had ever been imposed upon her, to smother her indignant sense of the filial crimes that had been committed by Anne, the slanders she had assisted in disseminating against herself, and, above all, the base aspersions that princess had endeavored to cast on the birth of the prince her brother, for the purpose of supplanting him in the succession to the throne of the Britannic empire. Mary Beatrice had too little of the politician, too much of the sensitive feelings of the female heart in her character, to make deceitful professions of affection to the unnatural daughter of her heart-broken husband. Her letter is temperate, but cold and dignified; and though she does not condescend to the language of reproachful accusation, it clearly implies the fact that she regarded Anne in the light of a criminal, who, without

effective repentance, and the fruits of penitence,—sincere efforts to repair her offences against her earthly parent,—must stand condemned in the sight of her heavenly Father.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.¹

“I think myself indispensably obliged to defer no longer the acquainting you with a message, which the best of men, as well as the best of fathers, has left with me for you. Some few days before his death he bid me find means to let you know that he forgave you from the bottom of his heart, and prayed God to do so too; that he gave you his last blessing, and prayed to God to convert your heart, and confirm you in the resolution of repairing to his son the wrongs done to himself; to which I shall only add, that I join my prayers to his herein with all my heart, and that I shall make it my business to inspire into the young man who is left to my care the sentiments of his father, for better no man can have.

“Sept. 27, 1701.”

If Mary Beatrice expected any good effects to be produced by the stern sincerity of such a letter, she knew little of the human heart, to which nothing is so displeasing, in its unregenerate state, as the prayers of another for its amendment.

A few days after the date of this letter, Mary Beatrice completed her forty-third year. The anniversary of her birth had always been kept as a fête by the exiled court at St. Germain, but this year, in consequence of the melancholy bereavement she had so recently sustained, it was observed by her in a different manner. She gives the following account of herself, in her first letter to the superior of Chaillot on her return to St. Germain: it is dated October 6th, just three weeks after the death of king James.² “My health,” she says, “is good beyond what I ever could have hoped in the state in which I find myself; for I avow, frankly, that my heart and my soul are sad even unto death, and that every passing day, instead of diminishing, appears to augment my grief. I feel more and more the privation and the separation from him who was dearer to me than my own life, and who alone rendered that life sweet and supportable. I miss him, every day more and more, in a

¹ From the copy in Stanier Clark’s *Life of James II.*; printed from the Stuart MSS. in George IV.’s possession.

² Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, widow of James II., king of England, in the archives of France.

thousand ways. In my first grief I felt something like a calm beneath ; but now, although, perhaps, it does not appear so much outwardly, I feel a deeper sorrow within me. Yesterday, the day of my birth, I made a day of retreat [spiritual retirement for self-recollection and religious exercises], but with so much pain, and weariness, and tedium, that, so far from finding it a solace, I was oppressed and crushed down with it, as I am also with the weight of business ; so much so, that in truth my condition is worthy of compassion. I hope the God of mercy will have pity on me, and come to my help ; but here I feel it not, nor is it permitted me to find comfort, either in earth or heaven. Never," she says in conclusion, " never had any one so great a want of prayers as I have. I entreat of God to hear those which you make to Him for me, and that he will deign to pity and take care of me."

Mary Beatrice was now a widow without a dower, a regent without a realm, and a mother whose claims to that maternity which had deprived herself and her husband of a throne were treated by a strong party of her former subjects with derision. Although the subsequent birth of the princess Louisa had sufficiently verified that of her son, rendering, withal, the absurdity manifest of the supposition of the widowed queen upholding the claims of an alien to her blood to the prejudice of her own daughter, who might otherwise expect to be recalled to England as the next in the royal succession to the princess Anne of Denmark, there were, indeed, those—Burnet, for instance—who talked of a second imposition in the person of the young Louisa ; but the striking likeness between the royal brother and sister sufficiently indicated that their parentage was the same. Mary Beatrice gives the following brief account of their health and her own, together with a touching allusion to her departed husband, in her letter to the abbess of Chaillot at the commencement of a sorrowful new year, dated,—

"St. Germain, Jan. 7, 1702.

"My health is good, and that of the king my son, and my daughter, perfect, God be thanked ! I have bad nights myself, but that does not prevent me from going on as usual every day. I have great want of courage and of con-

solation. God can grant me these when it pleases him. I hope that your prayers will obtain them for me, joined with those of that blessed spirit whose separation from mine is the cause of all my pain."¹

The first step taken by Mary Beatrice in the capacity of guardian to the prince, her son, was to publish a manifesto in his name, setting forth his claims to the crown of Great Britain as the natural heir of the deceased king, his father. This manifesto produced no visible effects in favor of the young prince in England. In Scotland the party that was secretly opposed to William's government, and openly to his favorite project of the union of the two realms, perceived how powerful an instrument might be made of the youthful representative of the royal Stuarts, if they could bring him forward as a personal actor on the political arena. The duke of Hamilton and the confederate lords having organized their plans for a general rising, sent lord Belhaven on a secret mission to St. Germain's, to communicate their design to the queen-mother, and to endeavor to prevail on her to intrust them with her son. From a very curious contemporary document in the lately-discovered portfolio in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*,² it appears that in November, 1701, lord Belhaven came to Paris on this errand, where he remained three months. He had several conferences with the earl of Middleton, to whom he was introduced by his brother-in-law, captain John Livingston. Lord Belhaven was naturally regarded, at first, with feelings of distrust by the exiled queen and her cabinet, having been one of the most subtle of all the instruments employed by William in bringing about the revolution of 1688. He succeeded, however, in removing the unpleasant impression

¹ Chaillot MSS.

² MS. in the St. Germain's collection. This record is endorsed, "Papers of my lord Belhaven." It is enclosed in the following brief note, addressed to the earl of Seafield:—"My lord:—The paper that I send you is the same of which I spoke to you yesterday. I am, my lord, etc., C. HEDGES." As Hedges was one of king William's secretaries of state, and the earl of Seafield principal secretary of state for Scotland, there can be no doubt of the authenticity of this document, which must have been transmitted to Hedges by some traitor in the cabinet of Mary Beatrice, and afterwards intercepted on its way to the earl of Seafield, and brought back to St. Germain's, whence it has finally found its way into the *Bibliothèque du Roi*.

created by his former political conduct, by professing the most determined hostility against the Dutch sovereign, who, instead of paying the debt of gratitude with the rewards and honors to which he conceived that his extraordinary services entitled him, had neglected and slighted him, and performed none of his pledges with regard to Scotland. "I remember," says our authority,¹ "that my lord [Belhaven] said, 'that he had sent letters to the duke of Hamilton, and that he acted by his instructions, the duke having become the head of those who were faithful to the interests of their country; that he had himself been hated and ill-treated by king William, and that he had now an aversion to the cause of a prince who had so greatly deceived the nation; that the yoke which bound Scotland to England—for he could not call it a union—had been the ruin of his country; that he, for one, was for setting up the claims of the prince of Wales in so decided a manner as to compel the reigning king to acknowledge him; and that would keep him in check, and make him pay more attention to the interests of the ancient realm of his ancestors.'"

On the 2d of February, 1702, his lordship had a private audience of the queen in her palace of St. Germain, to whom he repeated all he had said to the earl of Middleton of the favorable intentions of his party in behalf of her son. He told her that, "If the prince could be induced to embrace the Protestant religion, it would be easy to obtain his recall, even by the parliament, as the recognized successor of king William." He represented to her how desirable this would be; "for," said he, "England is so superior in force to Scotland, both by sea and land, that unless he had a strong party in England, he would not, as king of Scotland, be able to conquer England. The prince of Wales," continued he, "has not only a strong party in England, but a bond of alliance in France to support him in his claims."² Mary Beatrice was inexorable on the subject of religion. Even when lord Belhaven assured her,

¹ St. Germain MS. on lord Belhaven's Secret Mission: Bibliothèque du Roi.

² Ibid.

“that if her son would declare himself a Protestant, the duke of Hamilton and his party would proclaim him king of Scotland without waiting either for the death of William or the consent of the English parliament,” her majesty, with uncompromising sincerity, replied, “that she would never be the means of persuading her son to barter his hopes of heaven for a crown; neither could she believe that any reliance could be placed by others on the promises of a prince who was willing to make such a sacrifice to his worldly interests.” Lord Belhaven, after expressing his extreme regret at her stiffness on this important point, next proposed to her majesty, on the part of the duke of Hamilton and the confederate Scottish lords, “that if the prince adhered to his own religion, he should at least make a compact not to suffer more than a limited number of Romish priests in his kingdom, and engage to make no attempt to alter the established religion in either realm.” This the queen freely promised for the prince her son; and then his lordship engaged, in the name of his party, that they would do all in their power to oppose the English parliament in the act of settlement regarding the Hanoverian succession.¹

It is interesting to be able to unveil some of the secret feelings that had agitated the heart of the royal mother at this epoch. In a letter to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, dated February 1st, she says, “I am ashamed to tell you, that for several days past I have slept less, and wept more, than I have done for some time. I find myself utterly overwhelmed, without power to find consolation either in heaven or earth.”² She goes on to speak of the publication of some of king James’s letters, and of the funeral oration that had been made for him in the pope’s chapel at Rome, where her kinsman, cardinal Barberini, chanted the mass, and the pope himself sang the *Libera*. “My health,” continues she, “thanks to God, is wonderfully good, and I beg of him to give me grace to employ all his gifts for his sole service.” In conclusion she says, and this has clearly reference to the propositions made to her by the confederate Scotch lords, through lord Belhaven:—

¹ St. Germain’s MS.

² Chaillot MSS.

"I request some particular prayers, to obtain the enlightenment and blessing of God on the business which we have at present on the tapis, and, when it is put home to me, is likely to augment my troubles. This is to yourself alone."¹

Lord Belhaven had several interviews with the queen, to whom he continued unavailingly to urge the desirableness of the prince conforming to the prevailing religion of the realm, over which she flattered herself he might one day reign. The queen declared, "that her son, young as he was, would rather die than give up his religion; but that neither he, nor the late king his father, or herself, entertained any designs to the prejudice of the church of England. All they desired was, toleration for those of their own way of thinking, which," she said, with some emotion, "she considered was only reasonable."² His lordship then communicated the earnest desire of the duke of Hamilton and his party "that she would send the prince to Scotland, in which case they were willing to raise his standard, and rally their followers. At present, his name was all that was known of him; but if he were once seen among them, he would be recognized as the representative of their ancient sovereigns, and the people would be ready to fight in his cause."³ The maternity of Mary Beatrice was of too absorbing a nature to allow her to entertain this proposition. "Her son was a minor," she said, "and as his guardian, she stood responsible to the late king his father, and also to the people of England, who would, she doubted not, one day recall him to the throne of his forefathers; but, in the interim, she would not consent to his incurring so great a peril on her own responsibility." She had been persuaded that it was the intention of the party who had placed the prince of Orange on the throne to assassinate her boy at the time she fled with him from England thirteen years before, and this idea returned so forcibly to her mind on the present occasion, that she could not conceal her uneasiness when the proposition was made to her; and thus an opportunity that seemed to promise much was lost, for

¹ Chaillot MSS.

² MS. Bibliothèque du Roi.

³ State-Papers in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

she preferred the personal safety of her son to the advancement of his interests.

Mary Beatrice gave much of her confidence at this period to lord Caryl, who had been her secretary when duchess of York, had followed her into exile, and sacrificed all his property in England for the sake of his principles. She had induced king James to advance him to the post of secretary of state, being well persuaded of his fidelity. He was a person of a very elegant mind, and had been the friend and earliest patron of Pope. It was to the suggestions of Caryl that Pope was indebted for the idea of the unique and graceful poem of the Rape of the Lock. He was also the friend and assistant of Dryden. His talents as a statesman were not equal to the difficulties of his position at the court of St. Germain, where he was crossed by the intrigues and jealousies of weak, violent, and wrong-headed rivals. The queen esteemed and trusted him, and that was sufficient to entail upon him the envy and ill-will of the rest of the cabinet, who ascribed all the miscarriages of the Jacobite cause to his influence. It is strange that among persons who had sacrificed everything for their principles so much disunion should exist, especially in a court without an exchequer, where all service was performed *con amore*.

Lord Middleton professed to be a Protestant, but in his hours of relaxation declared that he believed in no religion. After the death of his royal master he fell into disgrace with the queen. He regained her confidence in the following manner:—He had been ill some time, or affected to be so. One morning, in great agitation, he demanded audience of the queen at St. Germain, and when she granted it, he told her “that by a miracle his health was perfectly restored; for he had seen a vision of his lost master, king James, in the night, who told him he would recover; but that he owed his health to his prayers, and that he must become a Catholic.” Middleton concluded this scene by declaring his conversion.¹ This was attacking the poor widow of James on the weak point of her character; she

¹ St. Simon, vol. vi. 124, et seq.

burst into tears of joy, and received Middleton into her confidence. He abjured the Protestant faith, took the Catholic sacraments immediately, and soon after ruled all at St. Germain's. The news of this conversion was communicated by Mary Beatrice to her friend Angelique Priolo in terms which, though they may elicit a smile from persons of a calmer and more reflective turn of mind, were perfectly consistent with the enthusiastic temperament of her own:—

“I defer not a moment, my dear mother, to send you the good news of the conversion of milord Middleton, which I have known for several days, but it was not in my power till yesterday to declare that to you which has given me such great pleasure; the only one, in truth, of which I have been sensible since the death of our sainted king, to whose intercession I cannot but attribute this miracle,—the greatest, in my opinion, that we have seen in our day. Entreat our mother [the abbess of Chaillot] and all our sisters, from me, to assist me in returning thanks to God, and in praying to him for a continuance of his grace and his mercies, which are admirable and infinite. I will tell you the particulars of this when we meet, but at present you must be content with learning that he left us at seven o'clock yesterday morning to go to Paris, to put himself into the hands of the superior of the English seminary there (who is a holy man) for some weeks. I am about to send this news to madame de Maintenon, but I hope to see her to-morrow, or the day after, at St. Cyr. Let us confess that God is good, my dear mother, and that he is true; that his mercies are above all and through all his works, and that he ought to be blessed forever. Amen.”¹

At the time of king James's death, Mary Beatrice was in arrears to the convent of Chaillot a large sum for the annual rent of the apartments occasionally occupied by herself, her ladies, and their attendants. The money that she would fain have appropriated to the liquidation of this debt by instalments was constantly wrung from her by the craving misery of the starving families of those devoted friends who had given up everything for the sake of their old master, king James; and she knew that their necessities were more imperative than the claims of the compassionate nuns, who were willing to wait her convenience. Sometimes she was able to gratify them with gifts from the poor remnants of her former splendor for the decoration of their church. Their gratitude, on one of these occasions, when

¹ Chaillot MSS.

they addressed a letter of thanks to her, signed by the superior and all the sisterhood, appeared to her sensitive delicacy so much more than was her due that she addressed the following affectionate letter of reproof to her beloved friend Angelique Priolo on this subject. It is, like too many of hers, without date:—

“Is it possible, my dear mother, that all your good sense, and the friendship you bear me, should not have led you to prevent all the thanks from our mother and the rest of the community for so trifling a thing, and have spared me this shame? I expected that of you; instead of which you have seriously put your name among the others, to augment my confusion. You know my heart, my dear mother, and the desire I have to do much for you and others, to whom I owe much, and the pain I feel at doing so little. In truth, my poverty is never more keenly felt by me than when I think of Chaillot, and if I ever become rich, assuredly you would all be the first to feel it.”

Her majesty laments that it will be a month before she can see her friend again.

“In the mean time,” she says, “I send my children to you. It is my daughter who will give you this letter: say something to her for her good, and give her some instruction. Ah! how happy I should esteem myself if I could put her into the hands of a person who had all your good qualities. Beg of God to inspire me with what I ought to do for the benefit of this dear daughter.”¹

¹ Autograph letters of the queen of James II.: Chaillot MSS.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA, QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IX.

Queen Mary Beatrice—Deceptive hopes for her son—Fuller's libels on her republished—Censured by parliament—Bill of attainder against her son—Attempts of the lords to attain Mary Beatrice—Resisted by the commons—Her pathetic letters—Abjuration of the young prince—Death of king William—Accession of queen Anne—Dangerous illness of Mary Beatrice—Her letters—Her poverty—Alarming progress of organic malady—Her patience—Her timorous policy—Maternal weakness—Her devotion to king James's memory—Pretended miracles—Queen cajoled by lord Lovat—Sells her jewels to equip troops—Distrusts lord Middleton—Her sufferings—Consults a cancer doctress—Her letter—She prints a life of king James—Sickness of her son—Deaths in her household—Duke of Berwick's opinion of the queen—Her kindness to him—Respect paid to her by Louis XIV.—Sickness of her son—His recovery—Early promise of the princess—Grand ball at Marli—Respect paid to the royal exiles—Return of the queen's malady—Dangerous symptoms—Her letters—Secret correspondence with Marlborough and Godolphin—The prince attains his majority—Life at St. Germain's—Merry pilgrims—Royal hay-makers—Carnival at St. Germain's.

It would not have been difficult for a mind so deeply impressed with the vanity of earthly greatness as that of Mary Beatrice to have resigned itself to the all-wise decrees of "Him by whom kings do reign," if the fact could have been made apparent to her that the sceptre had passed from the royal house of Stuart forever. But, in common with those who perilled their lives and fortunes in the cause of her son, she beheld it in a different light from that in which the calm moralist reviews the struggle, after time has unveiled all mysteries, and turned the dark page of a doubtful future into the records of the irrevocable past. The devoted partisans of legitimacy, by whom Mary Beatrice was surrounded at St. Germain's, persuaded her that a peaceful restoration of their exiled prince was at hand; they fancied

they recognized the retributive justice of Heaven in the remarkable manner in which his rivals had been swept from the scene. The fact was no less strange than true, that in consequence of the premature death of the childless Mary, the utter bereavement of the princess Anne, and the inevitable failure of the Nassau-Stuart line with William III., the son of James II. had become the presumptive heir of those on whom parliament had, in the year 1689, settled the regal succession. The events of a few months, of a week, a day,—nay, the popular caprice of an hour, might summon him to ascend the throne of his ancestors.

Who can wonder if the heart of the widowed queen occasionally thrilled with maternal pride when she looked on her two fair scions, in the fresh-budding spring of life and promise, and thought of the sere and barren stems that intervened between them and a regal inheritance? The nearest Protestant to Anne in the line of succession, Sophia electress of Hanover, had, with a magnanimity rarely to be met with where a crown is in perspective, declared herself reluctant to benefit by the misfortunes of her royal kindred, generously expressing a desire that the nation would take into consideration “the unhappy case of *le pauvre prince de Galles*,” as she styled the son of James II.; “that he might rather be thought of than her family, since he had learned and suffered so much by his father’s errors that he would certainly avoid them all, and make a good king of England.”¹ Sophia had, it is true, acceded to the flattering wish of parliament that the Protestant succession should be settled on her and her family; but her scruples, and the avowed reluctance of her son, prince George, to quit his beloved Hanover to reside in England, inspired Mary Beatrice with a sanguine hope that little contest was to be apprehended from that quarter. The sentiments expressed by the electress regarding her youthful cousin were

¹ Letter of the electress Sophia of Hanover to Mr. Stepney, envoy to the court of Brandenburg, quoted in one of speaker Onslow’s marginal notes to Burnet’s History of his Own Times, octavo edition, vol. iv. pp. 489–491, from the original letter in the collection of lord Hardwicke, generally called “the electress Sophia’s Jacobite letter.”

frequently heard in England at the commencement of the last century, not only from the lips of those with whom attachment to hereditary monarchy was almost an article of faith, but from many who dreaded the horrors of civil war. Sympathy for the calamities of royalty has always been a characteristic of the English, and there was a romantic interest attached to the situation of the widow and orphans of James II. which appealed so powerfully to the sensibilities of kind and generous hearts, that the Anglo-Dutch cabinet resorted once more to calumny and forgery for the purpose of counteracting the revulsion of popular feeling, which was far more to be dreaded than the intervention of France. Scarcely had James II. been dead a month, when the notorious William Fuller¹ publicly presented to the lords justices, the lord mayor, and several ministers of state a book, entitled—

“A full demonstration that the pretended prince of Wales was the son of Mrs. Mary Gray, undeniably proved by original letters of the late queen and others, and by depositions of several persons of worth and honor, never before published; and a particular account of the murder of Mrs. Mary Gray at Paris. Humbly recommended to the consideration of both houses of parliament. By William Fuller, gent.”²

William Fuller had, for many years, earned a base living, by devoting both tongue and pen to the fabrication of falsehood for political purposes. He was a kindred spirit with Oates, Bedloe, and Speke, and was employed by persons of similar principles to those who had paid and encouraged them. The book, which peers, magistrates, and ministers of state were found capable of receiving, was the reprint of a libel on the exiled queen, Mary Beatrice, and her unfortunate son, the malignity of which was only equalled by its absurdity, being a new and very marvellous version of the old tale of her imposing a spurious child on the nation, who, instead of being the child of “*de brick-bat woman*,” as before assumed, was, he now pretended, the son of the earl of Tyrconnel by a handsome gentlewoman called Mrs. Mary Gray, whom lady Tyrconnel was so obliging as to take the trouble of *chaperoning* from Dublin to St. James’s pal-

¹ London Post, October 17, 1701.

² Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxford Arms, in Warwick lane.

ace, where she was secretly brought to bed of the pretended prince of Wales; adding, "that the said Mrs. Mary Gray was conducted to France, and there murdered by the command of Louis XIV., with the consent of her majesty, during the absence of king James in Ireland." In support of this romance he subjoined various forged letters, especially one in the name of the exiled queen, which he introduces with the following preamble:—"I shall first set down the true copy of a letter writ by the late queen to king James in Ireland, taken from Mr. Crane when he was apprehended for high treason at the Ship tavern in Gracechurch street, on the 5th of March, 1690; and being writ obscurely, I had the honor to make the writing apparently appear to his present majesty, his royal consort, and several noble lords then present in the king's closet at Kensington, by the steam of compound sulphur, etc., which secret was imparted to me by the late queen at St. Germain's, in order to my conveying the same to her majesty's chief correspondents in England."

The only assertion in this monstrous tissue of absurdity worth inquiring into is, whether William and Mary actually committed themselves, by personally countenancing the barefaced trick of affecting to steal an autograph confession of imposition and murder out of "an obscurely written paper," for the purpose of vilifying the innocent consort of the uncle and father whom they had driven from a throne. The most revolting libel in the book is contained in the statement that a daughter and a nephew could outrage common decency by acting openly as accomplices of the shameless slanderer. The indignation of the commons was excited against the originator of so foul a charge, and the house finally proceeded to declare:—

"That the said Fuller was a notorious impostor, a cheat, and a false accuser, having scandalized their majesties and the government, abused the house, and falsely accused several persons of honor and quality; for all which offences they voted an address to his majesty, to command his attorney-general to prosecute him."¹

¹ Journals of the House of Commons, 24th of February, fourth year of William and Mary, vol. x. p. 693; British Museum.

This was done accordingly, and he underwent the disgrace of the pillory, which, to one so insensible of shame, was no punishment.¹

Those who are familiar with the journals of parliament and other documentary sources of information, are aware that Fuller was constantly employed as an official spy and informer by William III. or his secretaries of state; that he suffered the punishment of the pillory several times for perjury in his base vocation, and continually returned to the charge with the pertinacity of a venomous insect. The accusation of correspondence with the exiled queen was constantly preferred by him against persons obnoxious to the existing government. Not long before king James's death, he denounced at the bar of the commons several members of that house as confederate with other gentlemen in a plot for restoring that prince, in pursuance of which treasonable design they had, he affirmed, "sent letters to the late queen Mary [Beatrice] in a mutton-bone." As he could bring no evidence of this charge, the commons, out of all patience, voted him "a common nuisance."² Fuller, strong in the protection of the existing government, regarded the censure of the representatives of the people as little as he did the law of God against false witness, and republished the libel against Mary Beatrice in 1701, for which he had nine years before been branded with the strongest terms of condemnation a British parliament could express, and suffered the disgraceful punishment of the pillory. It was obvious that he had been suborned to revive his cruel calumnies against the exiled queen in the first month of her widowhood, in order to rob her of the sympathy of her former subjects in her present heavy affliction, in preparation for the blow which the magnanimous nephew and son-in-law of her late consort was about to aim against her and her son at the opening of parliament.

William III. was at Loo at the time of his unfortunate uncle's death. He was sitting at table with the duke of

¹ Ralph's Continuation, vol. ii. p. 327.

² See Parliamentary Journals, Smollett's History of England, and Parliamentary History.

Zell and the electoral prince of Hanover, dining in the presence of his Dutch and English officers, when it was announced to him that this long-expected event had taken place. William received the news in silence, uttering no word in comment; but it was observed that he blushed, and drew his hat down over his face, being unable to keep his countenance.¹ The nature of his secret communing with his own dark spirit no one presumed to fathom. He returned to England, put himself, his servants, and equipages into mourning for king James, summoned his parliament, and caused a bill to be brought into the house of commons for attainting the orphan son of that uncle for whom he and his household had assumed the mockery of woe. "This bill could not be opposed," says Burnet, "much less stopped; yet many showed a coldness in it, and were absent on the days on which it was ordered to be read." The boy was but thirteen, yet our amiable prelate's censure on the coldness which many members of the English senate showed in such a proceeding, is not on account of their want of moral courage in allowing the bill to pass by absenting themselves, instead of throwing it out, but because they did not unite in the iniquity of subjecting the young prince to the penalty of being executed without a trial, or any other ceremony than a privy-seal warrant, in the event of his falling into the hands of the reigning sovereign. This was not enough to satisfy king William and his cabinet; their next step was an attempt to subject the widowed queen, his mother, to the same pains and penalties. "It," pursues Burnet, in allusion to the bill for attainting the son of James II., "was sent up to the lords; and it passed in that house, with an addition of an attainder of the queen, who acted as queen-regent for him. This was much opposed, for no evidence could be brought to prove that allegation; yet the thing was so notorious that it passed, and was sent down again to the commons. It was objected to there as not regular, since but one precedent, in king Henry VIII.'s time, was brought for it." The right reverend historian ventures not to expose his party by mentioning the

¹ St. Simon. Dangeau.

precedent which they had shamed not to rake up from among the iniquities of Henry VIII.'s slavish parliaments, as a warrant for a procedure which casts an indelible stain on William III. and his cabinet, the precedent being no other than that of the unfortunate marquess of Exeter, whom the murderous facilities of a bill of attainder enabled the jealous Tudor tyrant to bring to the scaffold in the year 1540, without the ceremony of a trial.¹

This illegal attempt on the part of William's house of lords to introduce the name of the royal widow, *par parenthèse*, into the bill for attainting her son by the insulting designations of "the pretended prince of Wales, and Mary his pretended mother,"² is an instance of gratuitous baseness, unparalleled even in the annals of that reign in which they sought for a precedent. The attainder of Margaret of Anjou, and her infant son Edward prince of Wales, by the victorious Yorkists in 1461, was a case somewhat in point, as regarded the position of the exiled queen and the irresponsible age of the prince; but it has always been regarded as one of the revolting barbarisms of the darkest epoch of our history. It took place, moreover, during the excitement of the most ferocious civil wars that had ever raged in England, and was voted by steel-clad barons fresh from the slaughter of a fiercely-contested battle, where 40,000 men lay dead, among whom were fathers, sons, brothers, and faithful followers. Queen Margaret had introduced foreign troops into the kingdom, and had caused much blood to be spilt, not only in the field but on the scaffold. Mary Beatrice had done none of these things: she had shed tears, but not blood; she had led no hostile armies to the field to contest the throne with William for her son; her weapons were not those of carnal warfare. She had not so much as recriminated the railings of her foes, or expressed herself in anger of those who had driven her into exile, stripped her of her queenly title and appanages, and not only violated the faith of solemn treaties and unrepealed acts of parliament, by depriving her both of her income as a queen-consort, and her jointure as a queen-

¹ Journals of the House of Lords.

² Ibid, and Parliamentary History.

dowager of Great Britain, but even robbed her of her private fortune, the solid eighty thousand pounds which she brought from her own country as her marriage portion,—conduct that appears disgraceful to the national honor, when it is remembered that she and her two children were destitute, and depended on the precarious charity of a foreign prince for a home and the common necessities of life, and that neither as duchess of York nor queen-consort of England, had she ever done anything to forfeit the esteem of her former subjects. She had been chaste, prudent, economical, and charitable; a fond and faithful wife; a step-mother against whom no act of unkindness or injustice could be proved; loyal and patient as a subject, gracious and dignified as a queen, and scarcely less than angelic in adversity. Her religion was a matter between herself and her God, for she never interfered with the consciences of others. Superstitious in her own practice she might be, and probably was; but it is certain that if her life and actions had not been irreproachable, her adversaries would not have been reduced to the base expedient of employing the slanders of a notorious criminal like Fuller, to blacken her with charges so monstrous and absurd that they defeated their own ends by exciting the indignation of every generous mind against the wretch who had been found capable of devising those calumnies.

The commons, though well aware that Fuller acted but as the hireling tool of others in thus ostentatiously calling public attention to the reprint of his condemned libel on the exiled queen, which they had pronounced “false and infamous,” summoned him and the printers and publishers to the bar of their house to answer for the misdemeanor; and, regardless of significant hints that he was employed by the secretaries of state, came to the resolution, *nemine contradicente*, “that Fuller, having taken no warning by the just censure received from the house of commons 24th February, 1691, and the punishment inflicted upon him by just sentence of law, has repeated his evil practices by several false accusations, in divers scandalous pamphlets, this house doth declare the said William Fuller to be a cheat, a

false accuser, and incorrigible rogue; and ordered that Mr. attorney do prosecute him for his said offences.”¹ In this vote the lords also concurred, yet they scrupled not, at the same time, to abet the creatures of the Dutch sovereign in their unconstitutional proceedings against the calumniated queen.

The commons had stoutly refused to pass the attainder of the widow of their old master as an additional clause to that of the unfortunate young prince her son, and it is to be regretted that no clerk or reporter was hardy enough to risk the loss of his ears by taking notes of the stormy debates which shook the house on a question so opposed to every principle of the English constitution as that of an illegal attempt of the kind against a royal lady, of whom no other crime had ever been alleged than the faithful performance of her duties towards a deposed consort and disinherited son,—duties from which no reverse of fortune could absolve a wife and mother, and least of all a queen. On the 1st of February this desolate princess writes to her spiritual friend at Chaillot:—“ I will try to lift up my heart, which is in truth much depressed, and well-nigh broken. Pray for me near that dear heart which you have with you for the wants of mine, which are extreme.”² In conclusion, she says, “ The news from England is very strange. God must be entreated for them, since, literally, they know not what they do.” The meekness of this comment on the vindictive proceedings of her foes appears the more touching from the circumstance of its having been penned the very day before the bill for the separate attainder of the royal writer was read for the first time in the house of lords, February 12th, O. S. From a refinement of malice, she is designated in that instrument, “ *Mary late wife* of the late king James.”³ The title of queen-dowager was, of

¹ See Journals of both Lords and Commons, thirteenth year of William III.

² Inedited letter of the widow of James II. to Françoise Angelique Priolo, in the archives of France: Chaillot MSS.

³ See Journals of the House of Commons. The perversions, reservations, and misrepresentations in the unfaithful account given by bishop Burnet of this transaction, have been too fully exposed by Ralph, and since by the acute continuator of Mackintosh, to require comment here.

course, denied her by the sovereign who had appropriated her dower, and whose design it was to deprive her also of the reverence attached to royalty. The 'widow' of the late king James he dared not call her, for there was something touching in that description: it came too close to her sad case, and in six simple words told the story of her past greatness and her present calamities with irresistible pathos. They had attained a boy of thirteen, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," and had been their queen; and they, the peers of England, were required to attain her also, but not by her true description,—not as Mary the widow, but as "Mary the *late wife* of the late king James,"¹ the violation of the English language in this subtle definition being less remarkable, considering that the measure originated with a Dutchman, than the profound observation of the susceptibilities of the human heart which it denotes, and the careful avoidance of the use of titles calculated to inspire reverence or compassion. The name of 'widow' contains in itself a powerful appeal to the sympathies of Christian men and gentlemen for pity and protection. The apostle has said, "Honor such widows as be widows indeed;" and such they all knew full well was the desolate and oppressed relict of their deposed sovereign. Noblemen there were in that house, as well as *peers*, some of whom remembered Mary Beatrice in her early charms and innocence, when she first appeared as the bride of their royal admiral; many had bowed the knee before her, a few years later, on the day of her consecration as their queen; when, if any one of them had been told that he would hereafter, to please a foreign master, unite in subjecting her to the pains and penalties of a bill of attainder, he would perhaps have replied in the words of Hazael, "Is then thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" The dangerous contingency of awakening chivalric feelings or compunctious recollections in the hearts of that assembly was avoided; the sacred names of queen and widow were denied.

The question was finally put, for the third time, on the 20th of February in the house of lords, "whether the bill

¹ Journals of the House of Lords.

for attainting Mary, late wife of the late king James, of high treason, should pass," and to the eternal disgrace of those peers who either supported it by their votes, or by absenting themselves from the house on that occasion allowed the iniquity to be perpetrated, it was carried in the affirmative. Twenty peers, however, among whom the name of Compton bishop of London is included, had the manliness to enter a protest against the vote as illegal, "because there was no proof of the allegations in the bill so much as offered, and that it might be a dangerous precedent."¹ The commons, when the bill was sent down to them, treated it with ineffable contempt: they did not so much as put it to the question, but, throwing it under their table, consigned it to oblivion.² That such a bill could pass a British house of lords must be attributable to the absence of those noblemen who had followed the royal Stuarts into exile, the number of timorous peers over whom the terror of arrest and impeachment hung, and also to the fact that several foreigners had been naturalized and elevated to the peerage by king William, whose votes were at his command.

Mary Beatrice writes on the 25th of the same February, N. S. (while the question was still before the lords), to the abbess of Chaillot, in increasing depression of mind:—

"The affairs of which I spoke in my last letter are not domestic affairs, which go on well enough at present, but matters of great importance. I hope they will be concluded next week. I ought to go to Marli on Thursday, but I hope to be free to come to you on Monday, to open my poor heart and rest my body. All those who are about me are convinced of my need of it. They all pity me greatly, and my son is the foremost to recommend me to take this little journey. I believe that our dear mother and sisters will be very glad of it, and that the beloved *concièrge* will prepare the apartment with pleasure."³

Among the Stuart papers in the hôtel de Soubise, there is one extremely touching: it is an agitated scrawl in the well-known autograph of the queen, in which she has translated the act of parliament passed under the influence of William III., attainting her son of high treason by the

¹ Journals of the House of Lords.

² Parliamentary History. Ralph's History of England. Continuation of Mackintosh.

³ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

designation of "the pretended prince of Wales." It is endorsed thus, in another hand:—"1702. *Quelles feuilles qui paraissent écrire de la main de la reine d'Angleterre, veuve de Jacques II., contenant copie de l'acte pour la conviction du crime de haute trahison du putativ prince de Galles (le roi Jacques III.)*" The agony with which the widowed queen has translated this last injury of William against her child is apparent in the writing, which is crooked, hurried, and illegible. The attempt to subject herself to the same pains and penalties to which the young prince had been rendered liable is unnoticed; it was the arrow that had been aimed at her son which pierced the heart of the fond mother. Proud and sensitive as Mary Beatrice was by nature, the insults and calumnies with which she had been assailed must have been keenly felt, but her personal wrongs are invariably passed over in silence. In one of her letters to her friend Angelique Priolo, without date, but evidently written at this agitating period, she says:—

"I have need of consolation, for I am overwhelmed with distress, and these fresh affairs are very disagreeable. Alas! they are never otherwise for me. Entreat of God, my dear mother, that he would grant me gifts and graces to bear them; but, above all, those of wisdom of council and of strength, whereof I am at present in such extreme want."¹

After some allusion to the prospect of public affairs in France, which she considered favorable to the cause of her son, she gives the following particulars of her own state:—

"Another consolation is, that my health is as good as you could wish for me. Considering how deeply my malady is seated, it certainly does not increase; and if there be any change, it is rather an amendment. I eat well. I have slept better for the last fifteen days, although, assuredly, my heart is not tranquil; but God can do all. He turns and disposes us as he pleases. He mingles the good and ill according to his holy, and always just and adorable will, to which I would conform, in all and through all, and against the struggle of my own sinful inclination.

"We have been to Marli on the Feast of Kings, and the king [Louis XIV.] came here three days after. He is always full of kindness and friendship for us. . . . Adieu, my dear mother, till Saturday, eight days hence, in the evening, when I hope to embrace you, and to have more time to converse with you during

¹ Autograph letter of the widowed queen of James II., in the archives of France: Chaillot MSS.

this journey than I had in the last. My poor heart is oppressed and bursting, but not the less yours.”¹

It was the act of parliament enforcing an oath for the abjuration of the young prince, her son, that so greatly depressed and agitated the heart of Mary Beatrice. The measure was strongly opposed in the house of commons, and much diplomacy was practised there to throw the bill out by subtle amendments, in order to gain time; but the Jacobite party were out-manceuvred, and it passed the lords. The council ordered a special commission to be prepared for giving the royal assent to it without delay, the forms requiring it to be signed by the king, in the presence of the lord keeper and the clerks of the parliament. The awful thought, “*Je tire vers ma fin*,” occupied the mind of the expiring monarch before the deputation arrived at Kensington palace, and it was many hours ere they could obtain admission into his presence. The pause was of no common interest; the fortunes of the two rival claimants of the crown hung on the event. Parliament remained sitting, and the Jacobite party, well aware that William was not in a state to be troubled with business, raised a cry for adjournment, hoping that the bill would be lost by the demise of the sovereign; but a message from the lords prevented their plan from being carried into effect. The deputation, meantime, entered the royal chamber, but William’s nerveless hand being incapable of giving effect to the last office of hatred, which survived the corporeal powers of sinking nature, by signing the bill, the fac-simile stamp was affixed in his presence. This was the last regnal act of William’s life, of which it might truly be said,—‘the end crowns the work.’ He expired the next day, March 8, 1702, having survived his unfortunate uncle, James II., scarcely six months.

This event had been long expected and eagerly anticipated by the friends of the exiled royal family, as the epoch of a counter-revolution in favor of the son of James II. Burnet complains that the young prince had a strong party in England, who were eager to place him on the

¹ Autograph letter, dated St. Germain: Chaillot MSS.

throne.¹ In Scotland, the dread of a popish sovereign had become secondary to the fear of seeing the ancient realm degraded into a province to England. The health of the representative of the royal Stuarts had been publicly drunk by the title of James VIII., and that of Mary Beatrice as "the queen-mother;" Ireland only required a leader to rise and proclaim her son from one end of 'the green isle' to the other as James III.; yet Anne succeeded to the throne of the three realms on the death of William III. as peacefully as if there had been no such person in existence as a brother, whom a closely balanced moiety of her subjects considered their king *de jure*. That no effort was made in behalf of that prince by the Jacobite party, stimulated by the regent-court of St. Germain, and supported by his powerful allies, the kindred monarchs of France and Spain, has been regarded as an inexplicable mystery, but, like many other historical problems, may be explained by a little research. From the inedited Chaillot correspondence, it appears that Mary Beatrice, overwhelmed with the difficulties and perplexities of her position, and, above all, with the feverish excitement of the crisis, was attacked with a dangerous illness just before the death of William, which brought her to the verge of the grave, and completely incapacitated her from taking any part in the deliberations of her council on the momentous question of what ought to be done with regard to her son's claims to the crown of Great Britain. Her life depended on her being kept quiet, on account of the violent palpitations of the heart, and other alarming symptoms with which her illness was accompanied. Her cabinet, torn with conflicting jealousies and passions, could agree on nothing, so of course nothing was done; and before she was in a state to decide between the opposing counsels of the rival ministers, Middleton and Perth, her step-daughter Anne was peacefully settled on the throne, and the hopes of royalty were forever lost to her son and his descendants. The convalescence of Mary Beatrice was tedious, and her recovery was impeded by the fasts and other austerities which she

¹ History of his Own Times.

practised, till her spiritual director, father Ruga, was compelled to interfere, as we find by a letter from that ecclesiastic to madame Priolo, dated March 15th; in which he says, "that he has given the ladies Strickland and Molza to understand the opinions of her majesty's physicians and surgeons on this subject, and that he shall do everything in his power for the preservation of a health so precious. However," continues he, "the queen has desisted from the mortification of her body in obedience to those counsels, and is following the orders of her physicians and my directions. She has begun to go out for a walk after dinner, and they have taken measures for preventing the importunities of her officers about audiences."¹

Almost the first use the royal invalid made of her pen was to write a brief note, dated April 13th, to her friend Angelique Priolo, which bears evident traces of her inability for application to public business; but, as usual, she appears more troubled at the sufferings of others than her own. In a letter of a later date she writes more at length, and enters into some few particulars of her illness. From one allusion, it appears that her ecclesiastics had been amusing her with an account of the miracles said to have been wrought through the intercession of her deceased consort,—accounts that were at first very cautiously received by Mary Beatrice. It is, on the whole, a very curious letter:—

"At St. Germain's, this 2d of May.

"At length, my dear mother, I find a moment of time and enough health to write to you. It is certain that I have had a very bad cold for some days past. The nights of Friday and Saturday were so bad, I having passed them almost entirely in coughing and with palpitations of the heart, that the doctors at last resolved to bleed me, of which they have no reason to repent, for I am now quite well, not having had any more of the cough, and the palpitations of the heart have been much less; but this last night has been the best, and I can say the only entirely good one that I have had for eight months.

"But enough of my poor body. As for my heart, it is in the same state as it was when I left you, never better but often worse, according to the things which happen in the day. These are always wearisome to me, and very disagreeable. I have had, however, the day before yesterday, the pleasure of seeing the king [Louis XIV.] for an hour and a half, and yesterday madame de

¹ Inedited letters in the archives of France.

M—— was here nearly two and a half. But in truth their affairs are not pleasant, and they have throughout a bad aspect; but God can change all that in one moment when it shall please him, and he will do it if it be for his glory and for our good. It is this only that should be asked of him, without wishing for anything else.

"I am impatient to see the brother of the curé of St. Poursain. I hope that you will send him to me soon. I have seen about the conversion of souls, which is a greater miracle than the healing of bodies, attributed to the intercession of our holy king, and which gave me pleasure, although I am not so sensible of it as I could wish. Alas! I know not of what I am made; the only sensibility that remains in me is for pain. But I am obliged to you, my ever dear mother, for the holy jealousy you have of my love to God. Beseech him to renew it in this poor heart, which, after all, is devoid of rest when it is not occupied with him."¹

The royal widow of England goes on to speak of a subject of distressing import to her,—poverty:—"I am ashamed," she says, "of not having sent you all the money I owe you. I will do it the first opportunity. I dare not tell you the state I am in for want of money; it would give you too much pain." It seems, however, as if a present to the convent was to be extracted out of the narrow finances of the royal devotee at this most inconvenient season,—a present for which the abbess was to advance the purchase-money on her own account. "Let the veil of the chalice, and all the other necessary things, be provided," continues her majesty, "for it must be done, and in a few days you will be paid. Adieu, my dear mother; in three weeks you shall see us, if it should please God that my poor children be well."² The holy ladies of Chaillot had sent an offering from their garden to the queen, for she says, in her post-script, "the salad was admirable, and the flowers very beautiful. I hope that the king, my son, and my daughter will thank you for them by lady Almonde; but I always do so, both for them and me. I am sorry," she adds, "that your nephew has not got anything. He must humble himself, and not attach himself to things of this earth, for all fail."

It was about this period that the dreadful malady which had appeared a few months before king James's death began to assume a painful and alarming form. When her majesty consulted the celebrated Fagon on her case, and

¹ Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice: Chaillot collection.

² *Ibid.*

entreated him to tell her the truth, without reserve, he frankly acknowledged that the cancer was incurable; but assured her, at the same time, that her existence might be prolonged for many years, if she would submit to a series of painful operations, and adhere strictly to the regimen he would prescribe. She replied, "that life was too wearisome to her to be worth the trouble of preserving on such terms;" but repenting of her passionate exclamation as an act of sinful impatience, she added, "that she would endeavor to conform herself to the will of God, and was willing to do everything her physicians required of her." She gives some account of her progress towards convalescence in a letter to her friend Angelique Priolo, which concludes with these words:—

"The king my son has continued well since my sickness: God never sends all my crosses at the same time. I hope that God of his grace will give me strength to go to Chaillot about the 11th or 12th of next month. My journey to Fontainebleau is not yet certain, nor can it be for the present. My daughter trembles with fear lest I should not go. I went the other day to Marli; the coach did not increase my indisposition, God be thanked."¹

Unfit as poor Mary Beatrice was for the excitement and fatigue of business at that period, she was compelled to rouse herself from the languid repose in which her bodily sufferings had compelled her to indulge, in order to decide on a question of painful import to her. Simon Fraser, generally styled lord Lovat,² had immediately on the death of king William proclaimed the exiled representative of the house of Stuart king of Scotland, in his own county of Inverness; and soon after, presented himself at the court of St. Germain, for the purpose of persuading the queen-mother, as Mary Beatrice was there entitled, to allow the young prince to follow up this daring act in his favor, by making his appearance among his faithful friends in Scotland, engaging, at the same time, to raise an army of 12,000 men in the highlands, provided the king of France would assist them with arms and money, and land 5000 men at

¹ Chaillot MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise.

² For the fullest particulars of this remarkable person, the reader is referred to his biography in that pleasing and valuable adjunct to the history of the royal Stuarts, "The Lives of the Jacobites," by Mrs. A. T. Thomson.

Dundee, and 500 at Fort William. Mary Beatrice, enfeebled by her long illness, depressed by the disappointment of the vain hope she had cherished that her step-daughter Anne would not presume to ascend the throne of Great Britain after her oft-repeated penitential professions to her unfortunate father, and in defiance of his death-bed injunctions, listened doubtfully to the project. Her two favorite ministers, Caryl and Middleton, had united in persuading her that it was only through the medium of treaties and amicable conventions that her son could be established as the reigning sovereign of Great Britain; that his cause would be injured by the introduction of French troops; and that there was reason to believe his sister Anne cherished favorable intentions towards him, which would be inevitably destroyed by attempts to disturb her government. On the other hand, the duke of Perth, who was the governor of the prince, and had been much beloved by the late king, endeavored to stimulate the queen to a more energetic policy. He showed her a letter from the marquess of Drummond, his eldest son, assuring him that the principal lords of Scotland were ready to take up arms in favor of their hereditary sovereign, if he might only be permitted to appear among them,—nay, more, that a deputation from them was ready to make a voyage to France, to tender fealty in person to the young king.¹

The marquess of Drummond, sir John Murray, and sir Robert Stuart, the head of the clan of Stuart, wrote also to the queen and to the French minister, the marquess of Torcy, by lord Lovat, in whom they entirely confided, to urge the same; assuring her that Scotland was ready to throw off the yoke of the queen of England, and to assert her independence as a separate kingdom under the sceptre of the representative of the royal house of Stuart. Ireland was eager to follow the same course, but it was necessary that he should appear among them, for it could not be expected that sacrifices should be made, and perils of life and limb incurred, for an invisible chief.² Middleton opposed

¹ Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Inedited Memorial of the duke of Perth, in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

² Ibid.

their plans ; he represented the doubtful integrity of Lovat, and the certain dangers to which the prince and his friends would be exposed, and that he had better await patiently, as queen Anne was childless, and though still in the meridian of life, her extreme corpulence and general infirmity of constitution rendered it improbable that she would occupy the throne long, and, as a matter of course, that the prince would, on her death, peacefully succeed to it. In the mean time he was too young to exercise the functions of regality in his own person, and would be better employed in finishing his education under the eye of his royal mother, than roaming about in a wild, unsettled country like Scotland with rude highland chiefs, from whom he might acquire habits of intemperance and ferocity, and be exposed to the perils of battle and siege, where, as a matter of necessity, he must conduct himself with the daring gallantry that would be expected from a royal knight-errant. Above all, there was the chance of his falling into the hands of the party that had persecuted him in his cradle, and even before he saw the light. Mary Beatrice was only too ready to yield to reasoning which was addressed to the fond weakness of maternal love and fear : the terrors of the act of attainder that hung over her boy were always present to her. She remembered the fate of another disinherited and rejected prince of Wales of disputed birth, "the gallant springing young Plantagenet," Edward of Lancaster, stabbed by ruthless hands in the presence of the victorious sovereign whose crown he had presumed to challenge as his right. There was also the unforgotten scaffold of the youthful Conradin of Suabia, the tearful theme of many a tale of poetry and romance in her native Italy, to appal the heart of the fond mother, and she obstinately and with impassioned emotion reiterated her refusal to allow her boy to incur any personal peril during his minority, and while he remained under her guardianship.¹

Severely as the conduct of Mary Beatrice at this juncture

¹ Posthumous Memorial of the duke of Perth, on the causes of the political errors of the court and regency of St. Germain during the minority of the son of James II.—Inedited MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

has been censured in the Perth Memorials,¹ it must, at any rate, exonerate her from the calumnious imputation of having imposed a spurious heir on England, since, if she had been capable of the baseness imputed to her by Burnet, Fuller, Oldmixon, and their servile copyists, she would have used her political puppet in any way that appeared likely to tend to her own aggrandizement, without being deterred by inconvenient tenderness for an alien to her blood, especially as her young daughter would be the person benefited by his fall, if he became a victim. With the prospect of a crown for her daughter, and the dignity and power of a queen-regent of Great Britain for herself, would such a woman, as she has been represented by the above writers, have hesitated to place a supposititious prince in the gap for the accomplishment of her selfish object? But the all-powerful instincts of nature were obeyed by Mary Beatrice in her anxious care for the preservation of the son of her bosom,—that unerring test whereby the wisest of men was enabled to discern the true mother of the child, from the impostor who only pretended to be so. The leaven of selfish ambition had no place in the heart of the fallen queen. She was ardently desirous of seeing her son called to the throne, and her portionless daughter recognized as princess-royal of Great Britain, presumptive heiress of the realm,—a station which the extraordinary beauty and fine qualities of the young Louisa promised to adorn. As for herself, she had felt the pains and penalties of royalty too severely to desire the responsibility of governing her former subjects in quality of queen-regent. The genuine simplicity of her character, and the warmth of her affections, are unaffectedly manifested in the following letter to her friend Angelique:—

“St. Germain, this 17th of July.

“I have but one moment, my dear mother, to tell you that I am very well, and my children also. I went to Marli on Thursday, and found M. de M—— [madame de Maintenon] ill enough, but, thank God, she finds herself at present much better.

“Lady Tyrconnel assures me that all the embroidery will be done for the be-

¹ Portfolio of inedited State-Papers in the Bibliothèque du Roi : St. Germain MSS.

ginning of September. I beg you not to spare my purse about it, for things of that kind should not be done at all unless they be well done; and for this, above all which regards the dear and holy king, I would give to my very chemise. I rejoice that our sick are cured, and that the ceremony of the new novice has been so well accomplished. I am hurried to the last moment. Adieu! I embrace you at the foot of the cross."

Superscribed—"To the mother Priolo."¹

The embroidery mentioned by Mary Beatrice in this letter, and which she exhorts the abbess not to spare expense in having well executed, was for the decoration of the tribune in the conventual church of Chaillot, where the heart of her deceased consort, king James, was enshrined, and was to be placed there at the anniversary of his death. That day was kept by Mary Beatrice as a strict fast to the end of her life, and it was commemorated by the *religieuses* of Chaillot with all the pompous solemnities of the Romish ritual. A vast number of persons, of whom the aged bishop of Autun was the foremost, asserted "that they had been cured of various maladies by touching the velvet pall that covered his coffin, and entreating the benefit of his prayers and intercessions." These superstitious notions were, doubtless, the result of highly excited imaginations, wrought upon by the enthusiastic reverence with which the memory of this unfortunate monarch was held in France. The grief of his faithful consort was beguiled by these marvellous legends, although she at first listened doubtfully, as if conscious of her own weak point, and dreading imposition; but the instances became numerous, and being attested by many ecclesiastics of her own church, she soon received them with due unction, and flattered herself that the time was not far distant when the name of the departed object of her undying love would be added to the catalogue of royal saints and confessors in the Romish calendar.

When Mary Beatrice entered upon the second year of her widowhood, she passed several days in meditation, prayer, and absolute seclusion from the world: during that period she neither received visitors, wrote letters, nor even transacted business, further than works of absolute neces-

¹ From the original French: Chaillot MSS.

sity.¹ On the 2d of October, the day she came into public again, she and her son visited king James's nearest paternal relative and dearest friend, the abbess of Maubisson, the eldest daughter of the queen of Bohemia, for whom she cherished a spiritual friendship. She also held an especial conference with the celebrated father Masillon, the bishop of Autun, cardinal Noailles, and other dignitaries of the church of Rome, on matters which she appeared to consider of greater importance than affairs of state,—namely, an inscription for the urn which contained the heart of her deceased lord, and the various tributes that had been paid to his memory in funeral sermons, orations, and circular-letters. She writes on these, to her, interesting topics a long letter to the ex-abbess of Chaillot. The following passage betrays the proneness of human affections to degenerate into idolatry :—

“With regard to the epitaph on the heart of our sainted king, I am of opinion that it ought not to be made so soon, since it is not permitted to expose that dear heart to the public to be venerated as a relic, which, however, it will be one day, if it please God, and I believe that it ought to be delayed till that time. M. d'Autun appears of the same opinion, and also M. le cardinal, who was with me yesterday two hours on my coming out of my retreat, which has decided me entirely on that point, by saying it ought not to be done at present. Meantime, they are going to make that [an epitaph] for our parish here, which I forgot to tell him [the cardinal] yesterday, or rather, I should say, to remind him of it, for he knows it very well.”

The literary reader will perhaps be amused to find her majesty, in the next place, entering so far into the technicalities of publishing as to discuss new editions, printers, and the business of the press with sister Françoise Angélique Priolo, who appears to have been the fair chronicler of the convent of Chaillot, to whose reminiscences of the royal widow her biographer is so much indebted. The well-known obituary of James II., published in the circular-letter of Chaillot, seems to have emanated from the same friendly pen, for Mary Beatrice says :—

“About the new edition of the circular-letter, I pray you to tell our mother (who is willing, I believe, that this letter should serve for her as well as you)

¹ Letter of lady Sophia Bulkeley to the abbess of Chaillot, in the archives of France.

that it is true I told M. d'Autun that we would talk it over together at the end of the month, not thinking that you were obliged to go to press before then. M. le cardinal told me yesterday, that unless I wished for the impression myself, he saw no immediate reason for the reprint; but if you are pressed for it, or if you apprehend the printer will be otherwise engaged, I have nothing to say against the first part; but you must see that they omit all that regards me,—that is to say, that they content themselves with naming my name, and mentioning that I was among you for three days. As to the rest, I confess that I am not of opinion that they ought to add anything new to the letter, at least not before the abridged copies that I had printed are all gone; and M. d'Autun and M. le cardinal are of the same mind. But, really, I cannot imagine that there can be any such hurry about it as to prevent us from waiting till we shall have discussed the matter together, for I intend, if it please God, to come to Chaillot on the 23d till the 27th, and then, perhaps, my reasons will convert you to my opinion, or yours may make me change it, for it seems to me, in general, that we are much of the same mind.

“I thank our mother and all our sisters with my whole heart, and you especially, my beloved mother, for what you did at the anniversary of my sainted king. All those who were present considered that everything was admirably performed, and with much solemnity, which gave me great pleasure; for if there remain in me any sensibility for that, it is only in those things connected with the memory of the dear king. I have read with pleasure, although not without tears, his funeral oration, which I consider very fine, and I have begged the abbé Roguette to have it printed. I entreat our mother to send the bills of all the expenses, without forgetting the smallest any more than the largest. I will endeavor to pay them immediately, or at least a good part of them; and after that is done, I shall still owe you much, for the heartfelt affection with which you have done all is beyond payment, and will hold me indebted to you for the rest of my life. Madame de Maintenon has been very ill since she came to Fontainebleau: last Thursday the fever left her, and for four days she was much better. She went out on Sunday, was at mass, and they considered her recovered, but on Monday the fever attacked her again. I await tidings of her to-day with impatience, having sent an express yesterday to make inquiries. M. d'Autun was charged to request père Masillon, from me, for his sermon on St. Francis de Sales. I hope he will not have forgotten it.

“On reading over my letter, I find it so ill written in all respects that I know not whether you will be able to comprehend anything. Did I not force myself to write, I believe I should forget how to do it entirely. I am ashamed; but with you, my dear mother, who know my heart, there is less need of words.”¹

The royal widow was roused from her dreams of spiritual communion with her departed lord by the turmoils and perplexities which awaited her in the affairs of her nominal regency. In the autumn of 1702 the subtle adventurer, Simon lord Lovat, presented himself once more at St. Ger-

¹ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice: Chaillot collection.

mains, bringing with him letters from two faithful adherents of the house of Stuart, the earl of Errol and the earl-mareschal of Scotland, lord Keith. Aware that he had been an object of distrust to Mary Beatrice, he sought to win her confidence and favor by professing to have become a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome. He had succeeded in persuading not only the duke of Perth, but the pope's nuncio of his sincerity, and he was presented by that ecclesiastic to her majesty as a perfectly regenerate character, who was willing to atone for all past errors by his efforts for the establishment of her son as king of Scotland, as the preparatory step for placing him on the throne of Great Britain. Simple and truthful herself, Mary Beatrice suspected not that motives of a base and treacherous nature could have led him to a change of creed so greatly opposed, at that time, to all wordly interests. She was willing to believe that all his professions of zeal for the church and devotion to the cause of her son were sincere. His specious eloquence was employed to persuade her that Scotland was ready to declare her son king, and to maintain him as such against the power of his sister Anne; but they wanted money, and for the present secrecy would be requisite.¹ The latter was a quality in which the regency court of St. Germain was notoriously deficient, as the devoted partisans of the Stuart cause had found too often to their cost. The fact that no secret could be kept at St. Germain had passed into a warning proverb with the great nobles of Scotland, and served to deter several of those who were desirous of the restoration of the old royal line from taking steps for compassing this object.²

Although Mary Beatrice was in the habit of disclosing her cares, whether spiritual, personal, or political, to her friends at Chaillot, she relied so implicitly on the supposed impossibility of the confidence that was reposed in such a quarter ever finding its way to the rival court at St. James's, that she suffered her mind to be imbued with suspicions that the earl of Middleton was not trustworthy. Lovat assured her that the success of the confederacy of his

¹ Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

² Ibid., from Nairne's MSS.

English Costumes of the XVIIIth Century

*LACY, DRAMATIST AND ACTOR, OF THE
TIME OF CHARLES II, IN HIS THREE
PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS*

From a Painting in Hampton Court



Fig. 1. 17th century. The Three Figures. Oil on Canvas.

friends in the highlands depended entirely on her keeping it secret from him. Thus she was cajoled into the folly of deceiving her ostensible adviser, the man who stood responsible for her political conduct; and she stripped herself of the last poor remnant of property she possessed in the world, by sending the residue of her jewels to Paris to be sold for 20,000 crowns,—the sum demanded by Lovat for the equipment of the highlanders, whom he had engaged to raise for the restoration of her son. Lovat also insinuated suspicions that the most powerful partisan of her family in Scotland, the earl of Arran, afterwards duke of Hamilton, intended to revive the ancient claims of his family to the crown of that realm, and thus probably traversed the secret overtures for a future marriage between the heir of that house and the young princess Louisa. Nothing alarmed the widowed queen so much as the possibility of her daughter ever being set up by any party whatsoever as a rival of her son.

The ruin that might have ensued to the Jacobite nobles and gentry from the rash confidence placed by Mary Beatrice in Lovat was averted by the sagacity of Louis XIV.'s minister, Torcy, who gave the earl of Middleton timely warning of the intrigue. Middleton, though deeply piqued at the want of confidence shown by his royal mistress, was too faithful a servant to allow her to fall into the snares of the unprincipled adventurer. He gravely discussed the matter with her, complained of being a useless tool himself, but besought her not to send Lovat to Scotland without being accompanied by some person of known and tried integrity, to keep watch on him, and report his proceedings to her and her council of regency. Torcy made the same demand in the name of the king his master. Captain John Murray, brother to sir David Murray of Stanhope, was intrusted with this office, and arrived with Lovat in the north of England early in the summer of 1703.¹ Under the fond idea of exciting greater interest in his cause, Mary Beatrice indulged her maternal pride by sending, from time to time, miniatures of her son to the most influential of his

¹ Stuart Papers. Macpherson's History of England. Life of Lord Lovat.

adherents in Scotland. A very fine series of these historical relics are in the possession of sir Peter Murray Threipland, Bart., of Fingask castle, Perthshire, having been preserved through every peril, and proudly transmitted from father to son as precious heirlooms, by that distinguished Jacobite family. Portraits of the disinherited representative of the ancient royal line of Stuart were contraband possessions in the early part of the eighteenth century, and many of the noble families who treasured them in secret resorted to an ingenious device at festive meetings, by presenting in a magic mirror the features of "the bonnie young king over the water" (as they called the son of Mary Beatrice) to the astonished eyes of those whom they were canvassing in his behalf.¹

The exiled queen, in the midst of the cares and perplexities with which she found herself beset as the guardian of a prince so unfortunately situated as her son, was struggling with the pangs and apprehensions excited by the progress of her terrible malady. In one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, dated St. Germain, this 2d of September, she gives the following account of herself:—

"I continued in the same languishing state in which I was at Chaillot three or four days after I left you, and since that, on my return here, I had my breast lanced many times for several days; after this was over, the pain ceased, as well as the languor, and I am much better. I took, the day before yesterday, a little bath, which I shall repeat, more or less, for I have already bathed fifteen times.

"Beaulieu will see you to-morrow or Tuesday, and he will give you an account of what Mareschal said after he had seen me. He goes to Paris to see that

¹ The effect, which was exhibited to me during my delightful visit at Fingask castle, where the apparatus is preserved, is produced by placing a cylindrical mirror, in the form of a column, on the table; before it is laid a small square board, which, to the uninitiated, appears nothing more than a house-painter's palette, covered with a chance-medley chaos of curves and splashes of different colors, but which is in reality a finely executed likeness of the Chevalier reversed on scientific principles, so that the proportions are restored to their right perspective by the cylindrical form of the mirror, wherein a fac-simile reflection of a beautiful portrait of that prince in his fifteenth year, wearing a Scotch cap with the white-rose badge of Stuart, a tartan scarf, and the star and ribbon of the Garter, rises. This pretty historical device unveils the secret of the conjuration, whereby the artful fortune-teller occasionally deludes some simple heiress into an unsuitable marriage, by showing her in a magic mirror the face of her destined husband.

woman of whom you know, and those who are in her hands, who are better. They will bring her others on whom to try this remedy. Mareschal has assured me that there are not any of them whose case is near so bad as mine. In the mean time, I avow to you that I am not without apprehension, and that I have great need of prayer; for we must begin and finish with that. I request of our dear mother and sisters to unite with me in this, having no necessity to explain to them my wants, which they know of old.

Mary Beatrice goes on to explain the object which she hoped to obtain, by means far less likely to be pleasing to the Almighty than the holy and humble spirit of pious resignation which she expresses. Her "sainted king," as she fondly calls her departed lord, "is to be invoked; to the end," continues she:—

"That he may entreat for me of God an entire resignation to His holy will, like what he had himself when on earth, and that I may feel a holy indifference as to the cure or augmentation of my malady; and that the Lord would inspire the physicians and surgeons, in their treatment of me, to do whatever may conduce most to his glory and the good of my soul, in healing me if by that means I am still able to serve him better, and to be useful to my children, or else to give me the patience and fortitude necessary to suffer the greatest torments if it should be more agreeable to him."¹

"It is two years to-day," continues the royal widow, and this remark proves that her letter was written in the year 1703, "since the king [James] fell ill on the day of St. Stephen, king of Hungary." She sends kind messages to several of the ladies of Chaillot, and especially to sister M. Gabrielle, "in whose grief," she says, "I sympathize with all my heart, for I know what it is to have lost a good mother; but her virtue will sustain her under it, and God will be to her in the place of all she has lost. It is that consolation I desire for her."

Notwithstanding the earnest wish of Mary Beatrice to submit herself to the will of her heavenly Father, feeble nature could not contemplate the dreadful nature of the death that awaited her without shrinking: the regular medical practitioners could only palliate the anguish of the burning pangs which tormented her. The nuns of Chaillot, though professing to be possessed of a specific for cancers, had failed to arrest the progress of the disease in its earlier

¹ Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot collection, hôtel de Soubise.

stages, and now she was tempted to put herself under the care of a female who boasted of having performed great cures in cases of the kind. Madame de Maintenon, knowing how desperate were the remedies often employed by empirics, was alarmed lest the sufferings of her unfortunate friend should be aggravated, and her death hastened, by allowing any unqualified person to tamper with her malady. This lady appears to have behaved in a tenderly sympathizing manner to the royal sufferer, whose account of the interview must be given in her own words:—

“We wept much together at St. Cyr, at the sad state in which I found myself. She does not much advise me to put myself into the hands of this woman. She said, that if I began to give ear to those sort of people, I should have *charlatans* besetting me every day with offers of remedies, which would keep me in a perpetual state of uncertainty and embarrassment. However, she agreed that they ought to give a fair trial of her [the doctress's] remedy. This we will do; and, in the mean time, I will try to tranquillize my mind, and resign myself entirely into the hands of God, and I can do no more.”¹

The progress of her direful malady appears to have been arrested for a time by the operations to which she had submitted; she describes herself, in her next letter, as better, though very weak. She says, “she hopes to have the pleasure of coming to spend a week at Chaillot, if her health continues to improve, and to go one day to Paris while there, if strong enough; but if not,” continues she, “I shall repose myself with my dear good mother. I shall hope to find myself in excellent health after your broth.”² Her majesty appears to have derived benefit, both in health and spirits, from this little journey. Mademoiselle de la Motte, a lady of noble family, who boarded in the convent, was suffering from the same complaint as the poor queen, and was disposed to try the cancer-doctress at Paris. The queen's French surgeon, Beaulieu, had placed a poor woman who was thus afflicted under the care of the doctress, in order to give her remedies a fair trial, and he was disposed to think favorably of the result,³ as we find from the following passage in one of the queen's letters from St. Germain:—

¹ Chaillot MSS.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

"Beaulieu went yesterday to Paris, and assures me that he found the sick woman considerably better since the fortnight he had placed her in the house of the woman, where she had been well looked to and attended, and eaten nothing injurious. I know not if mademoiselle de la Motte has done what we resolved on, but there is yet time, for I believe it is nothing so much advanced as my malady. I have had no pain myself for some days, and I find myself at present tranquil. . . . Adieu, my dear mother! Let us come to God; let us live but for him, and let us love only him.

"I send to you six books, to distribute thus: to our mother, yourself, mademoiselle de la Motte, M. d'Autun, M. de Brienne, l'abbé de Roguette; but do not send this till the last, as I have not yet given to M. le cardinal de Noailles, or to M. le nuncio, which I shall do in two or three days, after having sent to the princes of the blood, having, as yet, given but to the king and to madame de Maintenon." ¹

The books mentioned by Mary Beatrice were copies of a brief memoir of James II., which had been prepared and printed at her expense. It is written in French, in a feeble, inflated style, having many words and few facts, and those by no means interesting to historians, being chiefly descriptive of his devotional exercises. The royal widow, however, frequently alludes to this work in the course of her correspondence with the holy ladies of Chaillot, who were of course highly edified with it. In a subsequent letter to the abbess of that house, she says, "I send you this letter by father Bouchet, and a book of the life of the king for him to give you, to replace that which you have given to him. We are all very well," continues her majesty, "and my son does not mount his horse with such impetuosity as to incur any danger." ² Succeeding letters of the queen are of a less cheerful character: sickness was in her household and her family. Her son was dangerously ill, and the friend of her childhood, the countess of Almonde, struggling with a mortal malady. Death had already entered her palace, and begun to desolate her little world by thinning the train of faithful servants who had followed her and her deceased consort into exile. On the 6th of December, 1703, she writes to her friend Angelique Priolo:—

"We have lost this morning a good old man, named Dupuy: he had been with our sainted king more than forty years, and was himself turned of eighty.

¹ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

² Ibid.

He was a very good 'man, and I doubt not that God has taken him to his mercy.¹

"Our poor lady Almonde has begun to amend a little since yesterday. I hope that we shall accomplish her business, if it pleases God. I thank our mother and sisters for the prayers they have made for her, and request their continuation; for she is a person very dear to me, and has been useful to me for nearly forty years. But we have another want for your prayers, for the king, my son, was attacked with fever yesterday afternoon. I hope, however, nothing will come of it, for he is not worse this morning. The shivering began at seven o'clock: he did not go to bed till near nine, and the perspiration lasted till five. They have given him a remedy this morning, which has greatly relieved him, and I hope the worst is over. We cannot, however, be sure till to-morrow is past; so, if you have no tidings from me after to-morrow, you are to conclude that he is better. My own health appears to me better than it has ever been. God grant that I may serve him the better for it."

The countess of Almonde, for whom Mary Beatrice expressed so much solicitude in the above letter, was the Anna Vittoria Montecuculi of the early pages of her biography, the same who accompanied her to England when she left her own country as the virgin bride of the duke of York. Lady Almonde was, with the exception of madame Molza, the last surviving of the companions of her childhood by whom Mary Beatrice was attended on that occasion,—one of the few who could sympathize with her feelings towards the land of her birth, or enter into her reminiscences of the old familiar palace where they were both brought up. Her majesty mentions her again with tender concern in the following letter to Angelique Priolo:—

"St. Germain's, 26th of March.

"The abbé de Roguette will charge himself with this letter, and save me from sending my courier to-day, as I had intended. The letter of milady Strickland was already written. You will see that I greatly approve of your thought of putting mademoiselle de Dempsey at Amiens. I wish they would take her for three months, and I would pay her pension. She will give you an account also of lady Almonde, who has had a bad night. However, I don't

¹ Monsieur Dupuy was one of those who were present when Anne Hyde, duchess of York, the first wife of James II., received the last sacraments of the church of Rome. Mrs. Dupuy, the accomplished author of that very elegant work, "*Illustrations of British Costume*," is possessed of several interesting family heirlooms, gifts of the royal Stuarts, traditionally derived from the old and faithful servant of James II., whose loss Mary Beatrice laments in this letter.

think she is so near death as I believed the other day. They decide absolutely that she goes to Forge; I greatly fear she will never return, but they must do all they can, then leave the event to God. Milady Strickland gives you the account of my health, which is good—better, indeed, than usual. I hope that nothing will prevent me from embracing you, my dear mother, on Monday next, before *compline*. It must not, however, wait for me, for I am not very sure of my time. I believe that I shall go to Marli one day this week.”

On the 19th of April, her majesty thanks Angelique Priolo for the sympathy she had expressed for the great loss, “which,” says she:—

“I have had of our dear lady Almonde.¹ You know better than any other the cause I have to regret her; and you give so true a description of my feelings, that I have nothing to add to it. Yet I must own to you that my heart is so full of grief in its desolation since my great loss, that all others appear of less account to me than they would have done before that time. . . . The king [Louis XIV.] came to-day; madame de Maintenon may, perhaps, tomorrow. Lady Bulkeley gives you an account of the sickness of the king, my son. It will be of no consequence, please God, but I was alarmed the day before yesterday, in the evening.

“I am grieved for the indisposition of mademoiselle de la Motte. Assure her of my regard, and the beloved *économé*. I see well how much the good heart of the dear portress has felt the death of lady Almonde. I thank you and our mother for all the prayers you make, and have made, for that dear departed one. They cannot doubt of her happiness from the history of her life and of her death, which had all the marks of a death precious in the sight of God. Alas! I did not believe it had been so near. It is impossible to tell you more, for I have not a moment of time.”²

The occupations of Mary Beatrice were anything but agreeable at this period, when the treachery of a plausible villain made the loss of the tried friends of early life appear irreparable calamities. Lord Lovat had returned to St. Germain in the preceding January, 1704, and delivered a false account of the proceedings in Scotland and the north of England. “At Durham,” he said, “in particular, the Catholics received him with open arms, and when he showed them the picture of the young king, knelt down and kissed it, and prayed for him. That there was a general meeting of all the gentlemen of that persuasion soon after, and that they sent four of their number to entreat him to inform the queen that all the Catholics in the north of England were ready to venture their lives and fortunes for the king,

¹ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

² Ibid.

whenever his banner should be displayed in that country. Also, that an Irish nobleman declared, that if the king of France would send them arms, he would engage 5000 men to rise in Ireland; that the earl of Leven, on his representations, begged him to make his peace with the young king; and even the earl of Argyle had said, that rather than the duke of Hamilton should get the crown, he and his kindred and clan would be the first to draw his sword for king James's son."¹ Mary Beatrice listened at first with eager credulity to tales so flattering to her maternal hopes, and returned a gracious answer without consulting lord Middleton. She had not seen, though her biographer has, the evidences of Lovat's treachery in the letters addressed by him to the earl of Nottingham,² commencing with the date of his first appearance at St. Germain's in 1699, proving that he came there as the accredited spy of king William's cabinet. Mary Beatrice had misdoubted him then, and, regarding his private character with disgust, induced her royal husband to forbid him their presence; but his pretended conversion and zeal for the church of Rome made her fancy that he was a regenerate person. Lord Middleton detected at a glance discrepancies in Lovat's statements; he waited on the queen, and showed her a duplicate memorial which Lovat had sent to him. Her majesty replied, "that she had received one of the same date, and to the same purpose, to which she had given her answer already." Middleton, surprised and mortified, replied, dryly, "that was enough," and withdrew, observing, in the bitterness of his heart, that "he was but an useless tool." He determined, however, not to indulge his resentful feelings so far as to leave the game in the hands of Lovat, by resigning his post after the diplomatic affront he had received from her majesty. He laid the matter dispassionately before the French minister De Torcy, and the nuncio, and got the latter to disabuse the queen. He also induced him to propound a list of questions to Lovat, in the name of her majesty, especially demanding who the Irish nobleman and

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

² Inedited MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

the gentlemen in the north were, who had, as he pretended, made such large promises of assistance to the cause. Lovat declared "that one and all had engaged him to promise not to tell their names to any one but the queen, to whom," he said, "he was ready to declare them in private audience; and then only on her majesty giving her royal word not to reveal them to the members of her council, because they had experienced how little they regarded secrecy."¹

When captain John Murray, the companion of Lovat's journey, whom he had contrived to leave in the lurch, arrived at St. Germain's, he produced many proofs that the latter was the bribed instrument of queen Anne's cabinet. Lovat took up the tone of an injured person, and wrote to the earl of Middleton:—

"I am daily informed that the queen has but a scurvy opinion of me, and that I rather did her majesty bad than good service by my journey. My lord, I find by that, that my enemies have greater power with the queen than I have; and to please them and ease her majesty, I am resolved to have no more to do with them till the king is of age."

In conclusion, he tells Middleton "that he relies on the promises the *lady*," meaning Mary Beatrice, "had made in his behalf."² The duke of Berwick wrote to his royal step-mother, warning her against Lovat, and enclosed a letter from an Irish priest, called father Farrell, exposing the base treachery he had practised against a faithful adherent of her son's cause in London:—

"Your majesty," says Berwick, "will see here a new confirmation of Lovat's knavery; and I believe it is absolutely necessary that your majesty send a French translation of this paper to the marquis de Torcy. The affair is of great consequence, and your majesty may depend that the king's affairs are ruined unless lord Lovat is apprehended."³

In consequence of Berwick's advice, Lovat was arrested by the French government, and sent to the castle of Angoulême: abundant reason appeared for detaining him a close prisoner for several years. One of his objects in cajoling the widowed queen of James II. was, to obtain credentials to the adherents of the Jacobite cause. Mary Beatrice had intrusted him with a letter to the duke of

¹ Stuart Papers: Macpherson.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

Gordon; this he used as a weapon in a quarrel of his own, by transferring it to an envelope addressed to his great enemy, the duke of Athol, and then placing it in the hands of Queensberry, as an evidence that Athol was in correspondence with the mother of the disinherited representative of the house of Stuart. There can be no doubt but the employment of so unprincipled a person as Lovat did an infinity of mischief to the Jacobite cause in Scotland, especially as the cabinet of queen Anne made use of his information as a pretence for pursuing arbitrary measures to overawe the opposers of the Union. The intrigues and counter-intrigues, the double treasons, the bribery and corruption, the agitation and the follies, that were perpetrated at that momentous crisis belong to general history, and can only be occasionally alluded to in these pages in illustration of the letters and personal conduct of the unfortunate widow of the last of our Stuart kings, in the fulfilment of duties which her titular office of regent or guardian to the young prince, their son, imposed on her. Alas! for any woman who is placed in circumstances like those with which Mary Beatrice had to struggle, while carrying the fire in her bosom that was slowly consuming her living frame, denied the repose for which her suffering body and weary spirit sighed, conscious of her own helplessness, and tossed like a feather on a strong stream by the adverse currents of warring parties!

The duke of Marlborough, in his secret correspondence with the court of St. Germain, lamented that his nephew, the duke of Berwick, should have been removed to Spain, instead of remaining on the spot to be in readiness for action. He was, in fact, the proper person to have acted for the young prince, his half-brother, being the only man of talent and decision at the exiled court. He enjoyed, moreover, the entire confidence of his royal father's widow, who entertained almost a maternal affection for him, and he always treated her with profound respect, and bears the highest testimony to her moral worth in his memoirs, where he speaks of her testimony, in a disputed matter, as decisive. "The queen told me so," says he, emphatically, "and

she was a princess of great veracity." Berwick had good reason to think well of Mary Beatrice. She had stood his friend with his royal father twice, when he had displeased him by contracting love-marriages. Berwick having, after the death of his first duchess, wedded one of her majesty's maids of honor, the daughter of colonel and lady Sophia Bulkeley, Mary Beatrice kindly appointed the young duchess of Berwick as lady of the bedchamber, and treated her almost as if she had been a daughter of her own, retaining her about her person during the duke's absence in his campaigns.¹ After the death of king James, Berwick wishing to be naturalized as a subject of France, her majesty exerted her utmost influence with Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon to promote his interests. She also wrote in his behalf so warmly to the princess des Ursins, whom she had formerly known in her early youth, and, indeed, claimed kindred with, through her mother the late duchess of Modena, that she succeeded in obtaining for him the post of generalissimo of the French armies sent by Louis to support his grandson's pretensions to the crown of Spain against the archduke Charles, queen Anne's *protégé*.² The brilliant exploits of the son of James II. in that campaign were certainly such as to do honor to the earnest recommendation of his royal step-mother, if that title may be bestowed on Mary Beatrice.

Those who are familiar with Marlborough's secret transactions, under the feigned name of Armsworth, with the court of St. Germain, and its agents in England and Holland, and, at the same time, trace the rise and progress of the deadly hatred between his imperious helpmate and queen Anne, will be at no loss to divine the nature of the project that was inadvertently traversed by the successful efforts of Mary Beatrice for the employment of the brilliant talents of one so near and dear to her departed lord, in a more important sphere than her impoverished shadow of a court could offer. If she had possessed the selfish talents meet for the position she occupied, she would have prevented Berwick from divorcing his fortunes from those

¹ St. Simon.

² Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

of her son, in order to secure those services in his cause, which were eventually the means of establishing the Bourbon dynasty on the throne of Spain. Berwick was, perhaps, the only man attached to the cause of her son whom the cautious favorite of fortune, Marlborough, could rely on; and when he was removed from the scene, the game might be considered a losing one.

In August, 1704, Louis XIV. gave a grand fête and illuminations at Marli, to celebrate the birth of a great-grandson of France, the infant duke of Bretagne, the first-born of the duke and duchess of Burgundy. Mary Beatrice, with her son and daughter, were among the guests: out of compliment to the titular rank they held in that court, they were given the place of honor, taking precedence of every person but the king of France, who, according to his invariable custom, gave the hand to the widowed queen.¹ Her feelings were little in unison with the pomp and pageantry of royalty, if we may judge from the strain in which she writes the next day to her friend at Chaillot, her faithful heart occupying itself neither with the splendid festivities of which she had been a joyless spectator at Marli, nor the anticipation of her approaching visit to Fontainebleau, but in making arrangements to assist in the services of her church for the mournful anniversary of her beloved consort's death:—

“St. Germain, this Wednesday.

“These three days have I sought for a moment to write to you, my dear mother, to let you know that I shall be, please God, at Chaillot on Monday next, 15th, at five o'clock. I hope you will defer the vespers of the dead till that hour. I cannot come till the day when I am returning here from Fontainebleau, where I shall go on Monday; it will be two days' journey by land, not by water, as M. Fagon does not approve of the latter.

“I went yesterday to Marli, and my daughter also, for the first time. We supped there. I found madame de Maintenon not half well. All have their afflictions. I have not seen her since your misfortune. I can feel with all my heart for desolate wives and mothers. The *religieuses* are happier, for they have nothing nearer than nephews to lose. I am, however, very sorry for that of my dear portress; for the love of her, I have sent to M. de Montespan and M. de Valmy to make my condolences to her sister-in-law, and to say that it was you who informed me of the death of her only son.”

¹ Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon.

² Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot collection.

The health of the prince was very delicate; indeed, he appeared to hold his life on a tenure so precarious as to be an object of perpetual anxiety to his widowed mother. On the 15th of December, 1704, she writes to the abbess of Chaillot:—

“I thank you for your prayers for the king, my son, and I entreat you to continue them, for certainly he is not better; he had the fever again on Saturday and Sunday. They bled him yesterday morning, and I did not find that his cold was at all relieved by it, but he has no fever to-day. God is the master, and he must do for him and me whatever it shall please him. My daughter is very well, and I am better than usual; but, my dear mother, it will be impossible to be at Chaillot till the Sunday after Christmas. I had reckoned that my sister Le Vayer would take the habit on the Friday, and I should return on the Saturday morning; but in the state in which I see my son, I cannot quit him for some days, and unless he should be better than he is now, I cannot hope to pass Christmas with you.”¹

In the early part of the year 1705 all other cares and anxieties that oppressed Mary Beatrice appear to have been forgotten in her trembling solicitude for the health of her boy. On the 14th of February she informs her friends at Chaillot that he continues in a languishing condition, and recommends him to their prayers. Six days later he was so seriously ill that the fond mother, in the anguish of her heart, despairing of the power of medical skill to save him, wrote in great agitation to the abbess of Chaillot, imploring the intercession of that friendly community with heaven in his behalf; and also that they would endeavor, by earnest prayers, to obtain that of the deceased king, her husband, in whose canonization she was a devout believer, for the recovery of her son.² Her letter contains evidences of fervent but misdirected faith, a fond reliance on the intercession of saints for that which should have been sought of God through the intercession of a divine Mediator alone. Due allowance ought, however, to be made for the effects of a conventual education on an ardent daughter of the South, with whom it must be remembered that the Communion of Saints (of which an abstract belief is professed in the creeds of our own church) is an active principle, including a mystic unity between the saints above

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot collection.

² Ibid.

and the devout servants of God in the flesh ; and to them it appears like a golden chain, that reaches from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth again.

No one but the most tenderly devoted of mothers could have desired the life of a male claimant to the crown of England to be prolonged, whose existence alone prevented the amicable arrangement of all disputes and difficulties, by the recognition of her daughter, the princess Louisa, as the successor of queen Anne. No jealousies could have been entertained by that sovereign of rivalry from a younger sister, and all national fears for the interests of the church of England might have been obviated by a marriage with the hereditary prince of Hanover,—a measure that could not even be proposed during the life of her brother. As regarded the succession to the throne of England, the princess Louisa lay under no disabilities ; neither acts of attainder nor oaths of abjuration had passed against her ; and if the personal existence of this youngest and most promising scion of the Stuart line had never been publicly noticed by contending parties, it was, perhaps, because her political importance was secretly felt by the subtle calculators who were aware of the delicacy of her brother's constitution, and the yearning of the childless Anne towards a successor of her own name and blood. The death of the unfortunate son of James II. at that epoch, would have excited a general feeling of sympathy for his mother and sister ; the stumbling-stone of offence would have been removed, and all fears of civil wars averted, by restoring the regal succession to the regular order. In that case, Mary Beatrice would, as a matter of course, have been recalled to England with her daughter. She would have been relieved from all her debts and pecuniary difficulties by the payment of her jointure and its arrears ; she would have had one or more of her former royal abodes assigned for her residence, with a suitable establishment for the youthful heiress-presumptive of the realm, and the prospect of increased power and importance in the event of the princess succeeding to the crown during her minority.

The unexpected recovery of the prince prevented the

realization of this flattering perspective. He completed his seventeenth year, and his sister her thirteenth, in the following June. The princess Louisa, who had inherited all her mother's beauty, was now publicly introduced at the French court, where, as the daughter of a king and queen of England, and sister to a prince whose title to the crown of that realm was supported by France, she was given precedence over every lady there except her own mother, who always had the place of honor allowed her by Louis XIV. The following particulars of a grand ball at Marli, in July, 1705, at which the royal exiles of St. Germain's were present, will show the respectful consideration with which they were treated. At the upper end of the long spacious saloon in which the ball took place, three *fauteuils* were placed, for the king of France, the widowed queen of England, and her son. Mary Beatrice, as in the life-time of her royal consort, occupied the middle seat. Opposite to them were benches for the dancers; the other members of the royal family occupied *pliants*. Behind the royal *dais* were the refreshments. The titular king of England opened the ball with his sister, and the king of France stood all the time they were dancing. This he always would have done, every time this young royal pair danced together, if Mary Beatrice had not entreated him to be seated; but it was not till he had paid them this mark of respect twice or thrice, that he would consent to sit down. Mary Beatrice always sat between Louis and her son at supper, with her daughter and the immediate members of the royal family of France. There was a separate table for the officers of her household on these occasions, at which the duke of Perth presided.¹

The attention which had been paid to herself and her children must have been cheering to the royal widow, for she writes in better spirits than usual to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot:—

“St. Germain's, 27th July, 1705.

“I believe, my dear mother, that you are almost ready to be in a pet with lady Bulkeley and me, because we have been so long without sending you any

¹ *Mémoires de St. Simon*, vol. iv. pp. 395, 396.

news. It is true that we are to blame, but you would be much more so if you could think that it was from forgetfulness; for I should as soon forget my children and myself, as forget Chaillot and my dear and good mother Priolo. But since Thursday we have had journeys and fêtes; besides which, my little malady often prevents me from writing, and lady Bulkeley likes better to wait till she can send you one of my letters, believing that it will give you more pleasure. . . . We are all well here, thank God, and my son much better than usual, and more lively. The last news from Flanders is not good, but he must not be discouraged, nor cease to pray.”¹

From the same letter we learn that Mary Beatrice had spent some days at Chaillot in the beginning of that month, and that she purposed paying another visit to the community there in the course of a fortnight. She was, however, attacked with a severe relapse of her alarming malady, and she announces her disappointment to the abbess and *la Déposée* in a touching letter,² dated August 12, 1705.

The poor queen continued under surgical treatment for several weeks. She writes again to the abbess of Chaillot, September 14th, expressive of her disappointment at being unable to attend the commemorative service at the conventual church for the anniversary of king James's death, as the physicians had ordered her to keep her chamber. After making some touching allusions to her sufferings, she says, “But God is the master, and it is for me to obey and to submit myself with patience, when I cannot with joy, to that which he is pleased to ordain for me, and he has renewed the anguish in my breast for the last four days. . . . If after four days,” continues her majesty, “I return to my usual state, I think of endeavoring to go to Fontainebleau by water. Nothing would draw me thither but the love of my daughter, and it will be for the last time in my life, even if that life should be prolonged.”³ Mary Beatrice did not adhere to this resolution, made, in the sadness of her heart, at a time when she declares that the motion of a coach was insupportable to her, and all the pageantry of a court, full of fatiguing ceremonies and frivolous etiquettes, appeared in the light of vanity and vexation of spirit to her overburdened mind and suffering frame. In another

¹ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, Chaillot collection.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, evidently written at this period, she says:—

“I sent my daughter to you the other day, my dear mother, and with her my heart and soul, not having power at that time to drag my body thither, but now I hope to have the pleasure of embracing you myself next Thursday. I have been dying to go to Chaillot for the last three months, and at last I cherish the hope that God will permit me that pleasure in three days.”¹

The fallen queen adds, with impressive earnestness:—

“But we must strive, above all, to profit our souls by it, and for this purpose we must excite and encourage each other reciprocally to adore and to love the very holy decrees of God in everything that he is pleased to do with us, that we may submit to it with meekness and patience, if we cannot with joy, to which I confess I have not yet attained; but God will assist us in his mercy, and will give us strength proportioned to our difficulties. I supplicate this of him with all my heart, and am in Him, my dear mother, entirely yours,

“M. R.”

Endorsed—“For my dear mother Priolo.”²

It is certain that the queen's surgeon, Beaulieu, must have possessed great skill in the treatment of cancer, for the fatal progress of this dreadful malady was once more arrested, and the royal patient, to her own surprise, and that of all the world, became convalescent. A cheering account of the improved health of both mother and son, in the autumn of the same year, appears in the private correspondence of the prince's confessor, father Saunders,³ dated November 28, 1705:—“The king is very well, and grows tall and strong. The queen, also, is much better than she was, and it is hoped that the lump in her breast is not so dangerous as was once thought. The princess is one of the most complete young ladies of her age, very witty and handsome, and of a most excellent good humor, which gains the hearts of all who know her.”

The secret correspondence of the court of St. Germain with the Jacobite agents in England and Scotland, meanwhile, is rather curious than important. Marlborough, under the *nom de guerre* of Armsworth, and Godolphin, under

¹ Inedited Chaillot correspondence, preserved in the hôtel de Soubise.

² *Ibid.*

³ Letters of father Saunders to Meredith, a priest at the English seminary at Rome.—Rawlinson's *Miscellaneous MSS.*, No. 21; Bodleian library, Oxford. Communicated by Mrs. Green.

the name of Gilburn, or Goulston, are frequently mentioned, in Caryl and Middleton's letters, as making professions to the exiled family. The following observation is in one of Caryl's, dated June 30, 1705 :—

“I must also own the receipt of yours of the 3d of May, wherein you relate what passed between you and Mr. Goulston, which merchant is not so prodigal of his words as his partner Armsworth, and therefore they are somewhat more to be relied on; and unless they both join to deceive, much may be hoped from their agreeing in the same story.”¹

Those double-minded statesmen had assured the widow of James II. that the bill for the Protestant succession would be rejected in the Scottish parliament, and everything that honor and justice could require should be done for the “prince of Wales,” as they still termed the son of their late master.² Mary Beatrice was only too willing to be deceived; and when the bill for extinguishing the hopes of her son was actually thrown out by that senate, she was persuaded by her cabinet to impute it rather to the friendly policy of lord Godolphin than to the inalienable attachment of the northern aristocracy to the representative of their ancient monarchs. Godolphin's lingering regard for the exiled queen rendered him really desirous of arranging matters with queen Anne and her cabinet for the payment of the dowry and its arrears, and if he had possessed the moral courage to come forward openly in parliament, with a manly appeal to the compassion and justice of a generous and chivalric nation in behalf of the royal widow (whose destitution was a reproach to those who had been proud to bend the knee before her in the short-lived days of her greatness), there can be little doubt but her claims would have been allowed. She had an act of parliament in her favor, which even those who had disgraced the name of English peers by their unconstitutional attempt to attain her had not so much as endeavored to get repealed, because the sense of the house of commons had been clearly shown by furnishing king William with supplies for the express purpose of fulfilling that obligation, though he had, as before explained, applied them to his own use. Godolphin

¹ Stuart Papers in Macpherson, from Nairne.

² Ibid.

was aware of all this, but his own crooked paths rendered him timid and irresolute. His correspondence with the exiled queen and her agents was more than suspected by the whigs. Lord Wharton boldly declared in the upper house, "that he had my lord treasurer's head in a bag." This menace paralyzed the vacillating minister; he crouched like a beaten hound, and submitted to do all and everything that was demanded by his political antagonists, even to the outlay of an enormous sum in purchasing a majority in the Scotch parliament to carry measures perfectly opposed to his own inclinations, and it was supposed no less so to the secret feelings of the reigning sovereign, queen Anne.¹

The Scotch Jacobites urged Mary Beatrice and her minister for money and arms; they represented to the arbiter of her son's destiny, Louis XIV., how serviceable even the small sum of thirty thousand livres would be, to enable their friends to put arms in the hands of those who burned to decide the question of the Union, not in the senate, but in the field. Louis had already paid too dearly for yielding to the dictates of his lively sympathy for the widow and orphans of his unfortunate cousin James, to venture to act independently of his cabinet at this crisis. The expensive wars in which that political blunder had involved France had crippled his resources. The victories of Marlborough taught him that he had work to do to guard his own frontier; and although he might, perhaps, have made the best diversion in his own favor by sending troops and arms to assist in raising an insurrection against queen Anne's government in Scotland, his ministers could not be induced to hazard the experiment.

On the 20th of March, 1706, Saunders again notices the improved health of the queen, and that the painful tumor in her bosom was decreasing. He adds the following particulars of her son and daughter:—"The king is very well, and grows strong and tall. He has begun to ride the great horse, and does it very gracefully, and all say he will make a very good horseman. He has a great desire to make a campaign, and the queen has asked it of the king of France,

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

who has not as yet consented to it. In all appearance it would do our king a great deal of good, and be much to his honor and reputation; but the king of France will be loath to let him go till he can send him like a king. The princess is very tall of her age, and by her wit and gracious behavior charms all that come near her.”¹

The son of Mary Beatrice and James II. obtained his political majority on the 10th of June, 1706, when he completed his 18th year. The regency of the queen-mother was then supposed to terminate, but she continued virtually the leading power at St. Germain's as long as she lived, though her son was treated by herself, and every one in the exiled court, as their sovereign and master. Lord Middleton commends the industry and application of this prince to business, and extols his abilities;² but these were only shown in the easy, pleasant style of his epistolary correspondence, whether diplomatic or personal, in which he excelled most of his contemporaries. The following affectionate congratulation to his friend the marquess of Drummond, on the approaching marriage of that nobleman, is one of the earliest specimens of his familiar letters:—

“St. Germain's, June 29, 1706.

“Having found a safe opportunity of writing into Scotland, I take that occasion of writing this note to you. I will say nothing to you of my own affairs, referring to what I write to you and my other friends, which will be communicated to you by the countess of Errol, your aunt, and so will only add here how pleased I was to hear that your marriage with the duke of Gordon's daughter is like to be soon concluded. The kindness I have for you and your father makes anything agreeable to me that I think so much for your interest as I think this is. I am very sensible of your own and family's services, as I hope one day to be in a condition of showing you, and of giving you proofs of my kindness for you.

“JAMES R.³

“Pray remember me very kindly to lord John Drummond; do the same to lord Stormont, and assure him I shall not forget the zeal he has for my service, nor the care he took of me when a child.”

¹ Correspondence with Meredith.—Rawlinson's MSS., Bodleian library, Oxford.

² Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

³ Royal autograph letters in the archives of the noble house of Drummond of Perth, No. 14, inedited. Courteously communicated by the representative of that ancient historical family, the baroness Willoughby de Eresby, to whom my best acknowledgments are gratefully offered.

All that personal kindness and courtesy could do to render the widowed queen and her son easy under the tantalizing fever of hope deferred, was done by Louis XIV. He treated them, in all respects, as his equals, and caused the same honors to be paid to them. A fortnight never passed without his making them a visit in state at St. Germain, besides coming much oftener in private with madame de Maintenon. He invited them and his young god-daughter, the princess Louisa, to all his fêtes at Marli, Versailles, and Trianon, where he invariably treated them as the dearest of relatives and most honored of guests.¹ If the queen came in state, he received her, as he had done in the lifetime of king James, at the entrance of the first anteroom, and, leading her into the presence-chamber, stood conversing with her, and her son and daughter, for some minutes before he conducted them into his private saloon, where madame de Maintenon was waiting to receive them. Mary Beatrice, in fact, was paid the same deference in that court as if she had been a queen of France, and took precedence of every lady there.² The near relationship of Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, to James II. and his children on the one hand, and to Mary Beatrice on the other, precluded jealousy on her part. She had grown up from infancy in habits of intimacy and affection with the royal exiles. Mary Beatrice was always invited to be present at her accouchements. The affectionate interest with which her majesty alludes to one of these events, in a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, January 1707, is very pleasing. She says:—

“God has accorded a great mercy to us in granting us another prince: he must be entreated for him. I could not possibly arrive at Versailles before the birth of the child, since the king himself did not enter the chamber till after it was over. Madame the duchess of Burgundy was only ill three-quarters of an hour: she is wonderfully well. I saw her after dinner, and the infant. He is not so beautiful as the other, but he has a smaller head, and is better proportioned, and looks as if he would live long, as I hope he may, through the grace of God.”

Sometimes Louis XIV. would invite Mary Beatrice to come with her son and daughter, and ladies, on fine sum-

¹ Mémoires de St. Simon. Dangeau.

² Ibid.

mer afternoons, and walk with him and his court in the royal gardens of Marli: and it was on these occasions that the widowed queen used to take the opportunity of preferring any little request, either for herself or others, to her royal friend. The public promenade was always one of the recreations of the court of St. Germain, even in the sorrowful days of king James II.; but it became much more attractive after the decease of that unfortunate king, when his son and daughter, and their youthful attendants the children of the Jacobite aristocracy, English, Scotch, and Irish, who had followed their majesties into exile, grew up, and the vivacity of French habits and associations in some degree counterbalanced the depression caused by penury and ruined prospects. The lively letters and doggerel lyrics of count Anthony Hamilton, the self-appointed poet-laureate of the court of the exiled Stuarts, prove that, after time had a little assuaged the grief of the queen and her children, a good deal of fun and frolic occasionally went on in the old palace and its purlieus.

In one of Hamilton's letters to his friend the duke of Berwick, he says, "The king our young lord increases every day in wit, and the princess, his sister, becomes more and more charming. Heaven preserve her from being stolen from us! for her lady governess seems to have no other fear than that. These two are always near their august mother, to whom they pay the most tender and dutiful attention. To these precious ones of hers, who are adorned with the virtues of their father, it is her care to inculcate sentiments of gratitude towards the illustrious protector who, in a foreign land, by a thousand friendly cares mitigates the hardships of their adverse destiny. We will now,"¹ continues the sprightly old wit, "speak of our beauties, those stars of St. Germain who are always cruel and disdainful. Winter is drawing to an end, and they are beginning to prepare their nets against the spring. They have repaired, washed, and spread out all the delicate laces of which their cornettes are composed, to bleach in your garden: all the bushes there are covered with them, like so many spiders'

¹ Œuvres du Count Hamilton.

webs. They are putting all their *falbalas* into order, and, in the mean time, plunged in sweet reveries, they permit the designs to sleep on their tapestry frames." Hamilton describes the son and daughter of Mary Beatrice as possessing great personal attractions. "The figure of our young king," says he, "might be chosen by a painter for the model of the god of love, if such a deity dared be represented in this saintly court of St. Germain's. As for the princess, her hair is very beautiful, and of the loveliest tint of brown; her complexion reminds us of the most brilliant yet delicate tints of the fairest flowers of spring; she has her brother's features in a softer mould, and her mother's eyes." In another description of her he says, "She has the plumpness one adores in a divinity of sixteen, with the freshness of an Aurora; and if anything more can be said, it must be in praise of the roundness and whiteness of her arms." The portrait of a beautiful nameless princess, in the costume of the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the guard-chamber at Hampton Court, will readily be identified by this glowing description of the honorary laureate of St. Germain's as that of the youngest daughter of James II., even by those who are not familiar with her other portraits. How it came there is the question, but there can be little doubt of its having been sent to her sister, queen Anne, by the proud mother of this exquisite creature, who was good as she was fair.

Notwithstanding all the cares and pecuniary disappointments that at times oppressed the exiled queen, her family, and faithful followers, they led a pleasant life in summer-time,—a life which, as described by Hamilton, appears to have been a complete realization of the classic Arcadia. Sometimes the prince and his sister led their young court into the depths of the adjacent forest in quest of sylvan sports, or to gather flowers and wild strawberries; sometimes they are described as embarking on the calm waters of the Seine in their barge, which, if not very splendidly decorated, or of the most approved fashion, was large enough to accommodate a joyous party. Pontalie, the haven to which the voyagers were usually bound, was a

rural château on the Seine, within less than a league from the palace of our exiled queen : it was the residence of the countess de Grammont, formerly one of the most celebrated of the beauties of Charles II.'s court. She was now a rich and prosperous lady, able and willing to contribute to the happiness of the royal Stuarts in many ways, and anxious to prove that her affection for that family had augmented, instead of diminished, with the adversity which had distanced many of the creatures of the late king's bounty. It was her delight to provide banquets and entertainments of all descriptions for the royal brother and sister, whom she had seen grow up from infants. She had obtained a lease or grant of the old mill-house of St. Germain and its adjacent meadows, and, for the sake, perhaps, of being near the English colony, she had exerted her taste and expended some of her wealth in turning it into a Grecian villa; her brother, Anthony Hamilton, had changed its homely name, Moulin-eau, into the euphonious appellation of Pontalie, and there she frequently had the honor of receiving the exiles of St. Germain in the course of the summer.¹

The royal brother and sister, who, perhaps, were much happier in their free and natural way of life amidst the poverty and mockery of royalty at St. Germain, than if established in regal splendor at Windsor or Versailles, delighted in performing minor pilgrimages with their followers to any of the churches or chapels within a walk of the palace. On these occasions they carried a light refectory of fruit, cakes, and wine with them, and made their repast in some pleasant forest bower on their return.² Count Hamilton writes to his friend Berwick, partly in prose, and partly in untranslatable doggerel rhyme, a piquant description of one of these devotional picnic excursions, which was undertaken by the princess Louisa and her ladies of honor, matronized by the duchess of Berwick. "Towards the centre of the forest," he says, "there is a little chapel, dedicated to St. Thibaut, and this St. Thibaut cures the ague: now there is a worthy man at St. Germain, named *Dikesson*, who

¹ Œuvres du Count Antoine Hamilton.

² Ibid.

had had several fits of it. You know our ladies are always charitable to their neighbors, so they all set off in company to recommend the invalid to monsieur St. Thibaut. The fair Nannette [the duchess of Berwick], as she knew the least about him, chose to beguile her pilgrimage by looking for strawberries by the way. I will tell you the names of some of these fair pilgrims who went with her royal highness to make intercessions for the lord *Dikesson*.”¹ This gentleman's name, which Mary Beatrice herself does not always spell right, though he was one of her private secretaries and the comptroller of the household, was Dicconson.

Count Hamilton tells his friend “that the charming Miss Plowden was there, and those two divinities the ladies Dillon and Mareschal, but none was more agreeable than the duchess of Berwick, unless it were the princess; and that they all went in procession, singing and saying every office in the ritual from early matins, for the sake of their amiable friend *Dikesson*.” When they had performed all these charitable devotions, they sat down to take a sylvan repast, making the green grass their table; but a French gentleman of the household, the chevalier de Salle, who had attended them, not out of devotion, but gallantry, was forbidden by the princess to join the circle, because he had not conducted himself with becoming piety on the occasion. Instead of allowing him to share in the repast, she ordered him, by way of penance, to go and kneel at the chapel door, and offer up prayers for the recovery of Mr. Dicconson while they dined. The chevalier very humbly recommended himself to mercy, alleging in excuse that he had forgotten his breviary, and did not know a single prayer by heart; so the princess, in consideration of his penitence, gave him something to eat, but made him sit at the foot of a tree, at a respectful distance from her and the rest of the pilgrims, and rinse all their glasses for them, while the forest glades rang with their laughter, for our fair devotees could laugh as heartily as pray on occasion. In the midst of their mirth, the invalid, in whose behalf the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thibaut had been un-

¹ Œuvres du Count Hamilton.

dertaken, and whom they had all forgotten, made his appearance unexpectedly before the festive circle. They greeted him with shouts of "a miracle! a miracle!" and demanded of him the precise hour and minute when the fever left him; and according to his account, it was, as they all agreed, just as they had addressed the last prayer to St. Thibaut in his behalf. The repast did not conclude the more gravely on this account, nor was the homeward walk the less agreeable. The shepherds, shepherdesses, and woodcutters came to have a look at the courtly pilgrims, and admired their hilarity and good humor.¹

Sometimes the royal brother and sister, and their noble attendants, enacted the characters of shepherds and shepherdesses themselves, and never allowed the merry month of June to pass without having one day's fête among the haymakers on the banks of the Seine,—the princess and her stately governess, lady Middleton, always boasting that the haycock which they constructed was neater and more worthy of admiration than those raised by the duchess of Berwick and her compeers. Winter had its pleasures for the British exiles as well as summer. Mary Beatrice gave then her balls and receptions in the château, and the members of her court were always bidden to the Christmas and new-year festivities at Versailles. Hamilton gives a lively description of the Shrove-Tuesday masquerade at St. Germain, to which the whole town was admitted, the barriers being thrown open for that purpose by her majesty's command, in order that high and low, young and old, English and French, might join in the carnival. Etiquette forbade the prince and princess from wearing masks, or assuming any particular characters, on these occasions: yet they are described as dancing merrily in the midst of the motley throng,—the princess with peculiar grace and lightness, but both excelled in this accomplishment.² Mary Beatrice forgot her calamities and her grief on these occasions, and smiled to see her children happy in spite of adverse fortune.

¹ Œuvres du Count Antoine Hamilton.

² Ibid.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Change of cheer at St. Germain's—The prince leaves to embark for Scotland—

He is attacked with measles—Delay fatal to his cause—Queen falls sick from anxiety—Her dream—Ill success of the prince's expedition—Queen's letter on his return—Her son, first called the Pretender, assumes the title of chevalier de St. George—Serves in the French army as a volunteer—Unpunctual payment of the queen's French pension—Gallant conduct of her son—Sickness of her vice-chamberlain, Robert Strickland—His faithful services—Marlborough's secret correspondence with the queen—She goes to Chaillot with her daughter—Her habits of self-denial—Jacobite poachers at St. Germain's—Queen's vexation—Return of her son—Queen returns to St. Germain's—Her visit of condolence to Louis XIV.—Etiquette of her receptions—Her son leaves St. Germain's to travel—She goes to Chaillot with the princess—Reminiscences of her past life—Amiable traits of character—Visit of the dauphiness—Queen and Louisa go to Versailles—Tender affection between them—They visit the hearse of king James, incognito—Queen informed of overtures for peace—Annoyed at a present made to her daughter—Instance of her pride—Distress about her debts—Her son joins her at Chaillot—Marlborough's offers of service to her majesty—Death of the dauphin and dauphiness—Melancholy forebodings of the queen—Her son and daughter take the small-pox—Her anxiety—Touching scene between her and princess Louisa—Death of the princess—Grief and dangerous illness of the queen—Recovery of her son—He is warned to leave France—Desolation of the queen—She visits Louis XIV. at Marli—Their mutual grief—Her melancholy visit to Chaillot—Returns to St. Germain's—Sends lady Strickland with a present to the convent—Her pathetic letter on her daughter's death.

THE frolic and the fun that, in spite of care and penury, enlivened the exiled court of St. Germain's, were suddenly sobered by a change in the politics of Versailles. After trifling with the exiled queen and her council, and above all with their faithful adherents in Scotland during the momentous crisis of the Union, when even the semblance of support from France would have been followed by a

general rising in favor of the son of James II., Louis XIV. determined, in the spring of 1708, to fit out a fleet and armament for the purpose of effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, headed by that prince in person. This expedition had been kept so secret that neither Mary Beatrice nor her son was aware of what was intended till the latter received a hasty summons to join the armament. The young prince tarried not for preparations, but bidding his mother and sister a hasty farewell, he set out for Dunkirk, the place of embarkation, attended only by two or three of the officers of his suite, leaving his baggage to follow. Unfortunate in everything, he had scarcely reached the coast when he was attacked with the measles. Every one knows the nature of that malady, which requires the patient to be kept in an equal temperature till after the third day. The prince was of a consumptive constitution, and the weather very cold, for it was in March ; nevertheless, he would have embarked at all hazards, if his attendants would have allowed it. His impatience of the delay was almost as injurious to him as the risk of striking-in the eruption by exposure to cold would have been. Aware of the necessity of acting with energy and promptitude, he caused himself to be carried on board the French fleet, before prudence warranted him in quitting his chamber. The wind had, meantime, changed ; foul weather ensued, and it was not till after several ominous mischances, and some personal peril to the royal adventurer, that the armament succeeded in getting out to sea ; and by that time, the English fleet, under the command of sir George Byng, had sailed, and was on the lookout.¹

The feelings of the royal mother during that anxious period of suspense will be best described by herself, in one of her confidential letters to one of her Angeliques. After detailing the symptoms of a fit of illness, brought on by her distress at parting with her son, she says, " I must take patience in this, as in many other things which disquiet me at present, and keep me in a state of great agitation ; for I know nothing certain of my son, as you will see by the

¹ St. Simon. Continuator of Mackintosh. Calamy.

copy of the newspaper they shall send you. My only consolation is the thought that he is in the hands of God, and in the place where he ought to be; and I hope God, in his mercy, will have a care of him. Cease not to pray, my dear mother, for him and for me, for our wants are extreme, and there is no one but God who can or will support us. I am, in spirit, with you all, although my mind is in such agitation that I cannot remain long in a place; but my heart will be always with you and my dear mother Priolo, who, I am sure, suffer with me and for me."¹

The princess Louisa, who was passionately attached to her brother, and earnestly desired to see him established in the regal dignity which she regarded as his right, fully shared her mother's anxiety on this occasion. As soon as the queen was able to bear the journey, they both proceeded to Chaillot, fondly imagining that the prayers which they and their ladies were incessantly preferring to God for his personal safety and success would be more efficacious if offered up in the tribune of the conventual church there, where the hearts of queen Henrietta Maria and her son, king James, were enshrined.² The all-powerful affection of Mary Beatrice for her deceased husband persuaded her that his spirit, which she firmly believed to be in a state of beatitude, always united with her in prayers to God for the attainment of any object of peculiar interest to both.

The day the queen and her daughter arrived at Chaillot it was confidently reported in Paris that the prince had succeeded in effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, and had been well received. The next morning Mary Beatrice told the nuns she had dreamed that a little old woman came and said to her, "No; he will not land this time."³ Now, although it was evident that the queen's nerves were unbraced by sickness, anxiety, fasting, and prayer, the vision of the oracular little old woman made a great impression, both on the community and her ladies, and they all began to relate stories of signs and omens. "I can remember well," said the princess Louisa, "though I was not quite

¹ Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice, Chaillot collection.

² Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, archives of France.

³ Ibid.

four years old at the time, that when the late king, my father, left St. Germain's to join the armament at Calais, expecting to embark for England, I dream'd that I saw him return in a blue cloak, instead of the scarlet coat he wore when he went away, and that he said to me, 'This place must be my England.'"¹ It was not the first time that the dream of the youngest daughter of James II. had been related in that circle; for even in her infancy it had been recorded as a solemn revelation, that the exiled king was to behold his native land no more, but to end his days at St. Germain's. To imagine anything of the kind an augury, is almost to insure its fulfilment. James II. allowed more than one good opportunity for effecting a landing in England in the absence of the rival sovereign to slip, from the idea that a decree had gone forth against his restoration.

The dream of Mary Beatrice had, in a manner, prepared the ladies of her court for the news of the failure of the expedition. The cause of its failure remains to this day among the unexplained mysteries of history. It is true, that in consequence of the fatal three days' detention of the prince before the turn of his malady permitted him to embark, the wind, which had been previously fair, changed; that Fourbin, the French admiral, was out of temper, and could not be prevailed to leave the port till the 6th of March, and then encountered a heavy storm. Meantime, the English fleet under sir George Byng got out to sea, gave chase, and took the Salisbury man-of-war, an English vessel belonging to Fourbin's fleet. Byng was greatly superior in force.² Fourbin entered the Frith of Forth just below Edinburgh. It has been affirmed by some that the prince vainly implored to be permitted to land with the troops provided for that purpose by the king of France, or even accompanied only by the gentlemen of his suite, so sure did he feel that he should receive an honorable reception; but nothing could prevail on Fourbin to permit it.³ Others have said that the prince was actually captured in

¹ Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, archives of France.

² Macpherson. French State-Papers.

³ Macpherson.

the Salisbury, and that Byng preserved his royal mistress, queen Anne, from a most painful and perplexing dilemma, by sending him privately on board Fourbin's ship, having taken his word of honor that he would return to France without attempting to land.¹ If this romantic tale be founded on fact, Byng acted with consummate wisdom in ridding the queen of an invasion at the easy rate of releasing a prisoner, whom she could scarcely have ventured to proceed against according to the severity of the law. There was a prodigious run on the bank of England at this crisis, and some danger of cash payments being suspended, national credit being at a low ebb.²

A letter from Mary Beatrice to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, apparently written the day after the arrival of her son at St. Germain, betrays the harassing state of affairs in her little court, where every one was charging the dis-

¹ Calamy's Life and Notes.

² The landing of the son of James II., at this juncture, was eagerly expected by the Jacobite aristocracy on the banks of the Forth. James Stirling, Esq., laird of Keir, Archibald Seaton, Esq., laird of Touch, and other territorial chiefs in that neighborhood, had armed themselves, their tenants and servants, and marched in a body from Keir to the bridge of Turk, where they had a rendezvous with their highland friends, and laid their plans for the general rising that was to take place the moment it should be proclaimed that the royal Stuart had set foot on Scottish ground. The laird of Keir and his neighbors determined to set an example of fearless devotion to the cause, by being the first to join him; they marched up and down the counties of Stirlingshire and Perthshire in expectation of the descent, till the news reached them that sir George Byng had driven the French fleet off the coast. Keir and the ringleaders of this levy were afterwards arrested, and thrown into the Tolbooth. They were indicted at Edinburgh on the 28th of the following November, "on the charge of having convoked themselves and appeared in arms to levy war against her majesty, at the time when an invasion of Scotland was threatened; and in addition to this offence, they had also publicly drunk the good health of 'their master,' as they called him who could be no other than the Pretender." The laird of Keir defended himself and his friends with great courage and ability. He said "that the gentlemen and himself were friends and kinsmen, and had met peaceably to enjoy their own diversions; that they had neither hired nor paid men for seditious purposes; and as for drinking to their master's good health, he defied them to make that out to be an act of high treason,—first, because there was no law against drinking any person's good health; and secondly, no name had been mentioned, therefore that the Pretender was meant could only be a conjecture."—State-Trials, vol. vi. They were unanimously acquitted by the jury.

appointment on some inimical person or other. "The desolation of my soul," she says, "would excite your pity, if you could look into its depths. My heart is also much broken, and I have had, for these ten days past, business and domestic quarrels that have disquieted and vexed me to a degree of which I am ashamed; and I declare to you, that coming so immediately on the rest of my troubles, I have been completely overwhelmed with it all. Pray God, my dearest mother, to succor and support me, and to increase my strength, for never have I had greater need, and never have I appeared so feeble. I dare not tell you that I have not yet been with my son. I know it is a great fault, but these last affairs have scarcely left me time for my prayers; and although during the octave of the holy sacrament I have tried to go oftener to church (God knows with what distraction of mind), I have missed the first procession and the journey to Versailles. I shall go to Marli to-morrow. I was on Friday at the review; my son was there, and many of the English, who were, as it was said, well pleased with him. My God, what a world this is, and who can understand it! For my part, the more I know of it, the less I comprehend it: unhappy are they who have much to do with it! My son had arrived before me on my return from Chaillot."¹ This appears to have been the reason she had missed seeing him, as he had been compelled to show himself at the review, where, it should seem, he had been very well received, notwithstanding the failure of the late expedition, in which he had been evidently the victim of state policy, as absurd as it was incomprehensible. The queen concludes her letter in these words:—"Madame de Maintenon was here nearly two hours yesterday. Lady Bulkeley makes me pity her, although she does not know the unhappy manner of her husband's death." This sentence implies some tragedy connected with the fate of the gallant colonel Bulkeley, which the queen had learned, but had not courage to communicate to her faithful attendant, lady Sophia Bulkeley.²

Several persons of high rank in the British emigration

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

² Ibid.

had been captured in the 'Salisbury,' among the rest, the two sons of the earl of Middleton, lord Clermont, and Mr. Middleton, and the old attached servant of king James, lord Griffin. Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted when she learned that they were all committed close prisoners to the Tower, to take their trials for high treason. She wrote, with her own hand, an earnest letter to the French minister, Chamillard, begging him to claim them as officers in the service of his royal master, and exerted her influence in every possible way for their preservation.¹ Simultaneously with these events, queen Anne's cabinet proceeded to set a price on her brother's head.² Anne, herself, who had hitherto styled him "the pretended prince of Wales," now gave him a new name in her address to parliament, calling him, for the first time, "the Pretender,"—a cunningly-devised *sobriquet*, which, perhaps, did more to exclude him from the throne than even his unpopular religion. The young prince served in the French army in the Low Countries the same spring as a volunteer, under the appropriate title of the chevalier de St. George; for, being destitute of the means of providing a camp equipage, and maintaining the state consistent with royalty, he claimed no higher distinction than the companionship of the national order, with which he had been invested in his fourth year by the late sovereign his father. He conducted himself during the campaign so as to win the affection and esteem of his comrades, and especially of his commander, the duke de Vendôme.³

While her son was with the army, Mary Beatrice was, of course, deeply interested in all the military operations, of which he sent her a regular account. In one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, she says:—

"We have been in expectation of great news for several days past. I will tell you, in confidence, that they have missed in Flanders the opportunity of a grand stroke, and I fear that a similar one will not present itself any more this campaign. God must be praised for all, and we ought to try to be satisfied with all that happens. . . .

"I have just learned that the thunder has fallen this night on the abbey of

¹ Stuart Papers.

² Burnet.

³ St. Simon.

Poissy, and burned part of the monastery, and, what is worse, three or four of the *religieuses*. I have sent to the abbess to make inquiries; in truth, it makes me tremble.”¹

In another letter of the same period, dated at St. Germain, the 23d of June, Mary Beatrice says:—

“My chevalier is in perfect health, thank God, and I am better than I have been for a long time. . . . We have some hopes of obtaining the liberty of the two Middletons, and of the other Irish prisoners; but for my lord Griffin, they have condemned him to die on the 27th of this month, which causes me great pain. I recommend him to your prayers, and to those of our dear sisters.”²

The chevalier St. George had the ill luck to be present, with his royal French cousins, Burgundy and Berry, at the battle of Oudenarde, a witness of the superior military genius of his secret correspondent, the duke of Marlborough. His more fortunate rival, the electoral prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., distinguished himself on the winning side. The chevalier caught the malignant intermittent fever of the country at Mons, and returned, greatly enfeebled, for change of air to St. Germain towards the close of the summer. It was a wet, cold autumn, severe winter, and ungenial spring; the queen was ill, anxious, and unhappy, on account of her son, for the fever hung upon him for many months; yet he was firm in his determination to try his fortunes in another campaign. On the 11th of April, 1709, Mary Beatrice writes the abbess of Chaillot to excuse herself from passing the holy week with her friends there, the physicians having forbidden her to change her abode that month, unless the weather altered very much for the better; she adds:—

“If the war continues, as is supposed, the king my son will be very shortly on the point of leaving me for the army. It is not right, therefore, that I should quit him, more especially as he is not yet wholly recovered from his fever, for he had a little touch of it again yesterday, though he perseveres in taking the bark five times a day.”

The late defeat at Oudenarde, the loss of Lisle, the distress caused by the visitation of a famine, and above all, the deficiency in the revenues of that kingdom, rendered

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Chaillot collection.

² Ibid.

Louis XIV. not only willing, but anxious to listen to overtures of peace.¹ Instead of the armies taking the field, plenipotentiaries were despatched to meet the victorious Marlborough and Eugene at the Hague, to settle preliminaries for an amicable treaty. Mary Beatrice was well aware that no peace would or could be concluded, unless Louis XIV. withdrew his protection from her son. The prince was eager to prevent the mortification of a dismissal from the French dominions, by trying his fortunes in Scotland.² He had received fresh invitations and assurances of support from the highland chiefs; the representations of his secret agents as to his prospects were encouraging enough to induce him to declare that he would come if he were reduced to the necessity of performing the voyage in a hired vessel. When he threw himself at the feet of Louis XIV. and implored his aid, that monarch told him, plainly, "that situated as he then was, he had enough to do to defend his own dominions, without thinking of anything so chimerical as invading those of the victorious queen of Great Britain." The ardor of the youthful adventurer was moreover checked by a significant hint that if he attempted to embroil his present protector farther with queen Anne, by stealing over to Scotland and exciting an insurrection there, his royal mother would instantly be deprived of her present shelter, and that her pension, which formed the sole provision for the support of herself, her daughter, and the faithful followers who had sacrificed everything to their adherence to the ruined cause of the house of Stuart, would be stopped.

It is a remarkable fact, that when Torcy mentioned the son of James II. to Marlborough, the latter evinced a warmth of feeling towards the exiled prince scarcely consistent with his professions to the electoral house of Hanover. He called him "the prince of Wales," and expressed an ardent desire of serving him, and that a suitable income should be secured to him. Nor was he unmindful of the claims of Mary Beatrice; he recommended Torcy to renew the demand of her dower. "Insist strenuously on that article to the viscount Townshend," says he; "that lord is

¹ Macpherson. Torcy's Memoirs.

² Macpherson.

a sort of inspector over my conduct. He is an honest man, but a whig. I must speak like an obstinate Englishman in his presence.”¹ Marlborough was still more explicit in his conferences with his nephew Berwick, who, being the illegitimate brother of the prince, formed a curious link of connection between the great captain of the age and the rejected heir of England. Undoubtedly Marlborough gave wise counsel, when he bade the duke of Berwick entreat the prince to emancipate himself from the political thralldom of France, by offering to disembarass Louis XIV. of his presence as a preliminary to the negotiations for peace. He clearly demonstrated that no good could ever result from a connection so offensive to the national pride of England, for the people, over whom he desired to rule, would never submit to the imposition of a sovereign from France. “He hoped,” he said, “by extricating the prince in the first place from the influence of France, and by prudent arrangement, to see all parties uniting to recognize him as the successor to his sister’s throne.”² Neither the prince nor Berwick felt sufficient confidence in the integrity of Marlborough to take his advice. Men can only judge of intentions by past deeds. They called to mind his treachery to their royal father, and suspected that the zeal with which he urged the court of St. Germain to press for the payment of the queen-mother’s dower, was for the purpose of beguiling the prince into bartering his pretensions to a diadem for a pension, and at the same time depriving him of the support of his only friend and protector, Louis XIV.

The pacific negotiations at the Hague proving fruitless, the conferences were broken up, and hostilities were renewed. The chevalier, having recovered his health, set out for the French head-quarters, leaving his royal mother to struggle with pecuniary difficulties, which neither wisdom could foresee nor prudence prevent.³ All hope of receiving

¹ *Mémoires de Torcy*, Macpherson’s Stuart Papers. Continuator of Mackintosh.

² Macpherson’s Stuart Papers. Correspondence quoted by the Continuator of Mackintosh’s *Reign of Queen Anne*.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the *hôtel de Soubise*.

her income as queen-dowager of England was of course suspended, and the pittance she received from the French government was now unpunctually paid, and subjected to curtailment on various pretences. The first attempt on the part of the officers of the French exchequer to extort a percentage from her treasurer, Mr. Dicconson, for paying her pension in ready money, was resisted by Mary Beatrice with some spirit, as an imposition and abuse of office, "which," she said, "she was sure would be displeasing to the king of France." They kept her then in arrear, and offered to pay in bills, on which she was compelled to allow as much for discount as the official thieves had demanded of her in the first instance.¹ She mentioned the circumstance to madame de Maintenon, but that lady, who had herself been an underling at court, and accustomed to perquisites and privileges, made light of it, and advised her majesty not to incur the ill-will of the financial corps by complaining to the king, who was greatly inconvenienced himself by the deficiency in his revenue. Bitterly did the royal dependent feel the humiliations and privations to which the wrongs of fortune had subjected her and her children, and vainly did she endeavor, by increasing self-denial and the most rigid economy in her personal expenditure, to spare more for the destitute families who had abandoned houses and broad lands in England for her husband's sake.

The pecuniary difficulties of the fallen queen were embittered, about this period, by a mortification from a quarter whence she least expected it. When at Chaillot, her daughter was accustomed to sleep in a chamber that opened into her own, an arrangement which their near relationship and tender affection rendered agreeable to both; but the queen being deeply in arrears to the convent for the rent of the suite of rooms she occupied, the abbess, feeling more disposed to consider the benefit of the community than the comfort of their royal friends, hinted, "that having a tenant for the apartment adjoining her majesty's bedroom, it would be desirable to remove her royal highness the princess of England to an upper story." Mary Bea-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the hôtel de Soubise.

trice did not attempt to dissemble the fact that the change would be both unpleasant and inconvenient to her, and was greatly hurt, a few months later, on finding that the room was actually let to madame de l'Orge, a lady of high rank, and her daughter, and that they had made sundry alterations, furnished, and taken possession of it. When, however, those ladies learned, from a letter written by lady Sophia Bulkeley to the abbess, how greatly the queen and princess would be inconvenienced by their occupation of this apartment, they said "her majesty should be welcome to the use of it when she came to Chaillot with the princess."¹ The high spirit of Mary Beatrice revolted at this proposal, yet she wrote, with great mildness and temper, to the abbess on the subject:—

"After having desired lady Bulkeley to write to you, my dear mother, touching the chamber where my daughter lodges at Chaillot, I have remembered me, that when last year you proposed to me to change my daughter's apartment and to put her higher, I found that it would be very difficult to arrange it, as my ladies would have much trouble to accommodate themselves in places which are now occupied by their waiting-maids, especially for any length of time, and that my daughter herself would not be so well above, nor would it be so convenient for me, as at present I have no other chamber below besides that in which she lodges. However, if you, my dear mother, or madame and mademoiselle de l'Orge, have any trouble about taking this apartment, I pray you to tell me so plainly, with your usual sincerity, and I will endeavor to make some other arrangement, at least if it be in our power. You can, if you please, consult my dear sisters Catharine Angelique and M. Gabrielle, about it, and then take your resolution, and send me word; for in case my daughter can continue where she is, I should wish them to take away the furniture of madame and mademoiselle de l'Orge, and I would send mine. I also beg you to have the window put to rights, and the other things that are required in the little lodging, and send me the bill of what they come to, as that is only just. I cannot accept the offer madame de l'Orge makes me of the loan of her chamber; I say this, in case she wishes to take it away from me."²

The apartment was relinquished by the intruding tenant; it was, indeed, the dressing-room to her majesty's chamber, which no stranger could with any propriety have wished to occupy, and the attempt to deprive her of it served very painfully to remind the royal exiles of their adverse for-

¹ Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, hôtel de Soubise.

² Inedited letters of queen Mary Beatrice, in the hôtel de Soubise; Chaillot collection. This letter is only dated May 1st.

tunes. The princess Louisa felt every slight that was offered to her mother or brother far more keenly than they did. Sometimes she said, "We are reduced to such pitiable straits, and live in so humble a way, that even if it were the will of Heaven to restore us to our natural rank, we should not know how to play our parts with becoming dignity."

The defeat of the French army at Malplaquet, on the 11th of September, 1709, increased the general gloom which pervaded all ranks in that nation, while it rendered the position of the court of St. Germain's more painful and precarious. Yet the desolate heart of Mary Beatrice swelled with maternal pride in the midst of her solicitude, for her son had distinguished himself by a brilliant personal action in that fiercely-contested fight, which had nearly turned the fortunes of the day. After *maréchal* Villars was carried dangerously wounded out of the field, *Boufflers* sustained the conflict; and when the cavalry of the allies broke into his lines, he ordered the *chevalier de St. George* to advance at the head of 1200 of the horse-guards. The princely volunteer performed this duty so gallantly that in one desperate charge the German horse were broken and repulsed, and nothing but the steady valor of the English troops, and the consummate skill of their commanders, prevented the rout from becoming general.¹ The rejected claimant of the British crown did not disgrace his lineage on that occasion, though unhappily serving beneath the banner of the *fleur-de-lis*, and opposed to his own countrymen. He charged twelve times at the head of the household troops of France, and though wounded in the right arm by a sabre cut, he kept the ground manfully, under a continuous fire of six hours from the British infantry.² *Boufflers*, in his despatch to his own sovereign, detailing the loss of the battle, renders the following brief testimony to the gallantry of the royal volunteer. "The *chevalier de St. George* behaved himself during the whole action with the utmost valor and vivacity." The queen, who had been

¹ Macpherson. Jesse. *Lediard's Life of the Duke of Marlborough*. Despatches of *Maréchal Boufflers*.

² *Ibid*.

residing for many weeks in complete retirement with her daughter at Chaillot, came to welcome her son on his return to St. Germain, where they kept their united court, if such it might be called, that winter.

The following melancholy letter, without date, was probably written by Mary Beatrice towards the spring, when depressed by sickness and care, and harassed with business which, as she pathetically observes, was never of an agreeable kind :—

“At last I find a moment to write to you, my dear mother, and to ask tidings of your health, for which I am in pain, for M. Gaillar told me that it was not too good. Be careful of it, for the love of heaven, my dear mother, for I have need of you, as you know. Alas! there are none left to me now but you and father Ruga on earth in whom I can have an entire confidence.

“I have read the homily on Providence, which is consolatory. I cannot say, however, that I have found consolation in that or anything else. God is the master, and his holy will be done. I am not ill, but I sleep badly since I quitted you, and I am worse after the bath, which I cannot understand; but I have omitted it for the last fortnight, and take the powders and the waters of St. Remi. The king my son has had a cold, but I hope it will not increase: he does not keep his room. My daughter bathes twice a week. She is, however, very well: it has refreshed her. I cannot tell you more for want of time, save to charge you with my regards.”¹

After various kind messages to the sisters of Chaillot, she mentions, with great concern, the sudden illness which had seized one of the most faithful and valued members of her household :—

“Mr. Strickland has been attacked with paralysis: he has great trouble to speak. His wife is in despair. They will send him to Bourbon. I am grieved about it, and shall be very sorry to lose him, for he is an ancient servant, and very affectionate. I recommend him to your prayers.”

Endorsed—“To the mother Priolo.”²

Reminiscences of her former greatness must have been associated in the mind of the fallen queen with her recollection of the services of the faithful adherent, whose illness she mentions with such compassionate feeling and regret. Robert Strickland was her vice-chamberlain; he was appointed to that office on the accession of the late king her husband to the throne of Great Britain, and he had walked at the head of her procession at the splendid

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

² *Ibid.*

ceremonial of her coronation.¹ What melancholy reverses had since then clouded the horizon of her who was the leading star of that glorious pageant! Alas! for the instability of human pomp and power, and worse, far worse, the deceitfulness of fair-day friends! Of all the courtly train who had contended for the honor of performing services for their young and beautiful queen that day,—the gay and gallant Dorset, the magnificent Devonshire, the specious Halifax, the astute Manchester, and the enamoured Godolphin, the bearers of her regalia,—who of all these had been willing to follow her in exile and in sorrow? Were not those men the first to betray their too confiding sovereign, and to transfer their worthless homage to the adversary? Well might the luckless queen prize the manly and true-hearted northern squire who had adhered to her fallen fortunes with unswerving loyalty, and having served her as reverently in her poverty and affliction as when he waited upon her in the regal palace of Whitehall, was now for her sake dying in a land of strangers, far from his home,—who can wonder at her lamenting the loss of such a servant?

Another of the queen's letters, apparently written in the spring of 1710, when her beloved friend, *Françoise Angélique*, and several of the sisters of *Chaillot* were dangerously ill of an infectious fever, is in reply to a request from the abbess that she would defer her visit to the convent for fear of exposing herself to the contagion, and bespeaks a generous warmth of feeling and freedom from all selfish fears only to be found in persons of piety and moral worth. It is altogether a unique royal letter, and the reader cannot fail to be amused as well as interested:—

“*St. Germain's*, the 14th of May.

“Your last letter, my dear mother, has caused me great pain, by the sad account that you give me of the state of several of our dear sisters, but above all, that of my dear mother *Priolo*, of which I could much wish to inform myself; and if I had not intended to go to *Chaillot* for the Rogation, I should have been there yesterday or to-day, expressly for that purpose. I should be glad, also, to see my poor little portress; and I cannot see any reason, among all you have mentioned, why I should not come. You know that I have no

¹ Sandford's Book of the Coronation of James II.

fear but of colds, and I cannot perceive any cause to apprehend infection with you. So then, with your permission, my dear mother, I shall reckon to be with you on Monday evening about seven o'clock, and I entreat you to send me tidings of our invalids this evening. The drowsiness of my sister, F. A. [Françoise Angelique], does not please me. I am very glad you have made her leave off the *viper broth*, which is too heating for her. I hope the sickness of my sister Louise Henriette will not be unto death. I have prayed much for you all. As for your temporal business, I saw M. de M. [Maintenon] this day week, and she said nothing to me about it, nor has she written of it since. I fear this is not a good sign. I send her letter. I know not whether you have read those of M. d'Autun to me, which you might have done, as they had only a *flying seal*. If you have, you will be convinced that our good mother of Annessey has engaged me very unluckily in the affair of that priest whom she called a saint, and who, it appears, was very far from meriting that name. I have made my excuses to M. d'Autun, and will write to him between this and Monday.

"We are all well here, thank God! I could wish to find all well, or at least better, with you. My daughter must not come, but for me there is nothing to fear. Adieu, my dear mother! I am yours with all my heart, and I embrace my dear mother Priolo."¹

On the 16th of May her son, the chevalier de St. George, left her to serve his third campaign in the Low Countries, under marshal Villars, with whom he formed an intimate friendship. The duke of Berwick was one of the commanders in the French army, and was the medium of a close political correspondence between his uncle Marlborough and Mary Beatrice. The victorious general of the British army was in disgrace with his sovereign, queen Anne; his son-in-law, Sunderland, had lost his place in her cabinet; his colleague, Godolphin, had been compelled to resign,² and nothing but the influence of the allies kept himself in his command of the forces. While the hostile armies were encamped on the banks of the Scarpe, there was a great deal of political coquetry going on between some of the English officers of Marlborough's staff and the personal retinue of

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice: Chaillot MS.

² One of Godolphin's letters to the exiled queen, or her minister, had, some time previously, fallen into the hands of his great enemy, lord Wharton, who had used the power it gave him to obtain many things very much opposed to the interest of that party. As a measure of self-preservation, Godolphin and Marlborough had obtained from queen Anne the publication of a general pardon, in which an indemnity for all persons who had been guilty of a treasonable correspondence with the court of St. Germain was particularly specified. —Macpherson's Journals of the Lords. Dartmouth's Notes on Burnet.

the chevalier St. George, who, at the request of the former showed himself on horseback, on the opposite side of the narrow stream, to a party who had expressed an ardent desire to see him. Medals, bearing the impression of his bust and superscription, were eagerly accepted by many of those who, though they had taken the oath of abjuration, could not refrain from regarding the representative of their ancient monarchs with feelings inconsistent with their duty to the constitutional sovereign. Marlborough's master of the horse, Mr. Pitt, was the recipient of several of these medals, which Charles Booth, one of the chevalier's grooms of the bedchamber, had the boldness to send by the trumpet. Medals were also addressed to several of the general officers, each being enclosed in a paper, on which was written :—"The metal is good, for it bore six hours' fire; you know it was hot, for yourselves blew the coals." This observation was in allusion to the gallant conduct of the exiled prince at Malplaquet, which was rendered more intelligible by the following postscript :—"You know it was well tried on the 11th of September, 1709."¹

Marlborough winked at all these petty treasons, apparently not displeased at seeing the son of his old master making the most of his proximity to the British army. Mary Beatrice, in reply to a communication which Marlborough made to her through his nephew, Berwick, confiding to her his intention of resigning his places under queen Anne, wrote a very remarkable letter to him, which marshal Villars himself enclosed in one of his own military notes to the British commander, written, in all probability, merely to furnish an excuse for sending a trumpet to the hostile camp for the purpose of delivering it to his double-dealing grace, to whom it was addressed under the name of Gurney, one of the numerous *aliases* by which he is designated in the Jacobite correspondence. Her majesty speaks of her son also by the *sobriquet* of Mr. Mathews. She informs Marlborough, that what he wrote to his nephew on the 13th of the last month, June, 1710, was of such great importance to her son, as well as to herself, that she thinks

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

herself obliged to answer it with her own hand, and then continues in these words:—

“I shall tell you, in the first place, that as I was glad to find you still continue in your good resolutions towards Mr. Mathews [her son], I was surprised, on the other hand, to see you had a design of quitting everything as soon as the peace was concluded; for I find that to be the only means of rendering you useless to your friends, and your retreat may prove dangerous to yourself. You are too large a mark, and too much exposed, for malice to miss; and your enemies will never believe themselves in safety till they have ruined you.”¹

There is something very amusing in the pointed manner in which the widow of James II. endeavors to persuade her correspondent that not only his revenge, but his self-interest ought to bind him to the cause of her son. She lets him see plainly that she understands his game is a difficult one. No barrister could have argued the case with greater ingenuity than she does in her quiet lady-like logic. She says:—

“But as you are lost if you quit your employments, I see likewise, on the other hand, that it will be difficult for you to keep yourself in office as things are now situated, so that your interest itself now declares for your honor. You cannot be in safety without discharging your duty, and the time is precious to you as well as to us.”

In the next paragraph the royal writer replies, with equal dignity and diplomacy, to some clause in Marlborough's letter relating to Mrs. Masham, the successful rival who had supplanted his duchess in his sovereign's regard:—

“The advice you give us in sending us to the new favorite is very obliging; but what can we hope from a stranger, who has no obligation to us? Whereas we have all the reasons in the world to depend upon you, since we have now but the same interest to manage, and you have the power to put Mr. Mathews [her son] in a condition to protect you. Lay aside, then, I beseech you, your resolution of retiring. Take courage, and, without losing more time, send us a person in whom you can have an entire confidence; or if you have not such a man with you, allow us to send you one whom we may trust, in order to concert matters for our common interest, which can never be properly done by letters. We shall know, by your speedy and positive answer to this letter, what judgment we can form of our affairs.”²

¹ Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, in Macpherson's transcripts from Nairne's Stuart Papers.

² Ibid.

Matters hung on a perilous balance for the Protestant succession when a correspondence, of which this letter is a sample, was going on between the mother of the chevalier de St. George and the commander of the British army, of which the said chevalier himself was within a morning's ride. Perhaps, if the duchess of Marlborough, with her vindictive passions and governing energies, had been in the camp of the allies, the game that was played by Marlborough in 1688 at Salisbury, might have been counteracted by a more astounding change of colors on the banks of the Scarpe in 1710. Ninety thousand a year was, however, too much to be hazarded by a man whose great object in life was to acquire wealth; and having acquired, to keep it. He took the wiser part, that of trimming, in readiness to sail with any wind that might spring up, but waited to see in which direction the tide of fortune would flow. It is to be observed, withal, that Mary Beatrice neither makes professions in her letter, nor holds out any prospect of reward. "I must not finish my letter," she says, in conclusion, "without thanking you for promising to assist me in my suit at the treaty of peace," meaning the payment of her jointure and arrears, for which Marlborough had always been an advocate under the rose, for he took good care not to commit himself by a public avowal of his sentiments on that head. "My cause," continues the royal widow, meekly, "is so just that I have all reason to hope I shall gain it; at least, I flatter myself that Mr. Mathew's *sister* [her step-daughter, queen Anne] is of too good a disposition to oppose it."¹ The pretence made by Anne or her ministers for withholding the provision guaranteed by parliament for her father's widow, that the fund voted to king William for that purpose had been applied, since his death, to other uses, could scarcely be regarded as a legal excuse, especially since the death of the other queen dowager, Catharine of Braganza, had placed her appanage and income at the disposal of the crown; and this Mary Beatrice, in her bitter penury, would gladly have accepted in lieu of her own.

¹ Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, in Macpherson's documents from Nairne's Collection in the Scotch college.

Marlborough's correspondence is thus alluded to by the chevalier de St. George, in one of his droll letters to the earl of Middleton, dated Arras, July 25, 1710:—

"I shall not write to the queen to-day, having nothing to say to her more than what is done. Present my duty to her. . . . I have at last quite done with physic, and I hope with my ague, and that with only ten doses of quinquina; but I shall still keep possession of my gatehouse till the army removes, which must be soon. Our Hector [Villars] doth talk of fighting in his chariot, but I don't believe him, especially now that the conferences of peace are certainly renewed. . . . You will have seen, before this, Gurney's [Marlborough's] letter to Daniel [Berwick], and another to Hector, in which Follette's [queen Mary Beatrice's] children [himself and the princess his sister] are mentioned. I find Hector very willing to do anything in his power for him."¹

The rest of the letter is very lively and amusing, but chiefly relating to a masked ball, at which he had been present. In his next he says, "I was surprised to find by my sister's letter of the 30th, that the queen had been ill at Marli, but am mighty glad it is so well over. Present her my duty."

Mary Beatrice and her daughter wrote very frequently to the chevalier de St. George during his absence with the army. Their letters, if preserved, would be of no common interest, endearing and confidential as the style of both these royal ladies was, considering, too, the romantic position occupied by the prince. As for him, he was just two-and-twenty, and writes with all the gayety of his uncle, Charles II., at the same age.²

"I gave the maréchal, he says, "this day the queen's packet [containing her letter to Marlborough], which I reckon gone by this time. Though Follette has said nothing of her children, yet Hector has again writ about them. I could not put off his writing about them till I heard from you, because he had now no other pretence, as I thought he had. Pray send me back Gurney's [Marlborough's] letter to him [Villars], for he wants the name of the colonel that is in it."

Mary Beatrice, meantime, to spare herself the painful attempt at keeping up the shadowy imitation of a royal court, had withdrawn with her daughter, the princess

¹ Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, in Macpherson's documents from Nairne's collection in the Scotch college.

² See his playful letter to the earl of Middleton, from the camp at Arlien, dated June 2d, in Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii. p. 152, octavo edition.

Louisa, to her apartments in the convent of Chaillot, where they lived in the deepest retirement. Her majesty occasionally paid flying visits to St. Germain, for the purpose of holding councils and transacting business; but her ministers, generally, came to wait on her at the convent.

The manner in which the royal widow passed her time when on a visit to the convent of Chaillot is thus detailed by one of the ecclesiastics attached to that foundation:—"At eight o'clock she rises, having previously read the epistle and gospel for the day after the morrow, with great attention, and after that some of the circular-letters of the convent, containing the records of departed sisters of the order of distinguished piety. She possesses," continues our author, "a perfect knowledge of the blessed Scriptures, as well as the writings of our holy founder; so that she is able to cite the finest passages on occasion, which she always does so much to the purpose that one knows not which to admire most, the eloquence of her words, or the aptness of her wit. She knows Latin, French, Italian, and English, and will talk consecutively in each of these languages, without mixing them, or making the slightest mistake. But that which is the most worthy of observation in this princess is the admirable charity and moderation with which she speaks of every one. Of her enemies she would rather not speak,—following the precept of our holy founder, 'that when nothing good can be said, it is best to say nothing.' She has never used one word of complaint or invective of any of them, neither has she betrayed impatience of their prosperity, or joy at their sufferings. She said little of them, and recommended those about her to imitate her example; yet she assured us that she had no difficulty in forgiving them, but rather pleasure. If she heard either good or evil news, she recognized the hand of God in both alike, often repeating the words of the holy Psalmist,—I was silent, and opened not my mouth, for it is thou, Lord, that hast done it."¹

From the same authority we learn, that on leaving her chamber the queen always entered her oratory, where she

¹ Records of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

spent an hour in her private devotions; she afterwards attended the public services of the church, then returned to dress for the day. She either dined in her own chamber, or in the refectory with the community, where she seated herself in the midst of the sisters, near the abbess. Her ladies occupied a table by themselves; she was always served by two of the nuns. At ten o'clock one of the sisters read to her, for half an hour, from the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis, or some good book on the love of God. She observed all the regulations of the convent when with the community, and read, listened, meditated, or worked with them, as if she had belonged to the order. If there were any sick persons in the infirmary, she always visited them in the course of the day. During her retreats to Chaillot she received visits from the dauphin, dauphiness, and almost all the princesses of the blood. She once assisted at the profession of a novice, whom she led by the hand to the altar to receive the veil, and bestowed upon her her own name, Marie Beatrice.¹ The reverence, modesty, and profound silence which she observed at church were very edifying. If they brought to her letters from her son, she never opened them in that holy place, nor withdrew till the service was concluded, when she retired into the sacristy and read them there, as she had formerly done with regard to those from the king, her late royal husband.²

Motives of economy had, doubtless, as much to do with these retreats of the exiled queen to the convent of Chaillot as devotion. She could live with the princess her daughter and their ladies at a very trifling expense, in a place where simplicity of dress and abstemiousness of diet, instead of incurring sarcastic observations, were regarded as virtues. The self-denying habits practised by Mary Beatrice while an inmate of this convent neither resulted from superstition nor parsimony, but from a conscientious reluctance to expend more than was absolutely necessary upon herself in a time of general suffering and scarcity. One day, when she was indisposed, and dining in her own apartment at Chaillot, the two nuns who waited upon her ob-

¹ Records of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

² Ibid.

served that she was vexed at something, and spoke angrily to lady Strickland, the keeper of her privy-purse, whose office it was to superintend the purveyances for the queen's private table. As her majesty spoke in English, the nuns did not understand what it was that had displeased her; but in the evening she said, "she was sorry that she had spoken so sharply to lady Strickland, who had served her faithfully for nearly thirty years." The nuns took the liberty of inquiring what that lady had done to annoy her majesty. "She thought," said the queen, "that, as I was not well, I should like some young partridges for my dinner; but they are very dear at this time, and I confess I was angry that such costly dainties should be procured for me, when so many faithful followers are in want of bread at St. Germain's.¹ It is true," continued her majesty, "that all the emigrants are not persons who have lost their fortunes for our sakes. Too many who apply to me for relief are ruined spendthrifts, gamblers, and people of dissipated lives, who have never cared for the king nor me, but came over to be maintained in idleness out of our pittance, to the loss and discredit of more honorable men. Those sort of people," she said, "were more importunate for relief than any other, and had caused her great annoyance by their irregularities, for she was somehow considered responsible for the misdeemeanors of every member of the British emigration."

The keepers of the royal forest and preserves of St. Germain-en-laye once made a formal complaint to our unfortunate queen, that her purveyors had purchased poached game belonging to his most Christian majesty for her table. Mary Beatrice was indignant at the charge, and protested "that it was incredible." They assured her, in reply, "that they could bring ample proofs of the allegation, having traced the game into the château."—"Then," retorted her majesty, with some warmth, "it must have been poached by Frenchmen, for I am sure the English are too honorable and honest to do anything of the kind;" and turning to the vicar of St. Germain's, who was present, she asked him "if he thought they were capable of such malpractices as

¹ Diary of Chaillot, MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

poaching?"—"Alas! madame," exclaimed the old ecclesiastic, "it is the besetting sin of your people. I verily believe that if I were dressed in hare-skin, they would poach me."¹ The queen then gave orders that, for the time to come, no game should be purchased for her table, or even brought into the château, unless accompanied by a satisfactory account of whence it came, lest she should be in any way implicated in the evil deeds of her followers. Doubtless the well-stocked preserves of his French majesty were somewhat the worse for the vicinity of fox-hunting Jacobite squires, and other starving members of the British colony at St. Germain's who had been accustomed to sylvan sports, and had no other means of subsistence than practising their wood-craft illegally on their royal neighbor's hares and pheasants. Mary Beatrice was the more annoyed at these trespasses, because it appeared an ungrateful return for the kindness and hospitality that had been accorded to herself, her family, and followers by Louis XIV., who had always allowed the use of his dogs and the privilege of the chase to her late consort and their son.

While at Chaillot, the queen and her daughter were invited to the marriage of the dauphin's third son, the duke de Berri, with mademoiselle d'Orleans; but they were both at that time so depressed in spirits by the sufferings of their faithful friends at St. Germain's, and the failure of all present hope for the restoration of the house of Stuart, that they were reluctant to sadden the nuptial rite by their appearance. The king of France, knowing how unhappy they were, excused them from assisting at the ceremonial, but the court ladies were ordered to be in grand costume for their state-visit of congratulation at Marli the following evening. When they arrived, the princes and princesses and great nobles were disposed at different card-tables, and, according to the etiquette of that time, the queen and princess made their visits of congratulation at each of them. They then returned to their calm abode at Chaillot, without participation in the diversions of the court.²

¹ Diary of Chaillot, MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

² Mémoires de St. Simon, vol. viii. p. 366.

The chevalier de St. George returned from the army at the end of the campaign, ill and out of spirits. He came to see his mother and sister at Chaillot, by whom he was tenderly welcomed: all three assisted at the commemorative service of their church on the 16th of September, the anniversary of James II.'s death. The next day the chevalier escorted his sister, the princess Louisa, back to St. Germain; but Mary Beatrice, who always passed several days at that mournful season in absolute retirement, remained at the convent for that purpose. She was also suffering from indisposition, it appears, from an observation in the following affectionate little billet, which the princess Louisa wrote to her beloved parent before she went to bed:—

“MADAME:—

“I cannot refrain from writing to your majesty this evening, not being able to wait till to-morrow, as the groom does not go till after dinner. I am here only in person, for my heart and soul are still at Chaillot, at your feet, too happy if I could flatter myself that your majesty has thought one moment this evening on your poor daughter, who can think of nothing but you. We arrived here just as it was striking nine. The king, thank God, is very little fatigued, and has eaten a good supper. You will have the goodness to pardon this sad scrawl, but having only just arrived, my writing-table is in great disorder. I hope this will find your majesty much better than we left you, after a good night's rest.

“I am, with more respect than ever, your majesty's most humble and obedient daughter and servant,

“LOUISE MARIE.

“At St. Germain, this 17th Sept., in the evening.”¹

Most precious, of course, must this unaffected tribute of filial devotion have been to her to whom it was addressed. The faded ink and half-obliterated characters of the crumpled and almost illegibly-scribbled letter, which was too soon to become a relic of the young warm-hearted writer, testify how often it has been bathed in a mother's tears. Mary Beatrice made her daughter very happy, by writing to her by her son's physician, Dr. Wood; and her royal highness responds, with all the ardor of devoted love, in the following pleasant letter:—

¹ Chaillot MSS., in the hôtel de Soubise.

"MADAME:—

"Mr. Wood gave me yesterday the letter your majesty has done me the honor of writing to me. I received it with inexpressible joy, for nothing can equal the pleasure I feel in hearing from you, when I have the misfortune to be absent from you. I am delighted that you are improved in health, and I hope you will be sufficiently recovered to-morrow to undertake the journey with safety. I cannot tell you how impatient I am to kiss your majesty's hand, and to tell you, by word of mouth, that I can see nothing, nor attend to anything, when I am away from you. The last few days I have passed here have been weary, for I care for nothing without you.

"Yesterday and to-day have seemed to me like two ages. Yesterday I had not even the king, my brother, for you know he was the whole day at Versailles, I could do nothing but pace up and down the balcony, and, I am sorry to say, only went to the *récollets*."

Meaning, that she attended one of the short services in the Franciscan convent. Her royal highness, however, goes on to confess to her absent mamma that she provided herself with better amusement in the sequel, for she says:—

"In the evening, finding a good many of the young people had assembled themselves together below, I sent in quest of a violin, and we danced country-dances till the king returned, which was not till supper-time. I could write till to-morrow without being able to express half the veneration and respect that I owe to your majesty, and, if I might presume to add, the tenderness I cherish for you, if you will permit that term to the daughter of the best of mothers, and who will venture to add, that her inclination, even more than her duty, compels her to respect and honor your majesty more than it is possible either to imagine or express, and which her heart alone can feel."¹

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germain's towards the end of September, and spent the winter there with her children. She and her son held their separate little courts under the same roof,—he as king, and she as queen-mother of England, with all the ceremonials of royalty. Their poverty would have exposed them to the sarcasms of the French courtiers and wits, if compassion for their misfortunes and admiration for the dignity with which the fallen queen had supported all her trials had not invested her with romantic interest in the eyes of a chivalric nation. From the monarch on the throne to the humblest of his subjects, all regarded her as an object of reverential sympathy.

¹ From the original French autograph letter, preserved among the Chaillot collection, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

On the death of the dauphin, in April, 1711, Louis XIV. sent his grand-chamberlain, the duc de Bouillon, to announce his loss to Mary Beatrice and her son; this was done with the same ceremony as if they had been in reality what he thought proper to style them, the king and queen-mother of Great Britain. Mary Beatrice paid Louis a private visit of sympathy at Marli, on the day his son was interred. Her daughter the princess Louisa accompanied her, but it was observed that her majesty left her in the coach, for the dauphin had died of the small-pox, and she feared to expose her darling to the risk of the infection by allowing her to enter the palace. She excused the absence of her son for the same reason. State-visits of condolence were afterwards paid by her and her son in due form to every member of the royal family. These were returned, on the 21st of April, by the French princes and princesses in a body, greatly resembling a funeral procession, for the ladies wore mourning hoods, and the gentlemen muffling cloaks. Their first visit was paid to the chevalier de St. George, where the respect claimed by his titular rank as king of England forbade the mourners to be seated; after a few solemn compliments had been exchanged, they were ushered into the presence-chamber of queen Mary Beatrice, who was, with all her ladies, in deep mourning. Six *fau-teuils* were placed for the accommodation of the privileged,—namely, herself, her son, the new dauphin and dauphiness, and the duke and duchess of Berri. The latter, as the wife of a grandson of France, took precedence of her parents, the duke and duchess of Orleans, who were only allowed folding chairs.¹ When the party were seated, Mary Beatrice apologized for not being herself *en mante*,—that is to say, dressed in a mourning hood to receive them; but this, as she always wore the veil and garb of a widow, was incompatible with her own costume, in which she could not make any alteration. When this was repeated to Louis XIV., he kindly said, “he would not have wished her to do violence to her feelings by altering her costume to assume a mourning hood, even if it had been for himself

¹ St. Simon.

instead of his son, the dauphin."¹ After the prince and princesses had conversed with Mary Beatrice a few minutes, they all rose, and signified their wish "of returning the visits of her royal highness the princess of England," as the youngest daughter of James II. was always styled in France, but the queen prevented them by sending for her. She was satisfied that they were prepared to pay her daughter that punctilious mark of respect. The princess had absented herself, because it was proper that her visits of condolence should be separately acknowledged, and also because etiquette forbade her to sit in her mother's presence on this occasion; and if she stood, the French princesses must also do so, for, as a king's daughter, she took precedence of them all.

In the summer of 1711 the chevalier de St. George made an *incognito* tour through many of the provinces of France; and Mary Beatrice, to avoid the expense of keeping up her melancholy imitation of queenly state at St. Germain's in his absence, withdrew with the princess her daughter to her favorite retreat at Chaillot. It was within the walls of that convent alone that the hapless widow of James II. enjoyed a temporary repose from the cares and quarrels that harassed her in her exiled court,—a court made up of persons of ruined fortunes, with breaking hearts, and tempers soured by disappointment; who, instead of being united in that powerful bond of friendship which a fellowship in suffering for the same cause should have knit, were engaged in constant altercations and struggles for pre-eminence. Who can wonder that the fallen queen preferred the peaceful cell of a recluse from the world and its turmoils to the empty parade of royalty, which she was condemned to support in her borrowed palace at St. Germain's, where every chamber had its separate intrigues, and whenever she went abroad for air and exercise, or for the purpose of attending the service of her church, she was beset with the importunities of starving petitioners, who, with cries and moving words, or the more touching appeal of pale cheeks and tearful eyes, besought

¹ St. Simon.

her for that relief which she had no means of bestowing. Even her youthful daughter, who by nature was inclined to enjoy the amusements of the court, and the sylvan pastimes of the forest or the pleasant banks of the Seine with her beloved companions, and to look on Chaillot as a very lugubrious place, now regarded it as a refuge from the varied miseries with which she saw her royal mother oppressed at St. Germain. They arrived at the convent on the 20th of July, and were received by the abbess and the nuns with the usual marks of respect. The following day the queen had the satisfaction of reading a letter written by the bishop of Strasbourg to the abbé Roguette, full of commendations of her son, whom he had seen during his travels. Mary Beatrice was so much delighted with the tenor of this letter and the quaint simplicity of the style that she requested it might be put in the drawer of the archives of James II., to be kept with other contemporary records, which she carefully preserved, of her royal consort and their son. The next day she received a letter from the chevalier himself, giving an account of some of the most interesting objects he had noticed during his travels. Among other things, he mentioned "having visited the hospital and the silk-factories of Lyons. In the latter, he had been struck with surprise at seeing 2000 reels worked by one wheel,"¹—an observation from which we learn that France was much in advance of England in machinery at the beginning of the last century, and that looms, worked by water instead of hands, performed on a small scale at Lyons some of the wonders which we see achieved by the power of steam at Manchester and Glasgow in the present age. Like all the royal Stuarts, the son of James II. took a lively interest in the arts of peaceful life and the progress of domestic civilization. His letters to his mother, during this tour, abounded with remarks on these subjects. Mary Beatrice expressed great satisfaction to her friends at Chaillot at the good sense which led him to acquaint himself with matters likely to conduce to the happiness of his people, in case it should be the will of God to call him to the

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

throne of England. The nuns were much more charmed at the prince telling his royal mother, "that he had been desirous of purchasing for the princess, his sister, one of the most beautiful specimens of the silks made at Lyons for a petticoat, but they had not shown him any that he thought good enough for her use. He had, however, wisely summoned female taste to his aid, by begging madame *l'intendante* to undertake the choice for him, and she had written to him, 'that she believed she had succeeded better than his majesty; so he hoped his sister would have a petticoat of the most rich and splendid brocade that could be procured, to wear in the winter, when she left off her mourning'"¹ The genuine affection for his sister, which is indicated by this little trait, may well atone for its simplicity. Mary Beatrice, having no allowance of any kind for her daughter, was precluded by her poverty from indulging her maternal pride by decking her in rich array. The chevalier de St. George, who had enough of the Frenchman in him to attach some importance to the subject of dress, was perhaps aware of deficiencies in the wardrobe of his fair sister, when he took so much pains to procure for her a dress calculated to give her, on her reappearance at the French court, the *éclat* of a splendid toilette to set off her natural charms.

The pure, unselfish affection which united the disinherited son and daughter of James II. and his queen in exile and poverty affords a remarkable contrast to the political jealousies and angry passions which inflamed the hearts of their triumphant sisters, Mary and Anne, against each other, when they had succeeded in driving their father from his throne, and supplanting their brother in the regal succession. Mary Beatrice always trembled lest her daughter, the princess Louisa, should be induced to listen to the flattering insinuations of persons in her court, who scrupled not to say that nature had fitted her better for a throne than her brother. The duke of Perth, when governor to the prince, always entreated him to imitate the gracious and popular manners of his sister, telling him "that he

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

ought to make it his study to acquire that which was with her free and spontaneous.”¹ The princess received a very amusing letter from her brother on the 3d of August, informing her that he had been to Valence, and afterwards paid an *incognito* visit to the army under the command of the duke of Berwick, in Dauphiny. The queen permitted her daughter to gratify the sisters of Chaillot by reading this letter aloud to them at the evening recreation, at which they were delighted; the fond mother herself, although she had read it previously, could not refrain from commending the witty and agreeable style in which it was written. She told the nuns, “that her son would certainly render himself greatly beloved and esteemed wherever he went;” adding, that she had been surprised at what he had written to lord Middleton about two deserters from the regiment of Berwick, who had gone over to the enemy’s army, and surrendered themselves to general Raon, a German, who commanded the army of the duke of Savoy. When they arrived, general Raon was with the bailli of a French village, who had come to treat about a contribution; being informed of the circumstance, he ordered them to be brought before him, but instead of giving them the flattering reception they doubtless anticipated, and asking for intelligence of their camp, he said to them, very sternly, “You are very base to desert your army; and what renders your conduct still more infamous is, your doing so at the time the king of England, your master, is there.”²—“I was surprised,” continued the queen “to learn that a German had so much politeness as to venture to give my son the name of king.”—“It seems, madame,” observed the nuns, “as if he had a secret presentiment that the time decreed by Providence is approaching for a happy revolution. The boldness of Mr. Dundas makes us think so; for otherwise, according to the justice, or rather, we ought to say, the injustice of England, he would have been punished for his speech.”—“No,” replied the queen, “they cannot do him any harm; and his speech has been printed in Eng-

¹ Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

² Ibid.

land, and dispersed throughout Scotland, and everywhere else." ¹

It is amusing to find the cloistered sisters of Chaillot talking of the speech of an Edinburgh advocate, but not surprising, since the widowed queen of James II., who still continued to be the central point to which all the Jacobite correspondence tended, held her privy councils at this time within their grate, and constantly discussed with her ladies, before the favorite members of the community who had the honor of waiting on her, the signs of the times, and the hopes or fears which agitated her for the cause of her son. If one of the state-ministers of France visited Mary Beatrice and made any particular communication to her, and she prudently kept silence on the subject, its nature was divined by her looks, or the effect it produced on her spirits, and in due time the mystery unravelled itself. In regard, however, to the speech of Mr. Dundas, of Arniston, there was no necessity for secrecy, for the sturdy Scot had fearlessly perilled life and limb to give publicity to his treasonable affection for the representative of the exiled house of Stuart, and his audacity was regarded as a favorable indication of public feeling towards the cause of that unfortunate prince. Mary Beatrice had sent some silver medals of her son to several of her old friends in England; among the rest, to that errant Jacobite lady, the duchess of Gordon. These medals bore the profile of the chevalier de St. George, with a superscription endowing him with the title of James III., king of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. On the reverse was the map of the Britannic empire, with a legend, implying that these dominions would be restored to him as their rightful king.

The duchess of Gordon, to try how the lawyers of Scotland stood affected towards a counter-revolution, sent one of these medals as a present to the dean of the faculty of advocates. It was received by that learned body with enthusiasm, and Robert Dundas, of Arniston, being deputed to convey their acknowledgments to her grace, told her,

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice. See, also, Macpherson's History of England, and Lockhart Papers.

“that the faculty of advocates thanked her for presenting them with the medal of their sovereign lord the king, and hoped her grace would soon have the opportunity of sending them a medal to commemorate the restoration of the king and royal family, and the finishing of rebellion, usurpation, treason, and whiggery.”¹ Such was the weakness of queen Anne’s regnal power in Scotland at that time, that no notice was taken of this seditious declaration till the Hanoverian envoy complained of it to the queen. In consequence of his representation, orders were given to sir David Dalrymple, the lord-advocate, to proceed against Dundas; but the prosecution was presently dropped. Dundas printed his speech, and boldly defended it in a still more treasonable pamphlet, which, in due time, found its way, not only to St. Germain’s, but to the convent of Chaillot, and was highly relished by the nuns.

Once, when the prospects of the restoration of the exiled Stuarts to the throne of Britain were discussed, the princess Louisa said, “For my part, I am best pleased to remain in ignorance of the future.”—“It is one of the greatest mercies of God that it is hidden from our sight,” observed the queen. “When I first passed over to France, if any one had told me I should have to remain there two years, I should have been in despair; and I have now been here upwards of two-and-twenty,—God, who is the ruler of our destinies, having so decreed.”—“It seems to me, madame,” said the princess, “that persons who, like myself, have been born in adversity, are less to be pitied than those who have suffered a reverse. Never having tasted good fortune, they are not so sensible of their calamities; besides, they always have hope to encourage them. Were it not,” continued she, “for that, it would be very melancholy to pass the fair season of youth in a life so full of sadness.”²

Sister Catharine Angelique told her royal highness that her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, was accustomed to thank God that he had made her a queen, and an unfortunate queen. “Thus, madame,” continued the old *religieuse*,

¹ Macpherson’s History of England.

² MS. Diary of a nun of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

"it is, in reality, a great blessing that your royal highness has not found yourself in a position to enjoy the pleasures and distinctions pertaining to your rank and age." "Truly," said the queen, turning to her daughter, "I regard it in the same light, and have often been thankful, both on your account and that of my son, that you are, at present, even as you are. The inclination you both have for pleasure might otherwise have carried you beyond due bounds."¹ Such were the lessons of Christian philosophy with which the royal mother endeavored to reconcile her children to the dispensations of Divine Providence, which had placed them in a situation so humiliating to their pride, and that ambition which is generally a propensity inseparable from royal blood. Catharine Angelique told the queen and princess, "that their royal foundress," as she called queen Henrietta Maria, "in the midst of her misfortunes, was glad to be a queen; and that she would sometimes say, 'It is always a fine title, and I should not like to relinquish it.'"—"For my part," observed Mary Beatrice, "I can truly say that I never found any happiness in that envied title. I never wished to be queen of England; for I loved king Charles very sincerely, and was so greatly afflicted at his death that I dared not show how much I grieved for his loss, lest I should have been accused of grimace."² It was during one of those conversations that the name of the late queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, being brought up, the princess Louisa asked her mother if there were any grounds for the reported partiality of that queen for the earl of Feversham? "No," replied Mary Beatrice: "not the slightest."—"It is very strange," observed the princess, thoughtfully, "how such invidious rumors get into circulation; but," continued she, "the prudence of your majesty's conduct has been such as to defy scandal itself, which has never dared to attack your name."—"You are too young to know anything about such matters, my child," replied the queen, gravely. "Pardon me, madame," rejoined the princess, "these things are always known; for, as one of the ancient poets has said of

¹ MS. Diary of a nun of Chaillot.² Ibid.

princes, 'Their faults write themselves in the public records of their times.'"¹

Mary Beatrice enjoyed unwonted repose of mind and body at this season. She had cast all her cares on a higher power, and passed her time quietly in the cloister, in the society of her lovely and beloved daughter, in whose tender affection she tasted as much happiness as her widowed heart was capable of experiencing. The lively letters of her son, who was an excellent correspondent, cheered the royal recluse, and furnished conversation for the evening hours of recreation, when the nuns were permitted to relax their thoughts from devotional subjects, and join in conversation, or listen to that of their illustrious inmates. It was then that Mary Beatrice would occasionally relieve her overburdened mind by talking of the events of her past life, and deeply is it to be regretted, that only disjointed fragments remain of the diary kept by the nun who employed herself in recording the reminiscences of the fallen queen. Occasionally the holy sister enters into particulars more minute than interesting to the general reader, such as the days on which her majesty took medicine, and very often the drugs of which it was compounded are enumerated. Successive does of quinquina, with white powder of whalebone, and the waters of St. Remi, appear to have been a standing prescription with her. By the skill of her French surgeon, Beaulieu, the progress of the cancer had been arrested so completely that it was regarded at this period as almost cured. Whether this were attributable to her perseverance in the above prescription, or to the diversion caused in her favor by a painful abscess, which fixed on one of her fingers at this time, may be a question, perhaps, among persons skilled in the healing art. Mary Beatrice suffered severely with her finger, and her sufferings were aggravated by the tedious proceedings of Beaulieu, who had become paralytic in her service, and though his right hand had lost its cunning, was so tenacious of his office that he would not suffer any one to touch his royal mistress but himself. Her ladies, and even the nuns, were

¹ MS. Diary of a nun of Chaillot.

annoyed at seeing his ineffectual attempts at performing operations with a trembling, uncertain hand, and said he ought not to be allowed to put the queen to so much unnecessary pain ; but Mary Beatrice, who valued the infirm old man for his faithful services in past years, bore every thing with unruffled patience.¹ It was a principle of conscience with her never to wound the feelings of those about her if she could avoid it. She was very careful not to distinguish one of her ladies more than another by any particular mark of attention, for all were faithfully attached to her. How much milder her temper was considered by persons of low degree than that of one of her ladies may be inferred from the following whimsical incident : One day, at dinner, she complained "that the glass they had brought her was too large and heavy for her hand," and asked for that out of which she was accustomed to drink, which she said "was both lighter and prettier." The young domestic probationer who washed the glass and china belonging to her majesty's table hearing this, ran in great fright to the *économé*, and confessed that she had the misfortune to break the queen of England's drinking-glass. "I don't mind the queen knowing that it was I who did it," said she, "but I hope she will not tell lady Strickland." Mary Beatrice was much amused when this was repeated to her, and laughed heartily at the simplicity of the poor girl.² The same damsel, whose name was Claire Antoinette Constantin, being about to take the veil as an humble sister of that convent, expressed an earnest desire, the night before her profession, to make a personal confession to the queen of England of an injury she had been the cause of her suffering, for that she could not be happy to enter upon her new vocation till she had received her pardon. The unfortunate widow of James II., having had painful experience of the deceitfulness and ingratitude of human nature, doubtless expected to listen to an acknowledgment of treacherous practices with regard to her private papers, or letters, that had been productive of mischief to her interests and the cause of her son, when she consented to see the peni-

¹ MS. Diary of a nun of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

tent offender, who, throwing herself at her feet, with great solemnity confessed a peccadillo that inclined her majesty to smile. She spake the girl kindly, and having talked with her about her profession, sent her away with a light heart. Mary Beatrice met one of the nuns in the gallery presently after, to whom she said, laughing at the same time, "Do you know that sister Claire Antoinette has just been asking my pardon for causing me the afflicting loss of a little silver cup and two coffee spoons."—"It was derogatory to your majesty for her to say that you could feel any trouble for such a loss," replied the nun; "but she hardly knew what she said when she found herself in the presence of royalty." The queen condescended to assist at the profession of the humble Claire Antoinette.¹

The 19th of September being a very rainy day, the queen did not expect any visitors, and was surprised at seeing one of the dauphiness's pages ride into the court: he came to announce that her royal highness intended to pay her majesty and the princess of England a visit after dinner. Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, was then dauphiness: she arrived with her retinue at four o'clock, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the duchess de Berri. The abbess received them at the grate, and the princess Louisa came to meet them in the cloister leading to the queen's suite of apartments. As soon as the dauphiness saw her, she signified to her train-bearer that she did not require him to attend her farther; and it seems she disencumbered herself of her train at the same time, for our circumstantial chronicler says, "she went to the princess of England *en corpo*," which means in her bodice and petticoat, without the royal mantle of state, which was made so as to be thrown off or assumed at pleasure. The princess Louisa conducted the royal guests into the presence of the queen, who, being indisposed, was on her bed. Mary Beatrice greeted the kind Adelaide in these words, "What has induced you, my dear dauphiness, to come and dig out the poor old woman in her cell?" The dauphiness made an

¹ Diary of the nun of Chaillot; inedited MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

affectionate reply. "I don't know exactly what she said," continues our Chaillot chronicler, "but the queen told me that she conversed with her apart very tenderly, while the princess entertained the duchess de Berri." After some time, her majesty told her daughter to show the duchess de Berri the house, and the dauphiness remained alone with her. When the princess and the duchess returned, the dauphiness begged the queen to allow the princess to take a walk with her, to which a willing assent being given, they went out together. The heavy rain having rendered the gardens unfit for the promenade, the royal friends returned into the house, and the princess took the dauphiness to see the work, with which she seemed much pleased; they afterwards rejoined Mary Beatrice in her apartment. "As it was Saturday afternoon, and past four o'clock," continues our authority, "her majesty did not offer a collation to the dauphiness, but only fish and bread, with a flask of Muscat."¹

The dauphiness, the same day, gave orders to the duchess de Lauzun, that there should be a party made for the chase in the Bois de Boulogne on purpose for the princess of England, and a supper prepared for her at the house of the duchess at Passy. There were two great obstacles in the way of the princess enjoying this pleasure, which the poverty of her royal mother apparently rendered insurmountable: she had neither a horse that she could safely mount, nor a riding-dress fit for her to appear in before the gay and gallant court of France. Bitter mortifications those for a youthful beauty, and she the daughter of a king. The amiable dauphiness, however, who had either been informed of these deficiencies, or guessed the state of her unfortunate cousin's stud and wardrobe appointments, sent one of her equerries, on the morning of the important day, with a beautiful well-trained palfrey from her own stable for the princess's use, together with a splendid riding-dress. She wrote, at the same time, to the queen, "entreating her to permit the princess to join the hunting-party on horseback,

¹ Diary of the nun of Chaillot; inedited MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

for she had sent one of the horses she had been herself accustomed to mount for her to ride ;" adding, "that she hoped her majesty would excuse the liberty she had ventured to take in presenting, also, one of her own hunting-dresses to her royal highness the princess of England, the time being too short to allow of having a new one made on purpose." The pride of a vulgar mind might have been offended at this little circumstance, but Mary Beatrice, though her naturally lofty spirit had been rendered more painfully sensitive by her great reverse of fortune, fully appreciated the affectionate freedom of her royal kinswoman, and wrote her with her own hand, in reply, "that it would be very unkind to refuse what was so kindly meant and courteously offered ; that she thanked her very sincerely, and assured her that she should have much joy in the pleasure that had been provided for her child."¹ On the Tuesday following, Mary Beatrice considered it proper to pay a visit to the king of France at Versailles, and to thank the dauphiness for her attention to her daughter. It cost her a struggle to emerge from her present quiet abode to present herself at court again, after so long an absence. She said, several times, "I am getting such an old woman, that I feel embarrassed myself on such occasions, and shall only be a restraint on others." She took her young bright Louisa with her to Versailles, to make all the round of state-visits to the members of the royal family. Her majesty wore a black mantle and cap, but the princess was in full court costume: they returned to the convent at eight in the evening.

Mary Beatrice wished to make a round of visits to the religious houses of Paris, and especially to the sisters of St. Antoine ; but, as the pestilence was raging in that city, she was deterred, from the fear of exposing her daughter to the infection. She had promised the princess the pleasure of going to the Italian comedy at this time, and a day was fixed ; but the evening before, lady Middleton represented to the queen that it might be attended with danger to the

¹ Diary of the nun of Chaillot; inedited MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

princess, as Paris was so full of bad air; on which her majesty told her daughter, "that although it gave her some pain to deprive her of so small a pleasure, she could not allow her to go." The princess had reckoned very much upon it, but said her majesty's kindness quite consoled her for her disappointment.¹ Never was a mother more devotedly loved and honored than was Mary Beatrice by her sweet daughter, who had now become her friend and companion. One day, when she had allowed the princess to go *incognita* to Paris with lady Middleton, to dine with madame Rothes, the married daughter of that lady, she could not help repeating many times during dinner, "It must be owned that we miss my daughter very much." Mary Beatrice, notwithstanding her fears of exposing that precious one to the danger of entering the infected city, was persuaded to take her with her to the church of the English Benedictines, when she went to pay her annual visit of sorrowful remembrance to the remains of her lamented lord, king James, which still remained unburied, under a sable canopy surmounted with the crown of England, in the aisle of St. Jacques, though ten years had passed away since his death. To avoid attracting attention, or the appearance of display, the royal widow and orphan daughter of that unfortunate prince went in a hired coach, attended by only two ladies, the duchess of Perth and the countess of Middleton, to pay this mournful duty, and to offer up their prayers in the holy privacy of a grief too deep to brook the scrutiny of public curiosity. On one or two previous occasions the coach of the exiled queen had been recognized, and followed by crowds of persons of all degrees, who, in their eagerness to gaze on the royal heroine of this mournful romance of history, had greatly distressed and agitated her, even by the vehemence of their sympathy, —the French being then not only an excitable, but a venerative people, full of compassion for the calamities of royalty. Popular superstition had invested the deceased king with the name of a saint, and attributed to his perishable mortal remains the miraculous power of curing diseases.

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este.

His bier was visited by pilgrims from all parts of France, and on this occasion his faithful widow and daughter, shrouded in their mourning cloaks and veils, passed unnoticed among the less interesting enthusiasts who came to offer up their vows and prayers in the aisle of St. Jacques. Some persons outside the church asked the coachman whom he had driven there? The man, not being at all aware of the quality of the party, replied, "that he had brought two old gentlewomen, one middle aged, and a young lady."¹

This unceremonious description beguiled the fallen queen of England of a smile, perhaps from the very revulsion of feeling caused by its contrast to the reverential and elaborate titles with which royal personages are accustomed to hear themselves styled. Queen now only by courtesy, deprived of pomp, power, and royal attributes, Mary Beatrice had gained by her adversity better things than she had lost,—patience, resignation, and sufficient philosophy to regard the distinctions of this world and its vanities in their true light; yet, like all human creatures, she had her imperfections. That quaintly minute chronicler, the nun of Chaillot, records, "that she once saw her royal friend visibly discomposed for a very slight matter, and that, strange to say, caused by an unwonted act of awkwardness on the part of her daughter, the princess Louisa, who, in drawing the soup to her at dinner, spilt it on the tablecloth, and all over the queen's napkin. Her majesty's color rose, she looked angry, but said nothing." In the evening she confessed that "she felt so much irritated at the moment, that she had with great difficulty restrained herself from giving vent to her annoyance in words;" she severely censured herself at the same time, for allowing her temper to be ruffled by such a trifle. Mary Beatrice bore a serious trial, soon after, with the equanimity of a heroine and the dignity of a queen. On the day of St. Ursula, as she was about to enter the choir of the conventual church with her daughter, to perform her devo-

¹ The ladies Perth and Middleton, being the elders of the party, came under the description of the two old gentlewomen; the queen, of the middle-aged; and the princess, of the young lady.

tions, a letter was delivered to her from the duke de Lauzun, informing her that the negotiations for a peace between England and France had commenced, which must involve the repudiation of her son's title and cause by Louis XIV. Mary Beatrice read the letter attentively through without betraying the slightest emotion, then showed it to her daughter, who wept passionately. The queen turned into the aisle of St. Joseph, where, finding one of the nuns whom she sometimes employed as her private secretary, she requested her to write, in her name, to the duke de Lauzun, "thanking him for the kind attention he had shown in apprising her of what she had not before heard, and begging him to give her information of any further particulars that might come to his knowledge." She then entered the church, and attended the service, without allowing any confirmation to be read in her countenance of the ill news which the tearful eyes of the princess indicated that letter had communicated.¹ An anxious interest was excited on the subject among the sisters of Chaillot, who certainly were by no means devoid of the feminine attribute of curiosity. At dinner, Mary Beatrice betrayed no appearance of dejection, and no one ventured to ask a question. The next morning, at the hour of relaxation, seeing all the nuns near her, she said "she would impart to them something that was in the duke de Lauzun's letter,—namely, that their king had said at his levee, 'The English have offered me reasonable terms of peace, and the choice of three cities for the treaty.'" She said no more, and the abbess of Chaillot, taking up the discourse, rejoined, "But, madame, what advantage will your majesty and the king, your son, find in this peace?" The queen, instead of making a direct reply, said, "Peace is so great a blessing, that it ought to be rejoiced at; and we owe such signal obligations to France, that we cannot but wish for anything that is beneficial to it."² At supper she told the community the names of the plenipotentiaries on both sides. She said "that she had, as soon as she was informed of these particulars, written to her son to hasten his return,

¹ MS. Diary of the nun of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

because it would be desirable for her to see and consult with him on the steps proper to be taken for supporting his interests." The chevalier de St. George was then at Grenoble, from whence he wrote a long amusing letter to his sister, descriptive of the place and its history, and of the principal towns and ports he had visited. The princess read the letter aloud to the nuns, in the presence of her royal mother, who, though she had perused it before, listened with lively interest to all the details.

Mary Beatrice gave a medal of her son to the abbess of Chaillot, "which," says the recording sister of that community, "will be found among our archives, together with a copy of the speech made by sieur Dundas, in Scotland." The princess Louisa had given the duke de Lauzun one of these medals in the summer, and he, in return, presented to her, through his wife's relation, sister Louise de l'Orge, a nun in that convent, a miniature of the queen magnificently set with diamonds, in a very pretty shagreen box. The princess testified great joy at this present, but the queen appeared thoughtful and sad; at last she said, "I have been several times tempted to send it back. I see I am still very proud, for I cannot bear that any one should make presents to my daughter, when she is not able to make a suitable return. It is from the same principle of pride," continued her majesty, "that I cannot consent to allow my portrait to be painted now. One should not suffer one's self to be seen as old and ugly by those who might remember what one has been when young." She was, however, induced to allow the princess to retain the gift which had been so kindly presented by her old and faithful friend, de Lauzun.¹

At supper, on the 3d of November, some one told the queen "that the marshal Tallard had facetiously proposed to the ministers of queen Anne that the prince, whom they called the Pretender, should espouse their queen, as the best method of reconciling their differences."—"You are mistaken," said Mary Beatrice. "It was a priest who made that proposal, and I will tell you what he said at the recre-

¹ MS. Diary of the nun of Chaillot.

ation to-night." All were impatient to hear the right version of the story, and at the time appointed Mary Beatrice told them, with some humor, "that a witty Irish priest, having been summoned before a bench of magistrates for not taking the oath of abjuration, said to their worships, 'Would it not be best, in order to end these disputes, that your queen should marry the Pretender?' To which all present exclaimed, in a tone of horror, 'Why, he is her brother!'—'If so,' rejoined the priest, 'why am I required to take an oath against him?'"¹

The abbess of Chaillot asked the queen, in confidence, "if the reports about a peace were correct? and if so, whether anything for the relief of her majesty were likely to be stipulated in the treaty?" Mary Beatrice replied, "that the peace was certain to take place, and that she had some prospect of receiving her dower; but it must be kept a profound secret, because of the Irish, who would all be about her."² Her great anxiety was to pay her debts, of which by far the largest was what she owed to the convent of Chaillot; it gave her much pain, she said, that she had not been in a condition to pay the annual rent,—namely, 3000 livres, for the apartments she hired there, the arrears of which now amounted to a very large sum. The abbess took the opportunity of reminding her indigent royal tenant of the state of outstanding accounts between her majesty and that house. She said, "that in addition to the 18,000 livres her majesty had had the goodness to pay them, she had given them a promissory note for 42,000 more, being unpaid rent for the last fourteen years." Mary Beatrice was so bewildered at the formidable sound, in French figures, of a sum which did not amount to 2000*l.* of English money, that she could not remember having given such an engagement, and begged the abbess to let her see it. The abbess produced the paper out of the strong box, and her majesty, presently recollecting herself, freely acknowledged and confirmed it. The abbess in the evening called a council of the elders of the community on the subject, and they agreed that they ought to thank her majesty for what she

¹ Diary of the nun of Chaillot.

² *Ibid.*

had done. The very politeness of her creditors was painful to the sensitive feelings of the unfortunate queen. She interrupted them with great emotion, by saying, "that one of the greatest mortifications of her life was, to have seen how many years she had been lodging with them for nothing; and that they must attribute it to the unhappy state of her affairs, and to the extremity of that necessity which has no law."¹ Among all the sad records of the calamities of royalty, there are few pictures more heart-rending than that of the widow of a king of Great Britain reduced to the humiliation of making such an avowal. The money that should have been devoted to the payment of her rent at Chaillot had been extorted from her compassion by the miseries of the starving thousands by whom she was daily importuned for bread when at St. Germain. As long as the royal widow had a livre in her purse she could not resist the agonizing petitions of these unfortunates; and when all was gone, she fled to Chaillot, literally for refuge. She told the community "that they might reckon on her good offices, whenever they thought it might be in her power to be of service to them." One of the nuns who waited on Mary Beatrice took the liberty of approaching her when they were alone, and endeavored to soothe her wounded spirit by assuring her "that the abbess and sisters could never sufficiently acknowledge her goodness and her charity to their house; and that the whole community were truly grateful for the blessing of having her among them, for her example had inspired them with a new zeal for the performance of the duties of their religion;" adding, "that it gave their community great pain, when the poverty of their house compelled them to mention anything that was due to them; but they should all be most willing to wait her majesty's convenience." Mary Beatrice talked of changing her apartments for those lately occupied by mademoiselle de la Motte, which were only half the rent of hers, but it was begged that she would retain her own.²

The next day Mary Beatrice had the consolation of embracing her son, who arrived at Chaillot on the 4th of

¹ Diary of the nun of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

November, at nine in the morning, having slept at Chartres the preceding night. He entered alone, having hastened on before his retinue to greet his royal mother and sister. They both manifested excessive joy at seeing him ; he dined with them in her majesty's apartment, and the abbess waited on them at dinner. The queen and princess both said, several times, that he greatly resembled his late uncle, king Charles II. "This prince," says the recording sister of Chaillot, "is very tall and well formed, and very graceful. He has a pleasant manner, is very courteous and obliging, and speaks French well." After dinner, permission was asked of the queen for the community to have the honor of coming in to see the king, as they called her son. Her majesty assenting, they entered, and seated themselves on the ground, and listened with great interest to the chevalier's conversation, which consisted chiefly of his remarks on the various places he had visited during his late tour, on which, like other travellers, he delighted to discourse to reverential listeners. Mary Beatrice kindly sent for sister Louise de l'Orge, one of the nuns, who, although she was then in her retreat, was well pleased at being indulged with a peep at the royal visitor. Mary Beatrice announced her intention of returning to St. Germain with her son that evening, and said she would not make any adieus. She paid, however, a farewell visit after vespers to the tribune, where the heart of her beloved consort was enshrined, and then returned to her own apartment, and waited there while the princess took leave of the abbess and the community. Notwithstanding the joy of the princess at this reunion with her much-loved brother, she was greatly moved at parting from the kind nuns ; and when she bade adieu to her particular friend, sister Marguerite Henriette, she burst into tears. The queen herself was agitated : she said several times, "that she could not understand two conflicting inclinations in her mind,—her desire to return with her son, and her fear of quitting her home at Chaillot for the turmoils and difficulties that would beset her at St. Germain." ¹ At her departure, she said a few gracious words

¹ Diary of the nun of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

of acknowledgment, as she passed them, to those nuns who had had the honor of waiting upon her. Her beloved friend, Françoise Angelique Priolo, was in ill-health; and the following playful letter, without date, was probably written to her by Mary Beatrice, soon after her return to St. Germain:—

“Although you have preferred my daughter to me, in writing to her rather than to me, about which I will not quarrel with you, I must needs write two words to you to explain about the money that Dempster brings you. There are 22 louis, of which 200 livres must be taken for the half year of the perpetual mass; 29 for the two bills that you have given to Molza; and the rest to purchase a goat, whose milk will preserve and improve the health of my dear good mother. They assure me that they have sent the money for the wood.”

Endorsed—“To the mother Priolo.”¹

Mary Beatrice came to see her sick friend at the convent of Chaillot on the 9th of December, accompanied by the princess, her daughter, and returned the next day to St. Germain. The preliminary negotiations for the peace of Utrecht filled the exiled court with anxiety and stirring excitement. The duke of Marlborough renewed his secret correspondence with Mary Beatrice and her son, through the medium of his nephew, Berwick, and even committed himself so far as to confer personally with Tunstal, one of the emissaries of the earl of Middleton. In the curiously mystified official report of these conferences, written by the latter to Middleton, Mary Beatrice is, as usual, mentioned under two different feigned names; her dower is called her lawsuit, and Marlborough is styled the lawyer.

“I had two long conferences with him,” writes Tunstal, “about Mr. Bernhard’s lawsuit, and Mr. Kelly’s [the Pretender’s] affairs, as to both which he shows a good will, and gives, in appearance, sincere wishes; but how far he will be able to work effectually in the matter, I leave you to judge. First, as to Mr. Bernhard’s [the queen’s] deed; he says, it must be insisted upon in time, for he looks upon it as certain that an accommodation [peace] will be made; and if he shall be found capable of helping or signing this deed, he assures Mr. Bernhard [the queen] of his best services. But he believes measures are taken in such a manner that he shall be excluded from having any hand in concluding matters at Poncy [the peace].”²

¹ From the original French of an inedited letter of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

² Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

Tunstal goes on to state Marlborough's opinion, that the payment of the jointure of the widowed queen ought to be strenuously insisted upon; "and the gaining that point of the deed," continues he, "to be of great consequence, not only as to the making my lady Betty [queen Mary Beatrice] easy as to her own circumstances, but very much conducing to the advancing Mr. Anthony's [the chevalier St. George's] interest; and this not so much, again, as to the money itself, as to the grant of it, which cannot be refused, it being formerly conceded at Poney [the peace of Ryswick] and only diverted by the unworthiness of him who then ruled the roast,"¹ meaning William III. On the subject of the jointure, Marlborough begged Tunstal to assure Mary Beatrice, "that if the payment were put to the vote of parliament, it would find many supporters, who would be glad of the opportunity of making their compliments to her *à bonne grace*, and giving some testimony of their good-will; and if she thought that he were himself in a capacity to serve her in that matter, he would be glad of showing himself her humble servant." In the same conference, Marlborough begged that the prince would not listen to any proposal of taking refuge in the papal dominions; for if the queen consented to his doing that, it would be no better than ruining the cause of her son, and murdering him outright. He recommended some Protestant state as a more popular asylum, and declared—nay, solemnly swore—that the recall of the prince appeared to him as certain to take place.² Neither oaths nor professions from that quarter appear to have had much weight at the court of St. Germain, if we may judge from the dry comments made by the earl of Middleton to his political agent on this communication:—

"As for your *lawyer*, he is gone, and before you meet again we shall see clearer. . . . He might have been great and good, but God hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he can now only pretend to the humble merit of a post-boy, who brings good news to which he has not contributed."³

The affairs of the widow and son of James II. were far

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

enough from being in the favorable position which the flattering courtship of the disgraced favorite of queen Anne led their shallow minister to imagine. Middleton was not, however, the only person deceived in this matter; for the dauphin paid a visit to Mary Beatrice and the chevalier at this crisis, expressly to congratulate them on their prospects.¹ Mary Beatrice placed great reliance on the friendship always testified by that amiable prince and his consort for her and her children, but the "arm of flesh" was not to profit them. The dauphiness was attacked with malignant purple fever on the 6th of February. Fatal symptoms appeared on the 9th; on the 11th her life was despaired of, and they forced her distracted husband from her bedside, to breathe the fresh air in the gardens at Versailles. Mary Beatrice, ever fearless of infection for herself, hastened to Versailles, but was not permitted to enter the chamber of her dying friend. She sat with the king and madame de Maintenon, in the room adjoining to the chamber of death, while the last sacraments of the church of Rome were administered, and remained there all that sad night.² She was also present at the consultation of the physicians, when they decided on bleeding the royal patient in the foot. She saw, as she afterwards emphatically observed, "that physicians understood nothing, comparatively speaking, of the life of man, the issues of which depend on God." The dauphiness expired on the 11th of February; the afflicted widower only survived her six days. The inscrutable fiat which, at one blow, desolated the royal house of France, and deprived a mighty empire a second time of its heir, involved also the ultimate destruction of the hopes of the kindred family of Stuart. The fast-waning sands of Louis XIV., now sinking under the weight of years and afflictions, were rudely shaken by this domestic calamity, which was immediately followed by the death of the eldest son of the young pair, leaving the majesty of France to be represented, in less than three years, by a feeble infant, and its power to be exercised by the profligate and selfish regent, Orleans.

¹ St. Simon. MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

² Ibid.

"I have been deeply grieved," writes Mary Beatrice, "for the deaths of the dauphin and our dear dauphiness. After the king, there are no other persons in France whose loss could have affected us in every way like this. The death of the young dauphin has not failed to touch me also. We must adore the judgments of God, which are always just, although inscrutable, and submit ourselves to His will."¹

The portentous shadows with which these tragic events had darkened the political horizon of her son affected Mary Beatrice less than the awful lesson on the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of earthly expectation, which the sudden death of these illustrious persons, snatched away in the flower of youth and high and glorious anticipation, was calculated to impress. The royal widow regarded their deaths as a warning to put her own house in order; and in the self-same letter in which she mentions the three-fold tragedy to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, she says:—

"I pray you, my dear mother, to send me by the courier the packet that I left with you of my will; and also the copies of all the papers written in my hand for moneys paid or to pay, and likewise what I have promised for my sister, M. Paule de Douglas. I would wish to put them all in order before the approach of death, whom, we see, comes always when we think of him the least.

"M." ²

Endorsed—"The 15th March, 1712: We have not sent the queen her will, according to what she has ordained us in this letter, but the copies of the papers written by her hand which remain in the box, her majesty having done us the honor to consign them to us, but not her will."

These papers were the vouchers which the queen had given to the abbess and community of Chaillot for the sums of money in which she stood indebted to them, as before mentioned, for the hire of the apartments she and the young princess her daughter, and their ladies, had occupied during their occasional residence in that convent for many years. Whether she came there much or little, the apartments were always reserved for her use at an annual rent of three thousand francs. This sum, less than one hundred and thirty pounds a year, the destitute widow of king James II., who had been a crowned and anointed queen-consort of Great Britain, had never been able to pay; but

¹ MS. letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

² Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

had been reduced to the mortifying necessity of begging the community of Chaillot to accept such instalments as her narrowed finances and the uncertain payments of her French pension enabled her to offer, with a written engagement to liquidate the debt, either when she should receive the payment of her dower as queen of England, or at the restoration of the house of Stuart. Under these conditions, the compassionate sisterhood of Chaillot had allowed their royal friend's debt to accumulate to fifty thousand francs, up to the year 1712, as specified in the following document:—

“Having always intended to make arrangements for the good of the monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, because of the affection which I have to their holy order in general, and to this house in particular, in which I have been so many times received and well lodged for nearly the four-and-twenty years I have been in France, and wishing at present to execute this design better than it is possible for me to do in the circumstances under which I find myself at present: I declare that my intention, on my retiring into this monastery, has always been to give three thousand livres a year for the hire of the apartments I have occupied here since the year 1689, till this present year 1712, in all which time I have never paid them but nineteen thousand livres. It still remains for me to pay fifty thousand, which fifty thousand I engage and promise to give to the said monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot on the establishment of the king my son in England.”

It is remarkable that the agitated hand of the poor exile, who had been queen of the realm, has written that once familiar word *Aengelter*, instead of *Angleterre*, in this record of her poverty and honest desire to provide for the liquidation of her long arrears of rent to the convent of Chaillot. She continues in these words:—

“And not having the power to do this while living, I have charged the king my son, in my testament, and engaged him to execute all these promises, which he will find written by my own hand, and that before one year be passed after his restoration.”

Alas! poor queen, poor prince, and luckless nuns, on what a shadowy foundation did these engagements rest! Yet at that time, when it was the general opinion of all Europe that the childless sovereign of England, Anne, designed to make, as far as she could, reparation for the wrongs she had done her brother, by appointing him as her successor to the royal inheritance in which she had

supplanted him, few people would have despised a bond for a sum of money, however large, payable at such a day.

"I have left also," continues the queen, "in my will, wherewithal to make a most beautiful restoration for the great altar of the church of the said monastery of Chaillot, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, or a fine tabernacle, if they should like it better; and also I have left for a mausoleum, to be made for the heart of the king, my lord and husband.

"And I engage and promise, in the mean time, to pay to the said monastery the sum of three thousand livres a year for the time to come, counting from the 1st of April, 1712; but if, through the bad state of my affairs, I should not be able to pay the said annual sum for the future, or only to pay in part, I will reckon all that I fail in as a debt, which shall augment and add to the fifty thousand francs which I owe already, to be paid at the same time, which he [her son] will understand, for all the years that I may remain in France.

"MARIE R."¹

The presentiment that death was about to visit her own melancholy palace, which had haunted Mary Beatrice ever since she had wept with Louis XIV., thrice in a few brief days, over the stricken hopes of gay Versailles, was doomed to be too sadly realized, but not, as she had imagined, on herself. She, the weary pilgrim who had travelled over nearly half a century of woe, and had carried in her mortal frame for the last twelve years the seeds of death, was spared to weep over the early grave of the youngest born and most hopeful of her children, her bright and beautiful Louisa.

On Easter-Wednesday, March 29th, Mary Beatrice visited Chaillot with her daughter, who was then in blooming health. The nuns told their royal visitors a piteous tale of the damage their house had sustained by the dreadful storm of December 11th, two days after their last visit. Her majesty listened with great concern, regretted her inability to aid them as she could wish, but promised to do her best in representing their case to others. "At four o'clock the following day the chevalier de St. George, who had been hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, came here," says our Chaillot chronicler, "in quest of the queen. He behaved with much courtesy to our mother, thanking her for the prayers she had made for him at all times, and for the care she had taken of the queen, his mother, and the

¹ Chaillot MSS.

consolation she had been to her. He appeared a little indisposed that day, but returned to St. Germain's in the evening, with the queen and the princess." Two days afterwards he was attacked with the small-pox,¹ to the inexpressible dismay of Mary Beatrice, who knew how fatal that dreadful malady had, in many instances, proved to the royal house of Stuart. The princess Louisa was inconsolable at the idea of her brother's danger, but felt not the slightest apprehension of infection for herself. On the 10th of April the malady appeared visibly on her, while she was at her toilette. The distress of the queen may be imagined. The symptoms of the princess were at first favorable, so that hopes were entertained that not only her life, but even her beauty would be spared. Unfortunately the practice of bleeding in the foot was resorted to in her case, and the effects were fatal.

The last and most interesting communication that ever took place between Mary Beatrice and her beloved daughter, was recorded *verbatim* from the lips of the disconsolate mother, by one of the nuns of Chaillot, who has thus endorsed the paper containing the particulars :—

"The queen of England, this 12th of October, was pleased herself to repeat to us the words which the princess, her daughter, said to her, and they were written down in her majesty's chamber this evening, at six o'clock."²

Thus we see, that six months elapsed ere Mary Beatrice could bring herself to speak of what passed in the holy privacy of that solemn hour, when, after the duties enjoined by their church for the sick had been performed, she came to her dying child and asked her how she felt. "Madame," replied the princess, "you see before you the happiest person in the world. I have just made my general confession, and I have done my best to do it; so that if they were to tell me that I should die now, I should have nothing more to do. I resign myself into the hands of

¹ Inedited Memorials by the sister of Chaillot.

² Translated from the original French of the autograph document in the private archives of the kingdom of France, in the hôtel de Soubise, where it was transferred, with other curious contemporary records, at the dissolution of the royal foundation of the convent of the Visitation of St. Mary of Chaillot.

God; I ask not of Him life, but that his will may be accomplished on me.”—“My daughter,” replied the queen, “I do not think I can say as much. I declare that I entreat of God to prolong your life, that you may be able to serve Him, and to love Him better than you have yet done.”—“If I desire to live, it is for that alone,” responded the princess, fervently. But the tenderness of earthly affections came over the heavenward spirit, and she added, “and because I think I might be of some comfort to you.”

At five o'clock the next morning, Monday, April 18th, they told the queen that the princess was in her agony. She would have risen to go to her, but they prevented her by force. The princess expired at nine. At ten, the heavy tidings were announced to her majesty by père Gaillar, her departed daughter's spiritual director, and père Ruga, her own.¹ Bitter as the trial was, Mary Beatrice bore it with the resignation of a Christian mother, who believes that the child of her hopes and prayers has been summoned to a brighter and better world. The prince, her son, was still dangerously ill. Grief for the departed, and trembling apprehension for the last surviving object of maternal love and care, brought on an attack of fever, which confined her to her bed for several days. Meantime, it was generally reported that the prince was either dying or dead. Much anxiety was expressed on his account in some of the mysterious Jacobite letters of the period; deep regret for the loss of the princess, and general sympathy for the afflicted mother, touched every heart in which the leaven of political animosity or polemic bitterness had not quenched the sweet spirit of Christian charity and pity. In one of the letters of condolence from some person in the court of queen Anne, apparently to the countess of Middleton, on the death of the princess Louisa, the writer says:—

“You cannot imagine how generally she is lamented, even by those who have ever been enemies to her family. I and mine have so shared in your loss that we thought our sorrows could have no addition when we heard your chevalier was recovered; but now we find our mistake, for since we had yours to my daughter Jenny, 'tis said at court he is despaired of, and on the Exchange, that

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot.

he is dead ; that he ate too much meat, and got a cold with going out too soon. If this be true, all honest people will think no more of the world, for sure never were mortals so unfortunate as we. . . . I beg you will make our condoling compliments, for to write it myself to your mistress is only tormenting her now ; but pray assure her I grieve for her loss, and the sense I am sure she has of it, to a degree not to be expressed, but felt with true affection and duty. . . . I do not question but you must guess at the concern my sisters were in when we received the news of your loss. Upon my word I was stupefied at it, and cannot help being still anxious for the brother's health, notwithstanding your assurances of his recovery, for we have so many cruel reports about him, that it is enough to make us distracted. Pray assure his afflicted mother of my most humble duty. God in heaven send her comfort, for she wants it : nothing but her goodness could resist such a stroke."¹

Among the letters to the court of St. Germain, in which real names are, as usual, veiled under quaint and fictitious ones,—a flimsy precaution at that time when the real persons intended must have been obvious to every official of the British government into whose hands these missives might chance to fall,—there is one really curious from Sheffield, duke of Buckingham,² which is supposed to convey the expression of queen Anne's sympathy for the illness of her unfortunate brother, and her regret for the death of her young lovely sister. Another, from some warm friend of the exiled family, well known of course to the party to whom it was addressed, in reply to a communication that the chevalier was out of danger, runs as follows :—

"DEAR SIR :—

"Hannah [Mr. Lilly] says yours of the 29th was the joyfullest her eyes ever saw ; for it restored her to life after being dead about a week, but not to perfect health, for her dear Lowder [the princess], and her heart bleeds for poor Quaile [the queen]."³

The heart of the princess Louisa Stuart was enshrined in a silver urn, and conveyed to the convent of Chaillot, where it was presented, with an elegant Latin oration, to the abbess and community of the Visitation of St. Marie of Chaillot. They received it with great solemnity and many tears, and placed it, according to the desire of the deceased

¹ In Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne.

² The husband of the daughter of James II. by the countess of Dorchester. He was queen Anne's chamberlain. The political *alias* under which he figures in the secret Jacobite correspondence is "Matthew."

³ In Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne.

princess, in the tribune, beside those of her royal father, king James II., and her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria. Her body was also deposited by that of her father, in the church of the English Benedictines, in the Rue de St. Jacques, Paris, there to remain, like his, unburied, till the restoration of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain, when it was intended to inter them in Westminster abbey.

The death of the princess Louisa was the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the cause of the house of Stuart, of which she was considered the brightest ornament, and it also deprived her brother of an heiress-presumptive to his title, for whose sake much more would have been ventured than for himself, while her ardent devotion to his interest precluded any apprehension of attempts at rivalry on her part. There is a very fine three-quarter-length original portrait of this princess in the possession of Walter Strickland, Esq., of Sizergh castle, the gift of queen Mary Beatrice to lady Strickland. She is there represented in the full perfection of her charms, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age. Nothing can be more noble than her figure, or more graceful than her attitude: she is gathering orange-blossoms in the gardens of St. Germain. This occupation, and the royal mantle of scarlet velvet, furred with ermine, which she wears over a white satin dress, trimmed with gold, have caused her to be mistaken for the bride of the chevalier de St. George; but she is easily identified as his sister by her likeness to him, and to her other portraits, and her medals. In fact, the painting may be known at a glance for a royal Stuart and a daughter of Mary Beatrice d'Este, although her complexion is much fairer and brighter, and her eyes and hair are of a lively nut-brown tint, instead of black, which gives her more of the English, and less of the Italian character of beauty. She bears a slight family likeness, only with a much greater degree of elegance and delicacy of outline, to some of the early portraits of her elder sister, queen Mary II.

Mary Beatrice received visits of sympathy and condolence on her sad loss from Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon.

The latter says, in one of her letters, "I had the honor of passing two hours with the queen of England: she looks the very image of desolation. Her daughter had become her friend and chief comfort. The French at St. Germain's are as disconsolate for her loss as the English; and, indeed, all who knew her loved her most sincerely. She was truly cheerful, affable, and anxious to please, attached to her duties, and fulfilling them all without a murmur."

The first confidential letter written by Mary Beatrice, after the afflicting dispensation which had deprived her of the last sunshine of her wintry days, is dated May 19, 1712: it is addressed to her friend Angelique Priolo. It commences with a congratulatory compliment to that *re-ligieuse* on her re-election to her third triennial as superior of the convent of Chaillot, but the royal writer quickly passes to a subject of deeper, sadder interest to herself,—the death of her child. It is not always in the power of an historian to raise the veil that has hidden the treasured grief of a royal mother's heart from the world, and after nearly a century and a half have passed away since the agonizing pulses of that afflicted heart have been at rest, and its pangs forgotten, to place the simple record of her feelings before succeeding generations in her own pathetic words. The holy resignation of the Christian renders the maternal anguish of the fallen queen more deeply interesting; she shall speak for herself:—¹

"But what shall I say to you, my dear mother, of that beloved daughter whom God gave to me, and hath now taken away? Nothing beyond this, that, since it is he who hath done it, it becomes me to be silent, and not to open my mouth unless to bless His holy name. He is the master, both of the mother and the children; he has taken the one and left the other, and I ought not to doubt but that he has done the best for both, and for me also, if I knew how to profit by it. Behold the point, for, alas! I neither do as I say, nor as God requires of me, in regard to his dealings with me. Entreat of him, my dear mother, to give me grace to enable me to begin to do it. I cannot thank you sufficiently for your prayers, both for the living and the dead. I believe the latter are in a state to acknowledge them before God, for in the disposition he put into my dear girl at the commencement of her malady to prepare herself for death, I have every reason to hope that she enjoys, or soon will enjoy, his

¹ The original, written in French, is preserved among the Chaillot collection, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

blessedness with our sainted king ; and that they will obtain for me his grace, that so I may prepare to join them when, and where, and how it shall please the master of all things in his love to appoint."

The poor queen goes on to send messages of affectionate remembrance to the sisters of Chaillot, whose kind hearts had sorrowed for her, and with her, in all her afflictions during her four-and-twenty years of exile and calamity ; but more especially in this last and most bitter grief, in which, indeed, they had all participated, since the princess Louisa had been almost a daughter of their house. The queen names two of the nuns, Marie Gabrielle and Mary Henriette, and says :—

"I shall never forget, in all my life, the services which the last has rendered to my dear daughter, nor the good that she has done her soul, although the whole of our dear community have contributed to that which would oblige me, if it were possible, to redouble my friendship for them all."

The hapless widow of James II. adverts, in the next place, to another bitter trial, which she knew was in store for her,—that of parting with her son, now her only surviving child. Ever since the commencement of the negotiations for the peace between England and France, it had been intimated to the chevalier de St. George that it was necessary he should withdraw from St. Germain, in the first instance, and finally from the French dominions. In consequence of his dangerous illness and debility, and the indulgence due to the feelings of poor Mary Beatrice on account of her recent bereavement, a temporary delay had been permitted. He now began to take the air and gentle exercise on horseback daily, and it was considered that he would soon be strong enough to travel.

"I know not," continues her majesty, "when the king my son will set out, nor whither I shall go, but his departure will not be before the first week in the next month. When I learn more about it I will let you know, for I intend to come to Chaillot the same day that he goes from here, since, if I am to find any consolation during the few days which remain to me, I can only hope for it in your house.

M. R."

When Mary Beatrice visited Louis XIV. at Marli for the first time after the death of her daughter, the heartless ceremonials of state etiquette were alike forgotten by each, and

they wept together in the fellowship of mutual grief, "because," as the disconsolate mother afterwards said, when speaking of the tears they shed at this mournful interview, "we saw that the aged were left, and death had swept away the young."¹ All the pleasure, all the happiness, of the court of Versailles expired with the amiable dauphin and dauphiness; the death of the princess Louisa completed the desolation of that of the exiled Stuarts. Mary Beatrice endeavored to calm her grief by visiting the monastery of La Trappe with her son, but confessed that she had not derived any internal consolation² from passing two days in that lugubrious retreat. On her return to St. Germain, the royal widow added the following codicils to the paper containing her testamentary acknowledgments of her debts to the convent of Chaillot:—

"I declare, also, that my intention and will is, that the thousand livres which I have left in my testament to lady Henrietta Douglas, who has been a nun professed in the monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, and who bears there the name of sister Marie Paule, be paid to the said monastery, notwithstanding the decease of the said sister Marie Paule Douglas.

"MARIE, R.

"Done at St. Germain, this 7th of July, 1712."

"I have left also in my will for the said monastery to found a perpetual mass for the repose of my soul, and those of the king my lord and my dear daughter.

"MARIE, R."

A rent which appears in the sheet of paper on which the poor queen has endeavored to provide for the payment of her debt to the convent of Chaillot, is thus *naïvely* explained by herself in the following notification:—

"It is I who by accident have torn this paper, but I will that it have effect throughout, notwithstanding.

MARIE, R."³

It was not till the 28th of July that Mary Beatrice could summon up sufficient resolution to visit her friends at Chaillot; the sight of the nuns who had been accustomed to wait on her and the princess Louisa during their long sojourn in the convent in the preceding year renewed her anguish.

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot.

² Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice to the abbess of Chaillot.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a nun of Chaillot.

She uttered a bitter cry, and exclaimed, "Oh! but this visit is different from my last. But God is the master: it is he that hath done it, and His holy name be forever blessed."¹ When she entered, she sat down by the princess de Condé, who had come, like herself, to assist at the profession of a nun. The community retired, and she consented to see her friends, Françoise Angelique and Claire Angelique, for a few moments, but nothing seemed to give her consolation. The probationer, Marie Helena Vral, who was about to make her irrevocable vow, came to speak to her majesty, and said she would pray for her while she was under the black pall. "Pray only that God's holy will may be done," said the afflicted mother. When the profession was over, Mary Beatrice composed herself sufficiently to give audience to the Spanish ambassador, and some others who desired to pay their compliments to her. She afterwards insisted on visiting the tribune, where the heart of her lost darling was now enshrined, beside that of her lamented lord king James. The sight of those mournful relics, thus united, renewed all her agonies, and it was with difficulty that the nuns could draw her from the spot, after she had assisted in the prayers that were offered up for the departed. When she was at last induced to return to her apartment, the princess de Condé endeavored to persuade her to take her tea; but her grief so entirely choked her that she could not swallow it, and sickened at each attempt.

The same evening, the duchess of Lauzun expressing a great desire to be permitted to see her majesty, Mary Beatrice consented to receive her, and requested her to be seated. The duchess refused the proffered tabouret: seeing that the abbess and several of the nuns, who were present, were sitting, according to custom, on the ground at the end of the room, she went and seated herself in the same lowly position among them. The conversation turned on the virtues and untimely deaths of the dauphin and dauphiness. Mary Beatrice spoke with tender affection of them both, and discussed their funeral sermons and orations, some of which she praised. When she spoke of the grief of Louis

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a nun of Chaillot.

XIV., and the tears she had shed with him for their loss, it renewed her anguish for her own more recent bereavement; sobs choked her voice, and she gave way to a fresh paroxysm of suffocating agony.¹ After the departure of the duchess de Lauzun she became more composed, and drawing sister Margaret Henrietta, the favorite friend of her beloved daughter, on one side, she told her, that "The only consolation she was capable of feeling for the loss of that dear child, was in the remembrance of her virtues. That at first she feared there was much of vanity in her desire of having a funeral oration made for her, as had been done for the late king, her husband, also a circular-letter containing a brief memoir; but she had consulted her spiritual directors, and they had assured her it was her duty to render to the memory of the princess the honors due to her birth and great virtues." The royal mother said she wished the circular-letter to appear in the name of the community of Chaillot, but that she would pay all the expenses of printing and paper. The abbess, who was present at the consultation, entirely approved of the idea, and told her majesty that the memorials which sister Henrietta had kept of her royal highness would be very serviceable in the design. The sister brought her notes and presented them to her majesty, to whom they were, of course, inexpressibly precious. She received them with mournful satisfaction, and said, "They would be of great use in the circular-letter or conventual obituary memoir of her daughter." Mary Beatrice, feeling herself much the worse for the excitement of this agitating day, wished to return to St. Germain. She went away at six o'clock in the evening, much fatigued, and was ill and feverish for several days after her return.

"This day," records the chronicler of Chaillot, "lady Strickland of Sizergh came here, bringing with her, as a present from the queen of England to our house, the beautiful petticoat which the king had had manufactured at Lyons, during his travels, for the princess his sister." It had never been worn by her for whom it was purchased, the mourning

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

for the first dauphin not having expired when both courts were plunged into grief and gloom by the deaths of the young dauphin and dauphiness, and their eldest son ; which was followed, only two months afterwards, by that of the young lovely flower of St. Germain. The *belle jupe*, after the decease of the princess, became the perquisite of her governess, lady Middleton ; but the royal mother, regarding it as a memorial of the affection of her son for his departed sister, did not wish it to be worn by any other person, but devoted to the decoration of the church where her daughter's heart was deposited. On her return to St. Germain, she asked lady Middleton what she meant to do with it ? Actuated by a similar delicacy of sentiment, her ladyship replied, " She wished to present it to the convent of Chaillot, out of respect to the deceased princess." The queen told her, " that having a wish to present it herself, she would buy it of her." Lady Middleton, to humor her royal mistress, consented to receive a small sum for it, that it might be called the queen of England's gift.¹ Such fond conceits served in some measure to divert grief, which otherwise must have destroyed life and reason.

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice : Chaillot collection.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA, QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

Distress of Mary Beatrice at parting from her son—Her arrival at Chaillot—Renewed grief for her daughter—She takes to her bed—Malicious rumors connected with her daughter's death—Mary Beatrice attacked with gout—Visits of her son—He quits France—Queen's dejection—Pines for her daughter—Returns to St. Germain's—Her melancholy court—Maternal fondness for her son—Peace of Utrecht—Her observations on the treaty—Her resignation—Impertinence of French princesses—Her dignified reproof—Queen's poverty—Instances of self-denial—The Jacobite quaker—His flattering predictions—Visit from the marquess de Torcy—Dejection caused by his communication—Her want of secrecy—English news by the duke of Berwick—Artist brings her son's portrait—Her *incognita* walks with her ladies—Her pecuniary straits—Daily vexatious cares—Her visit to the Petit Luxembourg—Interest excited by her appearance—Famine at St. Germain's—Her charities—Her visit to Marli—She raises money to relieve the starving emigrants—Continued distress at St. Germain's—The queen, the cardinal, and the quaker—Mary Beatrice receives a portion of her jointure due from England—Her dangerous illness—Recovery—Respect paid her by the court of Spain—Popular movements in London for her son—Mary Beatrice meets him at Plombières.

THE next trial that awaited the fallen queen was parting from her son. The chevalier de St. George was compelled to quit St. Germain's on the 18th of August. He went to Livry in the first instance, where a sojourn of a few days was allowed previously to his taking his final departure from France. The same day Mary Beatrice came to indulge her grief at Chaillot. The following pathetic account of her deportment is given by the conventual chronicler:—"The queen of England arrived at half-past seven in the evening, bathed in tears, which made ours flow to see them. 'It is the first time,' said the queen on entering, 'that I feel no joy in coming to Chaillot. But, my God!'" added she,

weeping, 'I ask not consolation, but the accomplishment of Thy holy will.' She sat down to supper, but scarcely ate anything. When she retired to her chamber with the three nuns who waited on her, she cried, as soon as she entered, 'Oh! at last I may give liberty to my heart, and weep for my poor girl.' She burst into a passion of tears as she spoke: we wept with her. Alas! what could we say to her? She repeated to herself, 'My God, thy will be done!' then mournfully added, 'Thou hast not waited for my death to despoil me; thou hast done it during my life, but thy will be done.'" The nuns were so inconsiderate as to mention to the afflicted mother some painful reports that were in circulation connected with the death of the princess Louisa, as if it had been caused rather by the unskilful treatment of her doctors than the disease. "Alas! the poor doctors did their best," replied her majesty; "but, as your king said, they could not render mortals immortal."¹ The day after her arrival at Chaillot, Mary Beatrice found herself very much indisposed, and her physicians were summoned from St. Germain's to her aid; but their prescriptions did her no good. Her malady was the reaction of severe mental suffering on an enfeebled frame, and the more physic she took, the worse she became. On the morrow every one was alarmed at the state of debility into which she had sunk, and her ladies said, one to another, "She will die here." One of her physicians ordered that the portrait of her daughter, which was on the *beaufet* with that of the chevalier de St. George, should be removed out of her sight, for the eyes of the bereaved mother were always riveted upon those sweet familiar features.²

The sick queen sent for lady Henrietta Douglas to her bedside, and confided to her a vexation that had touched her sensibly. The funeral oration for the princess Louisa, on which she had set her heart, could not take place. The court of France had signified to her that it would be incompatible with the negotiations into which his most Christian majesty had entered with queen Anne, to permit any public allusion to be made to the exiled royal family of

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice: Chaillot collection.

² *Ibid.*

England; therefore it would be impossible for her to enjoy the mournful satisfaction of causing the honors and respect to be paid to her beloved daughter's memory which were legitimately due to her high rank as a princess of England and great-grand-daughter of a king of France. Mary Beatrice had naturally calculated on the powerful appeal that would be made, by the most eloquent clerical orator in Paris, to the sympathies of a crowded congregation in allusion to her own desolate state at this crisis, and the misfortunes of her son, an appeal which she fondly imagined would be echoed from Paris to London, and produce a strong revulsion of feeling in favor of the Stuart cause. It was for this very reason—the political use that would have been made of this opportunity by the expatriated family of James II.—that the French cabinet was compelled to deny the gratification to the royal mother of having a funeral oration made for her departed child. “This mortification, then,” said Mary Beatrice, “must be added to all the others which I have been doomed to suffer, and my only consolation in submitting to it must be, that such is the will of God.”¹

A needless aggravation to her grief was inflicted on the poor queen at the same time by the folly of the nuns in continually repeating to her the various malicious reports that had been invented by some pitiless enemy relating to the last illness and death of her beloved daughter. It was said, “that her majesty had compelled the princess to make her last confession, contrary to her wish, to père Gaillar, because he was a Jesuit; that she had caused her to be attended, against her inclination, by her brother's English physician, Dr. Wood” (who is styled, by our Chaillot authority, “monsieur Oude”), “and that the said *Oude* had either poisoned her royal highness, or allowed her to die for want of nourishment.” Mary Beatrice observed, “that it was strange how such unaccountable falsehoods could be spread; that she had allowed her children full liberty in the choice, both of their physicians and spiritual directors, from the time they arrived at years of discretion; that her

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice; Chaillot collection.

daughter had earnestly desired to be attended by Dr. Wood, who had done the best for her as regarded human power and skill; and as for allowing her to sink for want of nourishment, nothing could be more cruelly untrue, for they had fed her every two hours.”¹ Her majesty having been a good deal excited by this painful discourse, went on to say more in praise of the Jesuits than would be worth recording, and which came, as a matter of course, from the lips of a princess educated under their influence. “Not,” she said, “that she was blind to the faults of individuals belonging to the order;” as an instance of which she added, “that the late king, her lord, had caused her great vexation, by giving himself up to the guidance of father Petre, admitting him into his council, and trying to get him made a cardinal; that the man liked her not, and she had suffered much in consequence, but did not consider that the intemperance and misconduct of one person ought to be visited on the whole company,”² to which she certainly regarded him as a reproach. Such, then, was the opinion of the consort of James II. of father Petre; such the real terms on which she acknowledged, to her confidential friends and *religieuses* of the same church, she stood with that mischievous ecclesiastic, with whom she has been unscrupulously represented as leagued in urging the king to the measures which led to his fall. Neither time nor Christian charity was able to subdue the bitterness of her feelings towards the evil counsellor, who had overborne by his violence her gentle conjugal influence, and provoked the crisis which ended in depriving her husband of a crown, and forfeiting a regal inheritance for their son. William, Mary, and Anne, and others who had benefited by the Revolution, she had forgiven, but father Petre she could not forgive; and this is the more remarkable, because of the placability of her disposition towards her enemies. While

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice: Chaillot collection.

² Inedited diary of a sister of Chaillot. This avowal, recorded from the lips of the widow of James II., is confirmed by his own declaration, “that his queen was opposed to the counsels of father Petre.” See Journal of James II. in Macpherson and Clark.

she was at Chaillot, some of her ladies, speaking of the duke of Marlborough in her presence, observed that "his being compelled to retire into Germany was a very trifling punishment for one who had acted as he had done towards his late master; and that they could never think of his treachery without feeling disposed to invoke upon him the maledictions of the Psalmist on the wicked."—"Never," exclaimed the fallen queen, "have I used such prayers as those; nor will I ever use them."¹

Her majesty continued sick and sad for several days: she told the nuns, "she had a presentiment that she should die that year." Her illness, however, ended only in a fit of the gout; and at the end of a week she was up, and able to attend the services of her church at the profession of a young lady, to whom she had promised to give the cross. The ecclesiastic who preached the sermon on that occasion discoursed much of death, the vanity of human greatness, and the calamities of princes, and created a great sensation in the church by a personal allusion to Mary Beatrice and her misfortunes. "The queen of England," he said, "had given the cross to the probationer without wishing to lose her own; she had chosen that convent to be her tomb, and had said with the prophet, 'Here will I make my rest, and forever; here will I live, here will I die, and here will I be buried also.'"² Every one was alarmed at hearing the preacher go on in this strain, dreading the effect it would have on her majesty in her present depressed state, combined with her presages of death; but to the surprise of every one, she came smiling out of the church, and told M. de Sulpice, "that she thought the preacher had been addressing his sermon to her, instead of the new sister Agathe." The next day, when her son, who had been alarmed at the report of her illness, came over from Livry to see her, she repeated many parts of the discourse to him. The chevalier had been so much indisposed himself since his departure from St. Germain, that he had been bled in the foot; and being still lame from that operation, he was obliged to lean on his cane for support when he

¹ MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

went to salute his mother as she came out of church. The gout having attacked her in the foot, she too was lame, and walking with a stick also. They both laughed at this coincidence; yet it was a season of mortification to both mother and son, for the truce with England was proclaimed in Paris on the preceding day. They held sad counsels together in the queen's private apartment, on the gloomy prospect of affairs. The abbess said to him, "Sire, we hope your majesty will do us the honor to dine with us, as your royal uncle king Charles breakfasted, when setting out for England."—"That journey will not be yet," he replied, dryly.¹

He dined alone with the queen, and returned in the evening to Livry. On the following Friday he came to dine with her again at the convent, dressed in deep mourning for his sister, and went to the opera at Paris in the evening on purpose to show himself, because the English ambassador-extraordinary for the peace, St. John lord Bolingbroke, was expected to appear there in state with his suite that night. Of this circumstance, one of the Jacobite party thus writes to a friend:—

"Among other news from France, we are told that lord Bolingbroke happened to be at the opera with the chevalier de St. George, where they could not but see one another. I should like to know what my lord says of that knight, and whether he likes him, for they tell me he is a tall, proper, well-shaped young gentleman; that he has an air of greatness mixed with mildness and good-nature, and that his countenance is not spoiled with the small-pox, but on the contrary, that he looks more manly than he did, and is really healthier than he was before."²

It was a mistake to suppose that the chevalier de St. George was not marked by the small-pox: that malady marred his countenance in no slight degree, and destroyed his fine complexion. The queen and nuns, it seems, amused themselves after the departure of the chevalier, not in speculating on what impression his appearance was likely to make on the English nobles who might chance to see him, but how far it was consistent with a profession of Christian piety to frequent such amusements as operas, comedies, and theatrical

¹ MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

² Nairne's State-Papers, in the Scotch college.

spectacles of any kind. Mary Beatrice said, "she was herself uncertain about it, for she had often asked spiritually-minded persons to tell her whether it were a sin or not, and could get no positive answer; only the père Bourdaloue had said thus far, 'that he would not advise Christian princes to suffer their children to go often to such places; and when they did, to acquaint themselves first with the pieces that were to be represented, that they might not be of a nature to corrupt their morals.'"

On the Tuesday following, Mary Beatrice went to Livry to dine with her son; she was attended by the duchesses of Berwick and Perth, the countess of Middleton, and lady Talbot, lady Clare, and lady Sophia Bulkeley. The duke of Lauzun lent his coach for the accommodation of those ladies who could not go in that of their royal mistress. The once stately equipages of that unfortunate princess were now reduced to one great, old-fashioned coach, and the noble ladies who shared her adverse fortunes were destitute of any conveyance, and frequently went out in hired *remises*.¹ Her majesty and her ladies returned to the convent at eight o'clock in the evening. The visit to Livry is thus noticed in sir David Nairne's private report to one of his official correspondents:—

"Sept. 1st. Wisely [the queen] was here to-day, and dined with Kennedy [the chevalier], who is in better health, and heartier than I ever saw him at Stanley's [St. Germain's]." ²

The chevalier came to dine with his mother again on the Sunday, and the marquess de Torcy had a long conference with him in her majesty's chamber. When that minister took his leave of him, the chevalier said, "Tell the king, your master, sir, that I shall always rely on his goodness. I shall preserve all my life a grateful remembrance of your good offices." The luckless prince was, nevertheless, full well aware that he had outstayed his welcome, and that he must not linger in the environs of Paris beyond the 7th of that month. He came again to Chaillot on the 6th, to bid his sorrowful mother a long farewell. He was entirely

¹ MS. Memorials.

² Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

unprovided with money for his journey ; and this increased her distress of mind, for her treasurer, Mr. Dicconson, had vainly endeavored to prevail on Desmarets, the French minister, through whom her pension was paid, to advance any part of what had been due to her for the last six months.¹ The chevalier, true nephew of Charles II., seemed not a whit disquieted at the state of his finances. He thanked the abbess of Chaillot very warmly for the care she had taken of the queen, his mother, and engaged, if ever he should be called to the throne of England, to make good a broken promise of his late uncle, Charles II., for the benefit of that convent. He talked cheerfully to his mother at dinner, in order to keep up her spirits, and described to the nuns who waited upon her some of the peculiarities of the puritans. The chevalier drank tea with her majesty, and when they exchanged their sorrowful adieus in her chamber, they embraced each other many times with tears ; then went together to the tribune, where the hearts of the late king James and the princess Louisa were enshrined, and there separated. Mary Beatrice wept bitterly at the departure of her son, her last earthly tie ; he was himself much moved, and tenderly recommended her to the care of the abbess of Chaillot and the nuns, and especially to father Ruga, to whom, he said, "he deputed the task of consoling her majesty."² He slept that night at Livry, and commenced his journey towards the frontier the next morning. In three days he arrived at Chalons-sur-Marne, where he was to remain till some place for his future residence should be settled by France and the allies.

The negotiations for a general peace were then proceeding at Utrecht ; lord Bolingbroke, during his brief stay at Paris for the arrangement of preliminary articles, had promised that the long-withheld jointure of the widowed consort of James II. should be paid. Mary Beatrice had previously sent in a memorial, setting forth her claims, and the incontrovertible fact that they had been allowed at the peace of Ryswick, and that the English parliament had subsequently granted a supply for their settlement.

¹ MS. Diary of the nun of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

Some delicate punctilios required to be adjusted, as to the form in which the receipt should be given by the royal widow without compromising the cause of her son. "Should the queen," observes lord Middleton, "style herself queen-mother, she supposes that will not be allowed; should she style herself queen-dowager, that would be a lessening of herself and a prejudice to the king her son, which she will never do. The question is, whether the instrument may not be good without any title at all, only the word *WE*; for inasmuch as it will be signed 'Maria, R.,' and sealed with her seal, one would think the person would be sufficiently denoted. Our council here think she might sign herself thus:—"Mary, queen-consort of James II., late king of England, Ireland, and France, defender of the faith," etc.¹ The last clause was certainly absurd; the simple regal signature, "Maria, R," was finally adopted, after the long-protracted negotiations were concluded.

Mary Beatrice remained at Chaillot, in a great state of dejection, after the departure of her son. The duchess-dowager of Orleans, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, came to visit her towards the latter end of September. Her majesty probably considered herself neglected at this sad epoch by other members of the royal family of France, for, tenderly embracing her, she said, "What, madam! have you given yourself the trouble of coming here to see an unfortunate recluse?"² Monsieur and madame de Beauvilliers came soon after to pay their respects to Mary Beatrice: she had a great esteem for them, and they conversed much on spiritual matters and books. Her majesty spoke with lively satisfaction of having received a consolatory letter from Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, in which, without entering into affairs of state or politics, he had said, "that he prayed the lord to give the king, her son, all things that were needful for him, and that his heart might be always in the hands of the Most High, to guard and dispose it according to his will." Although neither wealth

¹ Nairne's State-Papers from the Scotch college, printed in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

nor dominion was included in this petition for her son, the royal mother was satisfied; better things had been asked.

When monsieur and madame St. Sulpice came to pay Mary Beatrice a visit in her retreat, they told her they had heard that the Scotch had made bonfires on the birthday of the chevalier of St. George, and shouted God save king James VIII.! and had burned a figure which they called the house of Hanover. "It is true," replied the queen; "and a little time before they burned the prince of Hanover in effigy, but that signifies nothing. Our friends expose themselves too much by it; none of them, however, have been punished." Mary Beatrice spoke little at this crisis of what was passing in England, but her looks were closely watched. One evening it was observed that she was laughing very much with her ladies over a packet she was reading with them; she afterwards told the curious sisterhood that it was a paper ridiculing all that had been printed in London about her son. She also told them of a political fan which had a great sale in England, where it was, of course, regarded as a Jacobite badge. The device was merely the figure of a king, with this motto, CHACUN A SON TOUR. On the reverse, a cornucopia, with the motto PEACE AND PLENTY. Mary Beatrice spoke very kindly of queen Anne, whom she styled the princess of Denmark, and appeared distressed at the reports of her illness. She requested her friends to pray for her recovery and conversion, adding, "It would be a great misfortune for us to lose her just now."¹

The circular-letter of the convent of Chaillot on the death of her own lamented daughter, the princess Louisa, being finished, Mary Beatrice wished to be present when it was read. "She wept much at some passages, but gave her opinion very justly on others, where she considered correction necessary. They had said, 'that the princess felt keenly the state to which her family and herself had been reduced by the injustice of fortune.'—'Ha!' cried the queen, 'but that is not speaking Christianly,' meaning that such figures of speech savored rather of heathen rhetoric than

¹ MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

the simplicity of Christian truth; the nuns then wrote down,—‘in which she had been placed by the decrees of Providence.’—‘That is good,’ said her majesty. She desired them to alter another passage, in which it was asserted ‘that the princess was so entirely occupied at all times and places with the love of God that even when she was at the opera or the play, her whole thoughts were on him, and that she adapted in her own mind the music, songs, and choruses to his praise with internal adoration.’ This, Mary Beatrice said, ‘would have been very edifying if it had been strictly true; but she thought her daughter was passionately fond of music, songs, and poetry, and took the delight in those amusements which was natural to her time of life, though she was far from being carried away by pleasures of the kind.’ The nuns appealed to père Gaillar if it were not so; but he replied, ‘that he could only answer for that part of the letter which he had furnished,—namely, the account of the last sickness and death of her royal highness.’ Mary Beatrice then sent for the duchess de Lauzun, who had been on the most intimate terms of friendship with the princess, and asked her what she thought of the passage? The duchess said, ‘that if they printed it, it would throw discredit on all the rest; for none who knew the delight the princess had taken in songs and music, and had observed that when she was at the opera she was so transported with the music that she could not refrain from accompanying it with her voice, would believe that she was occupied in spiritual contemplations on such subjects as life, and death, and eternity.’ Her majesty then desired the passage should be omitted.”¹ The assertion had doubtless originated from the princess having remarked, that some of the choruses in the opera had reminded her of the chants of her church.

In the beginning of October, madame de Maintenon came to pay a sympathizing visit to Mary Beatrice, and testified much regard for her. Her majesty went into the gallery to receive her, and at her departure accompanied her as far as the tribune. Maintenon promised to come again on the

¹ Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

25th of the month, but being prevented by a bad cold, she sent some venison to her majesty, which had been hunted by the king. Mary Beatrice expressed herself, in reply, charmed with the attention of his majesty in thinking of her.¹ Madame de Maintenon came quite unexpectedly three days after, and brought with her a basket of beautiful oranges as a present for the queen. She had to wait a long time at the gate before the abbess, who was with her majesty, could come to receive her. The duc d'Aumale, who had accompanied madame de Maintenon, was annoyed at being detained, but she said, "it was the mark of a regular house that there should be a difficulty in obtaining admittance."

Mary Beatrice was much agitated, two days later, by receiving from this lady a hasty letter, apprising her of the alarming illness of Louis XIV. from cold and inflammation, which rendered it expedient to bleed him, an operation never resorted to with persons of his advanced age except in cases of extremity. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed the queen, when she had read the letter, "what a calamity for France, for his family, and for us poor unfortunates! What will become of us?" She wept bitterly, and her ladies wept with her at the anticipation of losing their only friend and protector, whose existence appeared at that moment inexpressibly precious to the destitute British emigrants, who were solely dependent for food and shelter on the annual pension which he allowed their widowed queen.² Inadequate as this pittance was for the maintenance of the unfortunate colony at St. Germain's, it was rendered, by the rigid economy and personal sacrifices of their royal mistress, a means of preserving several thousands of the faithful adherents of the cause of the Stuarts from perishing with hunger, and it was doubtful whether this fund would be renewed by a regent, in the event of Louis XIV.'s death. The queen was in too painful a state of excitement to eat at dinner. Lady Middleton read to her a chapter out of the *Imitation of Christ*; but she sighed heavily, and remained in a great depression of spirits. All day she was

¹ Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

² *Ibid.*

in anxious expectation of receiving tidings of the king's health, but having none, she wrote to madame de Maintenon at eight in the evening to make inquiries. The next morning an equerry brought a letter from madame de Maintenon, which reassured her. The king had borne the bleeding well, had passed a good night, and was out of danger.

The gratitude of Mary Beatrice for the shelter and support that had been accorded by Louis to herself, her family, and their distressed followers, and the scrupulous respect with which he had ever treated her, blinded her to the motives which had led him to confer personal benefits for political ends. How often he had played the part of the broken reed to her unfortunate consort, and disappointed the flattering hopes he had raised in the bosom of her son, she was willing to forget, or to attribute to the evil offices of his ministers. She gave her royal friend credit for all the generous romance of feeling that formed the *beau-idéal* of the age of chivalry; the experience of four-and-twenty years of bitter pangs of hope deferred had not convinced her of her mistake. One of the nuns of Chaillot told Mary Beatrice that she was wrong to imagine every one was as free from deceit as herself. "Your own nature, madame," said she, "is so upright and truthful, that you believe the same of the rest of the world, and you do not distrust any one; but God, who is good, knows the wickedness of human nature, and I could wish that your majesty would sometimes feel the necessity of a prudent mistrust." "It is true," replied the queen, "that I never suspect ill, and that I have not the spirit of intrigue that belongs to courts."—"Nevertheless, madame," rejoined the *religieuse*, "your majesty, through the grace of God, acquired in your adversity a wisdom that all the cunning and intrigue in the world could never have given you,—that of conciliating and preserving the affection and confidence of the king your husband."—"He knew," said the royal widow, "how much I loved him, and that produced reciprocal feelings in him."¹

¹ MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

A few days after this conversation, Mary Beatrice said she could not think without pain that the time of her departure from the convent drew near, and that she must return to St. Germain, to that melancholy and now desolate palace. Her tears began to flow, as she spoke of the loneliness that awaited her there. "Alas!" said she, "picture to yourselves the state in which I shall find myself in that place, where I lost the king, my lord and husband, and my daughter. Now that I am deprived of my son, what a frightful solitude does it appear! I shall be compelled to eat alone in public; and when the repast is ended, and I retire to my cabinet, who will there be to speak to there? Here I find, at least, a little society. I had hoped to remain here always. I have spoken of it to the pères Ruga and Gaillar, and I asked père Ruga to entreat for me enlightenment from God on this subject; but he has told me 'I ought not to think of it.' I must therefore make the sacrifice, and leave this retreat on which I had fixed my desire, for it will not be permitted me to enjoy it. I have not," continued her majesty, "relied on the opinions of the pères Ruga and Gaillar only. I have consulted madame Maintenon and the duke of Berwick, and all are of opinion that, in the present position of my son's affairs, I ought not to retire from the world,—in fact, that I ought to remain for some time at St. Germain,¹ not for any satisfaction that I can find in the world, for I have experienced this very day a severe mortification which has touched me sensibly." Mary Beatrice did not explain the circumstance that had annoyed her, but said, "I have written to the king, my son, about it, and see what he has sent in reply." She then read the following passage from the letter she held in her hand:—

"It is not for me, madame, to make an exhortation to your majesty; that would be great presumption on my part, but you know what St. Augustin says:—*Non pervenitur ad summam pacem etiam in silentio, nisi cum magno strepitu pugnavit cum motibus suis.*"

"Which means," explained her majesty, who appears to have been a better Latin scholar than her friends the

¹ MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

religieuses, "that one cannot even find peace in the silence of a cloister, if one does not fight manfully against carnal inclinations." She did not read any more of the letter, but only said that, "although her son possessed not such brilliant talents as the princess his sister, he had solid sense; but my daughter," continued the fond mother, "had both the brilliant and the solid. They were united in her, and I may say so without vanity, since she is no more." The chevalier was an excellent correspondent, and wrote many pleasant and often witty letters to cheer his sorrowful and anxious mother in his absence.

On the 11th of November, lord Galway came to inform Mary Beatrice that he had seen her son as he passed through Chalons; that he appeared thoughtful, but was very well, and even growing fat, though he took a great deal of exercise, and that he made the tour of the ramparts of that town every day on foot. "The king his father was accustomed to do the like," said her majesty, "and rarely sat down to table till he had taken his walk." Lord Galway said that "the prince bade him tell her majesty that he was much better in health than at St. Germain's, and wished she could see him."—"It would give me extreme joy to see him again," replied Mary Beatrice, meekly; "but I must not desire what is not the will of God." It was upwards of two months since she had enjoyed that happiness.¹ Her majesty afterwards walked with the community to the orangery, and a detached building belonging to this conventual establishment at some little distance in their grounds. She returned vigorously from this promenade without being the least out of breath, and, having walked very fast, she asked the nun who had the honor to give her her hand, "if she had not tired her?" To which the *religieuse*, being too polite to reply in the affirmative, said, "there were some moments in which she had not felt so strong as usual."—"Your answer reminds me," rejoined the queen, playfully, "of what we say in Italy when any one inquires of another, 'Are you hungry?' the reply to which question is not 'Yes,' but, 'I should have no objec-

¹ MS. Diary of the nun of Chaillot.

tion to eat again.'"¹ The next day, Mary Beatrice mentioned with great pleasure having received a letter from her aunt, who was then a Carmelite nun. "She writes to me with the most profound humility," said her majesty, "as if she were the least person in the world: I am ashamed to say I have not written to her for a long time. We used to dispute with one another which should be a nun. I was fifteen, and she was thirty, when they first spoke of a marriage of the duke of York, and we each said to the other, in secret, 'it will be you that shall be chosen;' but the lot fell to me."

On the 14th of November, Mary Beatrice found herself weary and indisposed. She had taken one of her bad colds, coughed all the time she was at her toilet, and grew worse towards evening: she had a bad night, with cough and sore throat, and difficulty of breathing. At five in the morning, madame Molza, who slept in her chamber, was alarmed, and called the nun who kept the keys to come and give her opinion. The nun said her majesty was in a high fever, and went to tell the duchess of Perth, who immediately rose, and wrote to St. Germain's for her majesty's physician, and M. Beaulieu, her French surgeon, to come to her. They did not arrive till two in the afternoon, which caused great uneasiness, for the queen grew visibly worse, and her mind was so deeply impressed with the death of her daughter, that she thought herself to be dying, and those about her had some trouble to compose her. The fever was so high that it was thought necessary to bleed her, and for two days she was in imminent danger; she was, besides, in great dejection of spirits.² "Her majesty," says our Chaillot diary, "was very sad during her sickness, not so much at the idea of death, but because she had not her children near her as on former occasions; and, above all, it renewed in her remembrance the princess, who had been accustomed, whenever she was ill, to wait upon her as a nurse." Mary Beatrice had borne the first agony of her bereavement, terrible and unexpected as it was, with the resignation of a Christian heroine; but every day she felt it more acutely,

¹ MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

and during her weary convalescence she pined for her lost treasure with unutterable yearnings.

While the poor queen was still confined to her chamber, a striking sermon was preached in the conventual church on the love of God, by père Gramin, in which he said, "that sometimes three sacrifices were required by our heavenly Father, which he should briefly express in three Latin words, *tua, tuos, te*; that is to say, thy goods, thy children, and thyself." When this was repeated to Mary Beatrice, she cried, with a deep sigh, "Small is the sacrifice of *tua*, or the goods, in comparison to *tuos*, the children." On a former occasion she had said, "Job bore the loss of his goods unmoved; but when he heard of the loss of his children, he rent his garments and fell prostrate on the earth."¹ Mary Beatrice had the consolation of receiving a most affectionate and dutiful letter from her son, expressing the greatest concern for her illness, and begging her "to take care of her health for his sake, since the most overwhelming of all his calamities would be the loss of her." The chevalier was still at Chalons-sur-Marne, waiting the event of the negotiations at Utrecht. The payment of two bills of 16,000 francs each, which cardinal Gaulterio had persuaded the queen to hold after she had regarded them as lost money, had enabled her to send her son some seasonable pecuniary relief at his greatest need, and also to discharge a few trifling debts of her own in England, of long standing, which had distressed her scrupulous sense of honesty. She gave one thousand francs among the three domestic sisters who had waited upon her in her sickness, and during her long sojourn in the convent.

On the first Sunday in Advent, perceiving that all her ladies were worn out with fatigue, and weary of the monotony of the life they led at Chaillot, and hearing, withal, many complaints of her absence from St. Germans, she at last made up her mind to return thither the next day, Monday, December 5th. She was very low-spirited at the thought of it, coughed very much all night, and in the morning appeared wavering in her purpose; but, seeing

¹ MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

everything prepared for her departure, she was about to make her adieus when she was informed the duc de Lauzun wished to speak to her. It was inconvenient to give audience to any one just as she was setting off on her journey, but she judged that he had something important to communicate, and gave orders to admit him. He was the bearer of evil tidings, for he came to break to her the tragic death of the duke of Hamilton, who had been slain in a duel with lord Mohun, not without strong suspicions of foul play on the part of his antagonist's second, general Macartney. The duke of Hamilton was at that time the main pillar of her son's cause in Scotland; he was in correspondence with herself, had just been appointed ambassador to the court of France, secretly empowered, it has generally been supposed, by queen Anne to make arrangements with the court of St. Germain's for the adoption of the exiled prince as her successor, on condition of his remaining quiet during her life, little doubt existing of the duke being able, by his great interest in parliament, to obtain the repeal of the act of settlement for the royal succession. The queen was deeply affected by the melancholy news, and the ladies Perth and Middleton wept bitterly. It was a great blow to the whole party, and cast a deeper gloom on their return to the desolate palace of St. Germain's.² Her majesty's chair being brought into the gallery, for she was still too feeble to walk, she prepared to enter it, after she had taken some bread in a little broth; but seeing one of the community, who had waited on her while she was in the convent, she presented her hand to her, and said, "I console myself with the hope of your seeing me again here very soon, if it please God." She was carried into the tribune, where the community attended her, and having made her devotions there, she was conveyed in a chair to her coach. Mary Beatrice arrived at St. Germain's at two o'clock in the afternoon. The interests of her son required that she should stifle her own private feelings, and endeavor to maintain a shadow of royal state, by holding her courts and receptions with the same ceremonies, though on a

¹ MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

smaller scale, as if she had been a recognized queen-mother of England. How well did the words of the royal preacher, "*Vanitas vanitatis*," which were so often on the lips of that pale, tearful Niobe, who, in her widow's coif and veil, and sable weeds of woe, occupied the chair of state on these occasions, describe the mockery of the attempt!

The melancholy Christmas of 1712 was rendered more distressing to Mary Beatrice by the intrigues and divisions that agitated her council, and the suspicions that were instilled into the mind of her absent son of his mentor, the earl of Middleton, who had accompanied him from St. Germain's to Chalons, and acted as his principal adviser. The old story, that he was bribed by the court of St. James's to betray the state-secrets of the exiled Stuarts, and had been in the practice of doing this ever since the death of James II., was revived, though without any sort of proof, and all the misfortunes and failures that had occurred were charged on his mismanagement and treachery.¹ It was also stated that he had neglected the interests of the Stuart cause in Scotland, and had promoted, instead of opposing, the union. Middleton justified himself from those charges, but indignantly offered to withdraw from his troublesome and profitless office. Mary Beatrice, having a great esteem for this statesman, and a particular friendship for his countess, was very uneasy at the idea of his resignation. Her principal adviser at this time appears to have been the abbé Innes, who, in one of the mystified letters of that period, thus writes on the subject:—

"Paris, January 9, 1713.

"I never was more surprised than when the queen showed me some letters the king had sent her about Mr. Massey [lord Middleton], and the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that villany must proceed originally either from the Irish, to remove one whom they look upon as none of their friends, to make way for one of their friends, or else that it is a trick of the whigs to ruin Jonathan [the king], by insinuating a correspondence with them to give jealousy to the other party, and by that means to deprive Jonathan of the only person capable of giving him advice."

Mary Beatrice took upon herself the office of meditating between her son and their old servant, Middleton, whose

¹ Stuart Papers in Macpherson, and in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

wounded feelings she, not unsuccessfully, endeavored to soothe in the following letter:—

“St. Germain, January 28, 1713.

“I have not had the heart all this while to write to you upon the dismal subject of your leaving the king, but I am sure you are just enough to believe that it has and does give to me a great deal of trouble; and that which I see it gives the king, increases mine. You tell me in your last letter upon Mr. Hamilton's coming away, that if your opinion had been followed you had gone first, but if mine were, you should never go first nor last. But, alas! I am grown so insignificant and useless to my friends, that all I can do is to pray for them, and God knows my poor prayers are worth but little. I own to you, that as weary as I am of the world, I am not yet so dead to it as not to feel the usage the king and I meet with. His troubles are more sensible to me than my own, and if all fell only on me, and his affairs went well, and he were easy, I think I could be so too; but we must take what God sends, and as he sends it, and submit ourselves entirely to his will, which I hope in his mercy he will give us grace to do, and then in spite of the world all will turn to our good.”¹

It can scarcely be forgotten that the princess of Orange, when her sister Anne was endeavoring to inveigle her into the conspiracy for depriving their infant brother of the regal succession, by insinuating that he was a spurious child, feeling dubious whether she ought to credit so monstrous a charge without inquiring into the evidences of his paternity, propounded, among other queries which she sent to Anne, the simple but important question, “Is the queen fond of him?”² Anne, being an interested witness, replied evasively. Nature, who cannot equivocate, has answered unconsciously to the test, in the unaffected gush of maternal tenderness with which Mary Beatrice speaks of her son to lord Middleton in this letter. She says:—

“You told me, in one of your former letters, that you were charmed with the king being a good son. What do you think, then, that I must be, that am the poor old doting mother of him? I do assure you, his kindness to me is all my support under God.”³

Marry! but our unfortunate Italian queen, on whose ignorance some historians have been pleased to enlarge, could write plain English with the same endearing familiarity as if it had been her mother-tongue. “Our hissing, growling,

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

² Correspondence of the princess of Orange and princess Anne of Denmark, in Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

grunting northern gutturals" had become sweeter to her ear than the silvery intonations of her own poetic land, and flowed more naturally to her pen. English was the language of those she loved best on earth,—the unforgotten husband of her youth, and their children. Of the last surviving of these, "the Pretender," she thus continues in her letter to his offended minister, the earl of Middleton:—

"And I am confirmed of late more than ever in my observation, that the better you are with him, the kinder he is to me; but I am also charmed with him for being a good master, and a true friend to those who deserve it of him, though I am sorry from my heart that you have not had so much cause of late to make experience of it.

M. R."

"I say nothing to you of business, nor of Mr. Hamilton, for I write all I know to the king, and it is to no purpose to make repetitions. I expect, with some impatience, and a great deal of fear, Humphrey's decision as to France."

The meaning of this enigmatical sentence is, whether queen Anne would permit the chevalier de St. George to avail himself of the asylum which the duke of Lorraine had offered him in his dominions. This was in the end privately allowed by her, and publicly protested against by her ministers. Mary Beatrice writes again to the earl of Middleton on the 9th of February; she had succeeded in prevailing on him to continue with her son, and she says many obliging and encouraging things to him in this letter, which is, however, dry, and chiefly on public business. She there speaks of their secret correspondent, Bolingbroke, by the appropriate cognomen of "Prattler,"¹ and certainly appears to set very little account on his flattering professions.

The position of the son of James II. appeared by no means in so bad a light to the potentates of Europe at this period as it did to the desponding widow, who sat in her companionless desolation at St. Germain's watching the chances of the political game. The emperor, though he had publicly demurred for nearly three months whether he would or would not grant the chevalier a passport to travel through part of his dominions to Bar-le-duc, secretly entertained overtures for connecting the disinherited prince with his own family by a marriage with an archduchess.

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

The tender age of his daughter, who was only twelve years old, was objected by his imperial majesty as an obstacle to her union with a prince in his five-and-twentieth year, but he politely intimated, at the same time, that his sister was of a more suitable time of life.¹ Queen Anne's ill health at this period, the unsettled state of parties in England, and the lingering affection of the people to hereditary succession, rendered an alliance with the representative of the royal Stuarts by no means undeserving of the attention of the princesses of Europe. The chevalier did not improve the opening that had been made for him by his generous friend, the duke of Lorraine, with the court of Vienna. His thoughts appear to have been more occupied on the forlorn state of his mother, than with matrimonial speculations for himself. The manner in which he speaks of this desolate princess, in the letter he addressed to Louis XIV. on the eve of his final departure from his dominions, is interesting. After expressing his grateful sense of the kindness he and his family had experienced from that monarch, he says :—

“ It is with all possible earnestness that I entreat of your majesty a continuation of it for me and the queen my mother, the only person who is left of all who were dearest to me, and who deserves so much of me as the best of mothers.”²

In writing to Louis XIV. alone, the chevalier would have done little for his mother; he was aware that, to render her asylum secure, he must pay no less attention to the untitled consort by whom the counsels of the aged monarch of France were influenced, and with equal earnestness recommended her to the friendship of madame de Maintenon in a complimentary billet.³ Madame de Maintenon was so well pleased with this mark of attention that the next time she saw queen Mary Beatrice, although she made no remark on the letter addressed to herself, she set her majesty's heart at rest as to the impression produced by that which he had sent to Louis XIV. by saying, “The king, your son, madame, has combined, in writing to his majesty

¹ Stuart Papers. Duke of Lorraine's Correspondence with the Emperor.

² In the archives of France.

³ Ibid., Chaillot collection.

[the king of France] the elegance of an academician, the tenderness of a son, and the dignity of a king.”¹

The royal mother, who had been sent copies of these letters by her son, could not refrain from reading them, in the pride of her heart, to the community at Chaillot. The abbess and her nuns extolled them to the skies, and begged her majesty to allow them to be transcribed and placed among the archives of their house. Mary Beatrice expressed some reluctance to do so, observing, “that, in the present critical position of her son’s affairs, it might be attended with injurious consequences, if letters so strictly private found their way into print.” She added, significantly, “that she had been much annoyed at seeing some things published in the Dutch gazette, not being able in any manner to imagine how the information was obtained.” This was certainly throwing out a delicate hint that her confidence had not been held sacred by some of the members of that community; nevertheless, she was persuaded to allow copies of her son’s letters, both to the king of France and madame de Maintenon, to be taken. These have been so carefully preserved that they have survived the dissolution of the convent.

Mary Beatrice spent the residue of this melancholy winter, the first she had passed without her children, at St. Germain. Her only comfort was hearing from her son that he had been honorably and affectionately received at the court of Lorraine by the duke and duchess, who were both related to him. The duchess of Lorraine, being the daughter of the late duke of Orleans by Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, inherited a portion of the Stuart blood, through her descent from James I. She took the most lively interest in her exiled kinsman, and did everything in her power to render his sojourn at Bar-le-duc agreeable. Mary Beatrice writes to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, on the 20th of March, a letter commencing with excuses for being an indifferent correspondent, because the frequent and long letters she wrote to her son took up all her time. Her majesty had been making a small, but acceptable

¹ MS. Memorials.

present to one of the nuns, for she says, "I am glad sister M. Gabrielle found the tea good, but surely that trifling gift did not merit so eloquent a letter of thanks." Mary Beatrice describes her own health to be better than usual, expresses herself well pleased with the general bulletin lady Strickland had brought of the health of the convent, and then says:—

"The king, my son, continues well at Barr, where the duke of Lorraine shows him all sorts of civilities. I recommend him earnestly to your prayers, my dear mother, and to those of your dear daughters. He requires patience, courage, and prudence, and above all, that God should confirm him in the faith, and give him grace never to succumb to the temptations with which he will be assailed by his enemies, visible and invisible."¹

Before the proclamation of the peace of Utrecht, Mary Beatrice sought the welcome repose of her favorite retreat at Chaillot. "The queen of England," says the diary of that convent, "came here on the 5th of May, 1713; she arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, and testified much joy at finding herself at Chaillot once more. She asked our mother the news of the house, and inquired particularly after all the sisters. While they were preparing her majesty's table, she came into the antechamber herself, to speak to the two domestic sisters, Claire Antoinette and J. M., who were accustomed to serve her. The next day, being very cold, she congratulated herself on having come as she did, for they would never have permitted her to leave St. Germain's in such weather, lest it should make her ill; and she repeated many times, 'that she was surprised at finding herself in such good health as she had been for the last six months, considering all she had suffered.' On the Sunday after her arrival, her majesty said, 'she had prayed to God that he would make her feel his consolations, so that she might say with the royal prophet, "In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed my soul;" but that,' added she, 'is what I have not experienced; the Lord does not make me taste his sweetness.' She told the nuns, 'that since the departure of

¹ From the original French holograph letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

her son she had no one to whom she could open her heart, a deprivation which she had felt as peculiarly hard; yet,' added she, 'in losing the persons to whom one is accustomed to unburden our hearts, we lose also some opportunities of displeasing God by our complaints, and acquire the power of passing days without speaking of those subjects that excite painful emotions.' " This was, indeed, a degree of Christian philosophy to which few have been able to attain. It must be owned, that Mary Beatrice strove to improve the uses of adversity to the end for which they were designed by Him who chastens those he loves.

The moment at length arrived, long dreaded by the sympathizing community of Chaillot, when the abbess was compelled to tell their afflicted guest that a solemn *Te Deum* was appointed to be sung in their church, as well as all others throughout France, on the day of the Ascension, on account of the peace,—that peace which had been purchased by the sacrifice of her son, and had poured the last phial of wrath on her devoted head by driving him from St. Germain, and depriving him of the nominal title with which he had hitherto been complimented by the monarchs of France and Spain.¹ The intimation regarding the *Te Deum* was received by Mary Beatrice without a comment. She knew that it was a matter in which the abbess had no choice, and she endeavored to relieve her embarrassment by turning the conversation. Her majesty said afterwards, "that a printed copy of the treaty had been sent to her, but that she had not then had time to read it, as it was so bulky a document; and she had told lady Middleton to open it, who looked for what concerned her, and made no further search."

On the evening of the 28th the queen asked the nun who waited on her, if she had seen the paper that was on the chimney-piece?"—"I have not had the courage to look at it," was the reply. "Ah, well," said the queen, "then I must for you;" and raising herself in the bed, where she was

¹ The peace was signed March 30th by the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, but not solemnly ratified for several weeks after that date. It was proclaimed in London May 6th.

resting her exhausted frame, she put on her spectacles, and began to read it aloud. It was a copy of the treaty. When her majesty came to the fourth and fifth articles, which stated "that, to insure forever the peace and repose of Europe and of England, the king of France recognized for himself and his successors the protestant line of Hanover, and engaged that he who has taken the title of king of Great Britain shall remain no longer in France," etc., she paused, and said, with a sigh, "The king of France knows whether my son is unjustly styled king or not; I am sure he is more grieved at this than we can be." The nun in waiting remained speechless, and the queen resumed, "Hard necessity has no law. The king of France had no power to act otherwise, for the English would not have made peace on any other condition. God will take care of us: in him we repose our destinies." She added, "that the king, her son, had sent word to her 'that his hope was in God, who would not forsake him when every other power abandoned him.'"¹ The next morning she maintained her equanimity, and even joined in the grace-chant before dinner. The nun who was present when she read the treaty on the preceding evening drew near, and said, "Madame, I am astonished at the grace God has given you, in enabling you to appear tranquil; for my part, I was struck with such consternation at what I heard that I could not sleep. Was it not so with you?"—"No, I assure you," said the queen; "I have committed everything to God: he knows better what is good for us than we do ourselves." She ate as usual, and manifested no discomposure, even when her ladies came on the following day, and told her of the general rejoicings that were made in England for the peace.²

A few days afterwards, Mary Beatrice told the nuns "that her son had sent a protest to the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht against the articles of the treaty, as regarded England, and had asserted his title to that crown, which had been retorted by the cabinet of St. James's addressing

¹ Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the nuns of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

an atrocious libel to the same congress, complaining 'that an impostor like the Pretender was permitted to remain so near as Bar-le-duc.'" She related this with emotion, but without anger. The sympathizing community said all they could to console her, telling her the cause of her son was in the hands of God, who would, they hoped, soon restore him to the throne of his forefathers. "If it be God's good pleasure to do so, may his will be accomplished!" replied the queen. She said, "that she had received an address from Edinburgh, professing the faithful attachment of the Scotch to the house of Stuart; that Scotland and Ireland were both well disposed, but in want of a leader."¹ When Mary Beatrice found that the allied powers had agreed to compensate the elector of Bavaria for the loss of a part of his German territories by making him king of Sardinia, while the duke of Savoy was in his turn to receive more than an equivalent for his Sardinian province by the acquisition of the crown of Sicily, she said, with a sigh, "Thus we find that every one recovers his goods in one shape or other, at this peace, but nothing is done for us; yet, my God," added she, raising her eyes to heaven, "it is thy will that it should be so, and what thou willest must always be right." Being informed, subsequently, that the duke of Savoy was about to embark to take possession of his new kingdom of Sicily, she said, "Those who have kingdoms lose them, and those who had not acquire them through this peace; but God rules everything, and must be adored in all he decrees." The duchess of Savoy had written to her in terms expressive of much affection and esteem, on which Mary Beatrice observed, "that she was very grateful for her regard, but she could not have the pleasure of recognizing the duke of Savoy as king of Sicily, because her son had protested against everything that was done at the treaty of Utrecht."² This was, indeed, retaining the tone of a crowned head when all that could give importance to that dignity was gone.

One day, after the peace of Utrecht had sensibly di-

¹ Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the nuns of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

minated the hopes that had been fondly cherished by the widowed queen of James II. of seeing her son established on the throne of England, the princess of Conti, who was an illegitimate daughter of Louis XIV., paid her a formal state-visit at Chaillot, accompanied by her three daughters. Mary Beatrice, with the delicate tact that was natural to her, always caused all the *fauteuils* to be removed from her reception-room whenever she expected any of the princesses who were not privileged to occupy those seats in her presence. The three young ladies, as they were leaving the room, observing to one another on the absence of the *fauteuils*, scornfully exclaimed, as if imputing it to the destitution of the royal exile, "What a fine instance of economy! But they cannot be ignorant of our mother's rank. What will people say of this?" Mary Beatrice, who overheard their impertinence, replied, with quiet dignity, "They will say that I am a poor queen, and that this is your way of telling me that I have fallen from my proper rank."¹ When the duchess-dowager of Orleans came to visit Mary Beatrice, she tenderly embraced her, and told her how much charmed the duke of Lorraine and her daughter were with the chevalier de St. George, and that they were delighted at having him with them. The fond mother was gratified at this communication, and begged madame to "convey her thanks to their highnesses for their goodness to her son, not having," she said, "words sufficiently eloquent to express her full sense of it herself." The chevalier had found it expedient to leave Barr for a temporary visit to Luneville, where everything was, however, arranged for his comfort, through the friendship of the duke and duchess of Lorraine. His greatest trouble at this time was his pecuniary destitution, and this caused his mother more uneasiness than it did him.

So self-denying was Mary Beatrice in all her personal expenses, that, although she suffered much inconvenience when at Chaillot from writing on an ornamental *escritoire* faced with plates of china, she could not be persuaded to purchase a proper writing-table, even of the cheapest mate-

¹ Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the nuns of Chaillot.

rials and form. Her ladies one day said to her, "Madame, you are not of the same disposition as other princesses, who, before they had been inconvenienced by their writing-tables as you have been by this, would have changed them a dozen times."—"They would have had the means of gratifying their tastes, then," rejoined her majesty. "I have not; the little that can be called mine belongs to the poor." The kind-hearted duchess of Lauzun, to whom this conversation was repeated, sent the queen a new writing-table, for a present. Mary Beatrice would not accept the friendly offering. She was the widow of a king of England, the mother of a prince who claimed the crown of that realm: and, dowerless exile as she was, she would not degrade the national honor of the proud land over which she had reigned, by allowing any of the ladies of France to minister to her wants. Not that she conveyed her refusal in terms calculated to offend madame de Lauzun; she thanked her courteously, but said "the table was too low, and that she was about to purchase one, for which she would give proper directions." Mary Beatrice found herself, at last, compelled to buy a writing-table, in order to evade the necessity of accepting the present of the duchess de Lauzun. It cost the mighty sum of five-and-forty livres,¹ less than eight-and-thirty shillings, and even this outlay occasioned the unfortunate queen a pang, when she thought of the starving families at St. Germain, and she asked the nuns, "Whether she ought to give so much money as five-and-forty livres for a writing-table?" The nuns replied, with much simplicity, "that indeed they seldom gave tradesmen as much as they asked for their goods, but they thought the table was worth the price named." Her majesty declared "that she had no intention to cheapen the article, ordered my lady privy-purse to pay for it directly, and to give a proper recompense to the porter who had brought it."² Poor Mary Beatrice! she must have been more than woman if memories of the splendor that once surrounded her at Whitehall rose not before her mental vision on this occasion, while hesitating whether she ought

¹ Diary of Chaillot.² Ibid.

to allow herself the indulgence of such an *escritoire* as five-and-forty francs could purchase. It would have looked strangely, that same piece of furniture, in her apartment there, beside the costly cabinets and silver-fligree tables of Italian workmanship which John Evelyn admired so greatly; and when he saw them decorating the chamber of her royal step-daughter, queen Mary, thought—good conscientious gentleman—"that they ought, in common honesty, to have been returned to their lawful owner."¹

The duke and duchess of Berwick, and the duchess of Lauzun, came one day to visit her majesty at Chaillot, and were beginning to devise many alterations and additions for the improvement of her apartments there, which were, in truth, in great need of renovation. She listened to everything with a playful smile, and then said, "When my dower shall be paid, I may be able to avail myself of some of your suggestions. All I have power to do, in the mean time, is to follow your advice by changing the damask bed into the place where the velvet one now stands, which fills up the small chamber too much."² The chair in which her majesty was sometimes carried up into the tribune or gallery which she occupied in the chapel had become so shabby and out of repair that the nuns and her ladies pressed her to have a new one made. She refused, at first, on account of the expense, but at last yielded to their persuasions. She ordered that it should be like a chair in the infirmary, but rather larger, and yet not too large to be carried through the door of the little alley that led to the infirmary; for she was constant in her visits to the sick, whether able to walk or not, and at this period, in consequence of her great debility, she was carried by her attendants in a chair. She wished the height from the ground to the top of the back to be five feet, like her chair of state at St. Germain's, and that it should be covered with a silk, called *gros de Tours*, which she thought would be a cheap and suitable material; but when she heard that it was ten livres—that is to say, eight-and-fourpence—an ell, which

¹ Evelyn's Diary.

² Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, in the archives of France.

would make the chair cost altogether two hundred livres, rather over eight pounds, she declared she would not have such a sum expended for that purpose. Lady Strickland recommended camlet, a thick watered silk with some mixture of wool, as more suitable for the cover of the chair, and the queen told her to bring her patterns, with the price; but as she found it would cost fourteen livres more than the other, she decided on having the *gros de Tours*,—of such serious importance had circumstances rendered that trivial saving to a princess who had once shared the British throne, and whose generous heart reluctantly abstracted this small indulgence for herself from the relief she accorded from her narrow income to the ruined emigrants at St. Germain.

“Madame,” said one of the sisters of Chaillot, “you put us in mind of St. Thomas of Villeneuve, who disputed with his shoemaker about the price of his shoes, and a few days afterwards gave one of the shoemaker’s daughters three hundred rials to enable her to marry; for your majesty is parsimonious only to enable you to be munificent in your charities and your offerings at the altar.” The queen smiled, and said, to turn the conversation, “I certainly have no disputes about the price of my shoes, but I would fain get them for as little cost as I can. When I was in England, I always had a new pair every week; I never had more than two pair of new shoes in any week. I had a new pair of gloves every day, nor could I do with less; if I changed them, it was to the profit of my chambermaids. Monsieur de Lauzun once used some exaggeration in speaking to the king [Louis XIV.], on the subject of my penury, when he said, ‘Sire, she has scarcely shoes to her feet!’ This was going a little too far; but it is true,” continued she, playfully, “that they have sewn these ribbons for the second time on my fine shoes.” She laughed, and showed the shoes as she spoke, adding, “they cost me ten livres. I think that is too much to pay for them, but they will not charge less to me. That is the way with the artisans. My mother would never submit to an imposition. She was both generous and magnificent, but she did not like to be

charged more than the just price for anything. When, however, she had reason to think her tradespeople had been moderate in their charges, she would give them, out of her own pleasure, something over and above."¹

The poor queen had cause, at this time, to apprehend that the cancer in her breast was going to break out again; she was also troubled with difficulty of breathing and general debility. Dr. Wood, whom her son sent to see her, advised her majesty to quit Chaillot, because he said the air was too sharp for her; and he strenuously objected to the fasts and perpetual succession of devotional exercises practised in that house, as most injurious to her. The abbess and sisterhood were displeased at the English physician's opinion, intimated that *monsieur Oude* had better attend to his own business, and begged their royal guest to send for Beaulieu, her own surgeon, to prescribe for her. Beaulieu contradicted all Dr. Wood had said, except on the subject of fasting, to which he was always opposed. As for the air of Chaillot, he said it was nothing so keen as that of St. Germain, which was almost on a mountain, and recommended her majesty to remain where she was. Mary Beatrice said, "that Chaillot must be a healthy place; for that luxurious princess, Catherine de Medicis, built a summer palace there for herself, because she considered it the most healthy site near Paris."²

The countess of Middleton, observing, with uneasiness, that her royal mistress was sinking into ascetic habits, told the nuns one day, in a pet, "that the queen spent too much time in prayer at Chaillot; that it was killing her, and if the king of France knew the sort of life she led there, he would come himself and take her away from them." Mary Beatrice could not refrain from smiling when this was repeated to her by the offended sisters. "I do not think," said she, "that the king of France will trouble himself about my prayers, or that he is likely to

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² Buonaparte, it seems, was of the same opinion when he demolished the convent with the intention of building a nursery-palace for the king of Rome on the spot.

interfere with my stay at Chaillot. My ladies, who like better to be at St. Germain, speak according to their own tastes, and are thinking more for themselves than for me, I doubt, in wishing to return. They may find pleasure in it; but for me, think you the life I lead at St. Germain can be very agreeable, when I am shut up alone in my cabinet every evening after supper till I go to bed, writing three or four hours? When I am here, I write in the morning, which is a relief to my eyes; there, all my time is spent among the miserable, for of such alone is my society composed. Here I have, at least, cheerful company after my meals; and if I have a moment of comfort in life, it is here."¹ She might have added, it is my city of refuge from the importunities and cares with which I am beset at St. Germain.

It was again a year of scarcity, almost of famine, in France, and Mary Beatrice found herself reluctantly compelled, by the necessities of her own people, as she called the British emigration, to withdraw her subscriptions from the benevolent institutions in Paris to which she had hitherto contributed, feeling herself bound to bestow all she had to give upon those who had the greatest claims on her.² One day an ecclesiastic, who came from St. Germain to see her, told her that every one there was starving, on account of the dearness of provisions. The intelligence made her very sad. "She could not sleep that night," she said, "for thinking of it; and when she slumbered a little towards morning, she awoke with a sensation, as if her heart were pierced with a pointed cross." It was at this distressing period that the old bishop of Condone de Matignan, who was going to Marseilles, came to solicit the unfortunate queen to send an offering to the shrine of the immaculate Virgin there. Nothing could be more unseasonable than such a request. Mary Beatrice replied "that, in truth, she had nothing to send," and was sorely vexed by his importunity. She told the community, in the evening, of this vexatious application, and the impossibility of her complying with the bishop's request, "since of all

¹ Diary of a nun of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

the profusion of costly jewels she once possessed, two only remained. One was the little ruby ring which the late king, her dear lord and husband, when duke of York, had placed on her finger at the ratification of their nuptial contract; the other was her coronation ring, set with a fair large ruby, sole relic of the glories of the day of her consecration as queen-consort of England, and these she could not part with. The small diamond," added Mary Beatrice, "which, according to the customs of Italy, I received at the previous matrimonial ceremony at Modena from the earl of Peterborough, I have sent to my son, with my daughter's hair, for which he had asked me."¹ The nuns endeavored to comfort her, by telling her "that when her son should be called to the throne of England, she would be able to make offerings worthy of herself on all suitable occasions."—"On the subject of the contributions that are frequently solicited of me," said the queen, "I find myself much embarrassed; for it appears unsuitable in me to give little, and it is impossible for me ever to give much, all I have belonging rather to the poor than to myself."² Wisely and well did the royal widow decide, in applying her mite to the relief of God's destitute creatures, rather than gratifying her pride by adding to the decorations of a shrine. Yet, such is the weakness of human nature, the force of early impressions, and the manner in which even the strongest-minded persons are biassed by the opinions of the world, she was deeply mortified at being unable to send the gift that was expected of her by the old bishop. She at last expressed her regret that she had given her last diamond to her son, instead of adding it to the coronal of the Virgin of Marseilles. "Madame," replied the nuns, "the use you made of the diamond, in sending it to your son, was perfectly lawful, and these are times when saints themselves would sell the very ornaments of the altar to afford succor to the poor."³

Mary Beatrice was much entreated to assist at the two-fold nuptials of the prince de Conti and mademoiselle de Bourbon, and the duke de Bourbon with mademoiselle de

¹ Diary of a nun of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

Conti, by which a long feud between those illustrious houses would be reconciled. She excused herself, on account of her ill-health and great afflictions, when the princess-dowager of Conti came in person to invite her. Then the duke de Lauzun came from Louis XIV., to request her presence at Versailles on that occasion; and she declined, for the same reasons she had given to madame Conti. The duke de Lauzun took the liberty of a tried and sincere friend to urge her to accept the invitation, telling her "it was necessary that she should appear at Versailles on that occasion, lest the English ambassador should report her as wholly neglected and forgotten since the peace of Utrecht, which would prejudice the cause of her son in England." The royal widow replied "that he had reason on his side; but, for her part, wasted as she was with a mortal malady and crushed with sorrow, she could not think of casting a gloom over the joy of others at a bridal festival by her tears, which, perhaps, she might be unable to restrain; she therefore prayed him to make her apologies, and to plead her wasted form and depressed spirits, and her utter unfitness to appear on that occasion."¹ Lauzun represented at Versailles the sickness and grief of the queen, and madame Maintenon, to whom her majesty wrote to beg her to make her excuses to the king of France, replied in a consolatory tone of kindness, expressing the regrets of the king and his young relatives at her absence, and requesting her to pray for the happiness of the bridal party. Madame de Maintenon added, "that she hoped to come to Chaillot on the following Monday to see her majesty, but in the mean time she could not help informing her that she had learned that many of the English were passing over from London to Calais on purpose, as it was whispered, to come to Chaillot to pay their respects to her majesty, and to pass on to Barr to see her son." This flattering news was a cordial to the mother of him whom his visionary partisans in England fondly called "the king over the water." The peace of Utrecht had, indeed, driven him from the French dominions, and limited his title there to the simple style of the

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

chevalier de St. George; but would afford ready means of communication between him and those ardent friends who had sworn fealty to him in their hearts, and were ready, like the old cavaliers who had fought for his grandfather and his uncle, to peril life and limb for his sake. He was remembered in England, and she, his mother, was not forgotten in the land of which she still called herself the queen, though four-and-twenty years had passed away since she had left its shores on a stormy winter's night, with that son, Heaven's dearest but most fatal gift to her, then a sleeping infant in her arms. Now he had been driven from her, and for his sake she kept her court in widowed loneliness at St. Germain's as a centre and rallying point for his friends, and struggled with the sharp and deadly malady that was sapping her existence.

Some time in the month of July 1713, a fat English merchant, a member of the society of Friends, whom the worthy sister of Chaillot, in her simplicity of heart, calls "*a trembleur* or *cocquere* by profession," came to the convent and craved an audience of the widow of his late sovereign James II. Mary Beatrice, who was always accessible to the English, admitted him without any hesitation. Before he entered her presence, the Quaker gave his hat to a footman, and thus discreetly avoided compromising his principles by taking it off, or appearing to treat the fallen queen with disrespect by wearing it before her.¹ As soon as he saw her majesty, he said to her, "Art thou the queen of England?" She answered in the affirmative. "Well, then," said he, "I am come to tell thee that thy son will return to England. I am now going to Barr on purpose to tell him so."—"But how know you this?" demanded the queen. "By the inspiration of the Holy Spirit," replied the Quaker, showing her a thick pamphlet of his visions, printed in London. "When will the event of which you tell me come to pass?" inquired her majesty. The Quaker would not commit himself by naming any precise time for the fulfilment of his visions, but said, "if he had not been convinced of the truth of his predictions, he would never have put

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

himself to the trouble and expense of a journey from London to Barr." The queen laughed heartily when she related the particulars of this interview to her friends. The holy sisters of Chaillot, not considering that three clever pinches would have transformed the Quaker's broad-brimmed beaver into the orthodox cocked hat of an abbé of their own church, regarded a Jacobite in drab as a very formidable personage; they protested "that he ought to be shut up and treated as a lunatic, and were sure he intended to make some attempt on the life of the king." The reply of Mary Beatrice proved that she was better acquainted with the tenets of the society of Friends, and entertained a favorable opinion of their practice. "My son has no cause for alarm," said she; "these poor people are not wicked. They loved the late king very much, and they are so highly esteemed in England for their probity, that they are exempted from the oaths which others are compelled to take. They never overreach others in their merchandise, and they have adopted for their maxim the words of our Lord, when he bids us be meek and lowly in heart: yet they are not baptized.¹ . . . In England all sorts of religions are permitted," pursued the queen. "The late king said, 'all these varying sects had had one point of negative union, which was to oppose the authority of the pope.' My lord was convinced that he ought not to do violence to the conscience of any one on the subject of religion; they have been persuaded in England, nevertheless, that he had made a league with the king of France to force them to adopt his religion. Yet, when that king drove out the Huguenots, they were given a refuge in England as well as in Holland, where they rendered us odious, as was seen about the time of the birth of the king, my son, when they conjured up false reports against us," continued she, in the bitterness of her heart,—imputing to the harmless refugees, whom James had sheltered from the persecutions of his more bigoted neighbor, the calumnies with which his nearest and dearest ties of kindred had endeavored to stigmatize the birth of the unfortunate prince

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

of Wales.¹ "Me have they accused of things of which I never thought," pursued the fallen queen, "as if I had been as great a deceiver as themselves; they have attributed to me crimes of which I am assuredly incapable,—of imposing a spurious child, and committing perjuries. Others, who love me, have imputed to me virtues which I do not possess; but God will be my judge." The nuns endeavored to soothe her by saying, "they hoped she would see their religion flourish when her son returned in triumph to take possession of his throne."—"Should my son return," said the queen, "you will not see any alteration in the established religion: the utmost that he can do will be to shield the Catholics from persecution. He will be too prudent to attempt innovations."²

Meantime, this beloved object of her maternal hopes and fears had been ordered to drink the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, but the princes of Germany would not grant him passports. He wrote a few days after to the queen, and told her "he had seen his enthusiastic Quaker liegeman, who had related to him his visions, and coolly added, 'I am not, perhaps, so great a prophet as Daniel, but I am as true a one.'" The prince said "he had laughed much at the absurdities of this person, and that it must have appeared strange to him that he did not receive any present; "but," added he, "I am not rich enough to have it in my power to make suitable gifts: all I had to bestow on him were some medals. I do not love either prophets, or read-

¹ That the widow of James II. had been given this erroneous impression of the Protestant emigration by the parties who persecuted and drove them out of France, is not wonderful; but it is pleasant to be able to record one noble exception, at least, among that emigration, from the charge of ingratitude to the unfortunate prince who had received, cherished, and supported them in their distress. Peter Allix, one of the most learned of the Protestant divines, was forced, in 1685, to flee from the cruelty of the king of France; and retiring to the protection of James II., he met with the kindest reception from him. Allix showed his gratitude by writing, in English, a book in defence of Christianity, which he dedicated to James II., in which he warmly acknowledged his obligations to him, and gratefully thanked him for his kind behavior to the distressed refugees in general. It appears that this book was published after the misfortunes of his benefactor, for Peter had to learn the English language before he wrote it.—*Biographia Brit.*, from *Ant. à Wood, Oxoniensis*.

² *Diary of Chaillot*.

ers of horoscopes." This trait of sound sense the prince derived from his royal mother, whose mind revolted from every thing of the sort. The same evening, after she had read her son's letter, Mary Beatrice said "that she neither liked revelations nor ecstasies." Madame Molza, on this, spoke of an Italian lady, "the mother of father Seignery who had lately died in the odor of sanctity, she often fell into a trance, in which she remained until she was roused by the voice of her confessor," adding, "that her majesty's mother, the duchess of Modena, was delighted to see her." "It is true," replied the queen, "that my late mother took delight in seeing marvels and mysteries; but, for my part, I cannot endure them, and always avoid having anything to do with them."¹

On the 18th of July, Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess-dowager of Orleans, came with her daughter, the duchess of Orleans, to cheer the royal recluse with a friendly visit. There was a great deal of kindness and good-nature in Elizabeth Charlotte, notwithstanding the vulgarity of her person and manners. She had a sincere respect for the virtues and noble qualities of the widowed queen of James II., and although she was so nearly related to the parliamentary heir of the British crown, the elector of Hanover, she expressed a lively interest in the welfare of the unfortunate chevalier de St. George, and when speaking of him to his mother, always gave him the title of the king of England. Both she and her daughter-in-law told the queen again how much affection the duke and duchess of Lorraine expressed for him, and how greatly they delighted in his company. The queen listened some time to them before she could command utterance; at last she said, "The duke of Lorraine has compassion on my son; he has had, from his own experience, but too much reason to feel for those who are deprived of their rank and possessions." The following animated song was composed at this period, and sung at the secret meetings of the convivial Jacobite gentry, in allusion to the friendship experienced by the son of Mary Beatrice from the court of Lorraine. All these poet-

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

ical lyrics found their way to the convent of Chaillot, though we presume not to insinuate that they were ever hummed by the holy sisters at the hour of recreation:—

SONG.

Tune, *Over the hills and far awa'.*

“Bring in the bowl, I'll toast you a health,
To one that has neither land nor wealth;
The bonniest lad that e'er you saw,
Is over the hills and far awa',—
Over the hills and over the dales,
No lasting peace till he prevails;
Pull up, my lads, with a loud huzza,
A health to him that's far awa'.

“By France, by Rome, likewise by Spain,
By all forsook but duke Lorraine;
The next remove appears most plain,
Will be to bring him back again.
The bonniest lad that e'er you saw,
Is over the hills and far awa'.

“He knew no harm, he knew no guilt,
No laws had broke, no blood had spilt;
If rogues his father did betray,
What's that to him that's far away?
Over the hills and far awa',—
Beyond these hills and far awa';
The wind may change and fairly blaw,
And blow him back that's blown awa'.”¹

The feverish hopes which the inspirations of poetry and romance continued to feed in the bosom of the mother of the unfortunate chevalier de St. George, doomed her to many a pang which might otherwise have been spared.

Mary Beatrice received so many visits one day during her abode at Chaillot, that she was greatly fatigued, and said she would see no one else; but at six o'clock in the evening, monsieur de Torcy arrived. As he was the prime-minister of France, he was, of course, admitted: the interview was strictly private. On taking his leave of the royal widow, he said, “Her virtues were admirable, but her misfortunes were very great. The king, her son, might be restored, but it would not be yet.” At supper, the queen, which was unusual, was flushed and agitated; the nuns took

¹ Quoted by sir Henry Ellis, from the Harleian Miscellany.

Mary of Modena, Wife of James II

*After the Painting by Willem Wissing in the National
Portrait Gallery*

the liberty of saying to her, they feared M. de Torcy had brought her bad news. "It is nothing more than I already knew," replied the queen. "God be blessed for all: his holy will be done!" She ate little at supper, and went to prayers without saying what afflicted her. She had a restless night, and the next day she was very much depressed. They urged her to take chocolate, and at last, to silence the importunities of her ladies, she did. The same morning she received a letter from Mr. Dicconson, the treasurer of her household, to show her that he could not send her any money. This seemed to augment her trouble; however, she performed all her devotional exercises as usual, but was so weak and exhausted that she could not descend the stairs without extreme difficulty. The nuns entreated her to declare the cause of her affliction. She confessed that she had not been able to sleep. "Madame," said they, "it must be something that your majesty has heard from monsieur de Torcy which has distressed you so much. The heart of that minister must be very hard and pitiless." "It is no fault of M. de Torcy," replied the queen. "He has a very good heart, and has always treated us well."¹

The following evening she revealed the cause of her vexation to the community. When she sent the London Gazette to her confessor, she said that "She had seen in it, that both houses of parliament had united in demanding of the princess of Denmark [queen Anne] 'not to permit the Pretender'—it is thus," said Mary Beatrice, "they call the king—'to be so near their shores;' and the princess had replied, 'that she had already sent a remonstrance to the duke of Lorraine, and would again, which might perhaps induce him to send him out of his dominions; but it was out of her power to force him to do so, as he was too far from the sea to fear the fleets of England.'" It was insinuated that the duke of Lorraine would not have dared to receive the prince without the consent of Anne, and that he was waiting there to take advantage of a change of popular feeling. "We are," continued the exiled queen, "in the hands of God; why, then, should we be cast down?"

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

I confess that this news disturbed me very much yesterday ; so much so that I did not wish to speak on the subject. I said to myself, why should I afflict these poor girls who are about me? I ought to keep my trouble to myself, but seeing the news has been made public, I can no longer hide it." ¹

Phrenologists would say, after looking at the contour of this queen's lofty and somewhat elongated head, that the organs of caution and secretiveness were wholly absent. Her conduct through life proves that she was deficient in those faculties. She told everything that befell her. She might have said, with the Psalmist, "I kept silence, but it was pain and weariness to me ; at last the fire kindled, and I spake." It was generally at the hour of the evening recreation, when the rigid rule of conventual discipline was relaxed, and the sisters of Chaillot were permitted to converse or listen to discourse not strictly confined to religious subjects, that their royal guest gave vent to her feelings by discussing with the sympathizing circle her hopes and fears on the subject of her son, or adverted to the trials of her past life, and the consolation she derived from religion, with impassioned eloquence. The promises of God in the Psalms, that he would protect the widow and the orphan, were frequently mentioned by her. One day the duke of Berwick came to visit her, and bring her English news. In the evening she told the community "that both houses of parliament had moved an address to queen Anne, that she should write to the allies not to suffer the Pretender to be so near to England. In the course of the debate, an old gentleman, eighty years of age, a member of the house of commons, exclaimed, 'Take care of what you do. I was a young man in the time when Cromwell, in like manner, urged the neighboring states to drive away him whom they then only called Charles Stuart.' This bold hint gave a turn to the tone of the debate, which then became sufficiently animated, and it was found that 'the Pretender,' as they called her son, had a strong party to speak for him even in that house." ² The nuns told their royal friend,

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

"that they hoped this good news would reach the king, her son, before he heard of the endeavor to deprive him of his refuge with the duke of Lorraine."—"My son is not easily moved by these sort of things," she replied; "he cares little about the agitation that is excited against him." The prince was not quite so stoical in this respect. His *valet-de-chambre*, St. Paul, who had been delayed on his journey, brought him the intelligence of the vote of the British parliament on St. James's day. He wrote to his mother, "that he had received a fine bouquet, but, through God's grace, he had not been much disturbed by it." Mary Beatrice observed, in reply, "that he had one subject of consolation,—that the Lord had dealt with him as with those he loved, for such had their trials in this life."¹

A little variation in the monotony of the convent was caused by the arrival of an artist named Gobert, with a portrait of the chevalier de St. George, which he had been painting for the queen at Barr. Her majesty was much pleased with it, but her ladies and the nuns did not think it quite handsome enough to be considered a successful likeness. The chevalier de St. George had frequently asked his mother to give him her portrait in her widow's dress, and hitherto in vain. A spice of feminine weakness lingered in her heart. Aware how strangely changed she was by time, sickness, and sorrow since the days when Lely painted York's lovely duchess among the dark-eyed beauties of Charles II.'s court, she refused to allow her likeness to be taken in the decline of life. She playfully explained her reluctance to sit again, by saying, "that cardinal Bellarmin had refused his portrait to his friends, because an old man was too ugly for a picture."² But when her son wrote to her from Barr to repeat his request, she said, "she could not refuse him anything that might be a solace to him during their separation; and as it would be more convenient for her to have it done at Chaillot than at St. Germain's, she would send for Gobert, the same artist who had painted his portrait, and sit to him." The abbess and nuns then joined in petitioning her to allow a copy to

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

be made for them, but on this she at first put a decided negative. Gobert came the next day to begin the picture, but it was not without great difficulty that she could be persuaded, even then, to let him take the outline of her head and the dimensions for that which was to be placed in the tribune with those of her daughter and her son. At last she said, "she would be painted in the character and costume of that royal British saint, the empress Helena showing the cross, and that she would have her son painted as Edward the Confessor," drawing in her own mind a flattering inference for her son, from the resemblance between his present lot and the early history of that once expatriated prince of the elder royal line of England, and fondly imagining that the chevalier would one day be called, like him, to the throne of Alfred. Mary Beatrice said, "the late princess her daughter should also be painted as a royal English saint." A blank is left in the MS. for the name, but, in all probability, Margaret Atheling, queen of Scotland, was the person intended. Her son wrote to beg her to let him have two copies of her portrait; one for the duke and duchess of Lorraine, and another for the princess of Vaudemonte, who had been very kind to him. He called the princess of Vaudemonte "an amiable saint," and said, "that his greatest comfort was talking with her of his mother, and the late princess his sister." Mary Beatrice was very perverse about her portrait, childish so; for she ought not to have hesitated for a moment to oblige the friends who had given that asylum to her son which the kings of France and Spain were unable to bestow. Such, however, are the weaknesses of human vanity. She wrote to her son, "that she had already refused her portrait to the community of Chaillot; and what she denied to them she would not grant to others." To this the chevalier replied, "that he thought it was very hard for her to deny such a trifle to the good nuns, and that she ought to oblige them, and his friends at the court of Lorraine as well."¹ She then reluctantly conceded the point.

When the painter came the next time, the queen was at

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

her toilette, and before she was ready to take her sitting, the duchess of Orleans came to pay her a visit, and remained with her till dinner-time. She told her majesty, "that she thought her looking ill,—much altered for the worse in appearance." This remark did not decrease the poor queen's reluctance to go through the business of sitting for her portrait. She took her dinner at half-past one, and appeared much fatigued and out of spirits, saying, "she was very sorry she had consented to have her portrait taken;" yet, when she found Gobert was waiting, her natural kindness of heart caused her to receive him very graciously. She allowed him to place her in her *fauteuil* in the proper attitude, and gave him a long sitting. In the evening, her majesty, with three of her ladies, went to take the air in the Bois de Boulogne. They all set off in the queen's coach, but the lady Middleton and lady Sophia Bulkeley were left in possession of that vehicle, while the queen walked on with madame Molza, and they took a solitary ramble for three hours in the forest glades together. She returned refreshed, and in better spirits, from this little excursion.¹ On another occasion, when Mary Beatrice and her ladies had been taking an *incognita* walk in the Bois de Boulogne, when they came to the ferry, her majesty had a great wish to cross the river in the ferry-boat; but her ladies being afraid, they all crossed the Pont-Royal, and returned through the Fauxbourg of St. Germain. There the queen betrayed herself by saluting the *tourière* of the convent of the Visitation in that quarter, who, although she was on foot, could not help recognizing her, even if her coach had not been following, her person being well known to all the *religieuses* of Paris. Mary Beatrice, on her return to Chaillot, was very merry, and related all the little adventures of her ramble to the community. Her majesty walked as far as Longchamps on one of these *incognita* expeditions, and visited, by way of recreation, a religious house there. The abbess offered her a collation, which she declined, but partook of some macaroons and fruit, which were handed about in baskets. Mary Beatrice attended

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

vespers in their chapel, and was so much delighted with the beautiful singing, led by the abbess, whose voice was one of the finest in France, that she remained for the last evening services. This made her and her ladies so late in their return that the gates of St. Marie de Chaillot were closed for the night, and the royal devotee and her noble attendants might have had some trouble in gaining admittance, if père Gaillar had not, by a lucky chance, passed, and found them waiting outside.¹

The poor queen being without money at this time, in consequence of the unprincipled delays on the part of Desmarests in the payment of her pension, was greatly troubled to meet the trifling current expenses even of her present economical way of life. Her coach and horses caused her some uneasiness, for the person at whose mews she had been accustomed to keep them sent word, "that he could not engage for their safety. Every one was starving in the suburbs of Paris, and he was afraid they would be stolen from his place." The coachman told her majesty, "he thought it would be desirable to keep the coach, at any rate, in the convent court, where it would be locked up within double doors; but this also involved a difficulty, for there was no covered place to put it under, and if exposed to the weather, it would soon fall to pieces."² These petty cares of every-day occurrence, about matters to which the attention of persons of royal birth is never directed, were very harassing to her. "There were times," she would say, "when she felt so cast down that the weight of a straw, in addition to her other troubles, appeared a burden, and she dreaded everything."

Our Chaillot diary records, that on the 6th of August, a Protestant gentleman, whose name, from the way it is written there, it is impossible to decipher, came to take leave of the queen before he returned to England, having obtained the leave of her son, whom he called his royal master, so to do. He was one of the St. Germain Protestants who had attended that prince to Lorraine, and he told the queen that he, and all of his religion, had been perfectly

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

satisfied with the liberality of their treatment. The chevalier had taken a Protestant chaplain, a regularly ordained minister of the church of England, with him, for the sake of his followers of the reformed religion, the earl of Middleton being the only Roman Catholic in his retinue.¹

On the 12th of August Mary Beatrice dined early, that she might give Gobert the final sitting for her portrait. She told him that he was on no account to make any copies of it, which he confessed that many persons had been desirous of obtaining of him.² The princess de Condé, who always treated Mary Beatrice with scrupulous attention, came to visit her in the convent that afternoon, and told her, "that she had sent a gentleman to Barr purposely to announce the recent marriages of her children to her majesty's son; but lord Middleton had warned her envoy that he must not address him by the title of majesty, as his *incognito* was very strict, and this had disconcerted the gentleman so much that he did not know what to say. However, the prince had soon put him at his ease by the frankness of his reception, and had made him sit down to dinner with him."—"It is thus," sighed the widow of James II., "that we have to play the part of the kings and queens of comedy, or rather, I should say, of tragedy."³

The princess of Condé entreated her majesty to come and see her in her newly-built palace, the Petit Luxembourg, which she had fitted up with extraordinary taste and magnificence. The queen's ladies, who were, of course, eager to escape for one day of pleasure from the weary monotony of the life they had led at Chaillot, prevailed on their royal mistress to accept the princess's invitation; and the following Wednesday being the day appointed, Mary Beatrice went, for the first time since the death of her daughter, to Paris in her old state-coach, with the arms and royal liveries of a queen of England.⁴ She and her ladies set out from Chaillot at three o'clock, escorted by count Molza, who appears to have performed the duties

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

³ Ibid.

² Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

of vice-chamberlain since the death of old Robert Strickland. When her majesty arrived at the Petit Luxembourg, mademoiselle de Clermont, the eldest daughter of Condé, came to receive and welcome her as she descended from her coach, and conducted her into the apartment of madame la princesse,¹ who was on her bed. Mary Beatrice begged her not to disturb herself by rising on her account; but the princess insisted on doing the honors of her palace to her illustrious guest. The princess's chamber being in the highest suite of apartments, she requested her majesty to avoid the fatigue of going down so many stairs by descending in her machine,—a light *fauteuil*, which, by means of a pulley and cord, would lower her, in the course of a few minutes, from the top of the house into the garden. Mary Beatrice seated herself in this machine, and took the cord in her hand, as directed; but she afterwards acknowledged to her ladies that she felt a slight degree of trepidation when she found herself suspended so many feet from the ground. However, she performed her descent safely, and was immediately ushered into the gorgeous chapel, paved with mosaics, and the walls and roof embellished with gold, crystal, and precious stones, besides the most exquisite works of art, interspersed with large mirrors that reflected and multiplied the glittering show in all directions. Mary Beatrice said, “that it would take a full week before she should be able to divert her attention from such a variety of attractive objects sufficiently to compose her mind to prayer,”—an observation characteristic of the wisdom of a devout Christian, who knew how far a wandering eye might lead the soul from God. When the chapel had been duly admired, the superb suite of state-apartments that looked upon the gardens of the royal Luxembourg were exhibited. Everything was

¹ ‘Madame la Princesse’ was the title of the consorts of the princes of Condé. The Petit Luxembourg is a palace or hôtel situated in the rue de Vaugirard. It is contiguous to the palace of the Luxembourg, and built at the same era by cardinal de Richelieu, who gave it to his niece, the duchess d’Aquillon, from whom it descended to Henri-Jules of Bourbon Condé. It was inhabited by the princes of Bourbon Condé during the last century, when it was occasionally called the Petit Bourbon.—Delaure’s Paris, vol. iii. pp. 9, 10.

arranged with equal taste and magnificence; and though the fallen queen of England felt, perhaps, that there was a degree of ostentation in the manner in which madame la princesse displayed her wealth and grandeur, she praised everything, and appeared to take much pleasure in examining the paintings, sculpture, and articles of *vertu* with which she was surrounded. She and her ladies were greatly charmed with the hangings of one of the state-beds, ornamented with festoons and bouquets of the most delicate flowers in cut paper, the work of nuns, which the princess herself had arranged on white satin with gold fringes. When her majesty rose to take her leave, she said, "she could not allow madame la princesse to take the trouble of attending her to her carriage: it would be quite sufficient if mademoiselle de Clermont accompanied her," and was about to go down with that young lady. But the princess of Condé, seating herself in her machine, as she called the *chaise volante*, was at the foot of the stairs first, and stood in readiness to pay the ceremonial marks of respect due to the royal guest at her departure.

From this abode of luxury, Mary Beatrice and her ladies proceeded to a very different place, the great Ursuline convent in the fauxbourg de St. Jacques, where she saw two of her young ladies, Miss Stafford and Miss Louisa Plowden, the younger sister of king James's little pet, Mary Plowden. "The queen," says our Chaillot diary, "pitied *la petite Louison*,—for so they called the youngest Plowden, who, not seeing her mother in her majesty's train, began to weep. Miss Stafford was unhappy because she had been removed from the English Benedictines, where the rule was less rigid than in the French house."¹ Mary Beatrice next visited the English Benedictine monastery of St. Jacques. As she was expected, all the world had collected to get a sight of "*la pauvre reine d'Angleterre*;" so that, when she alighted from her coach, count Molza, who had the honor to give her the hand, could not get her through the throng. The abbot and his brethren stood at the gates to receive her, but such were the pressure and excitement of the

¹ MS. Diary of Chaillot.

crowd, that two of the ecclesiastics, who were endeavoring to assist her majesty, found themselves increasing her distress by stepping on the train of her long black mantle, so that she could neither advance nor recede, and was in some danger of suffocation. At last, through the assistance of the officer of the guard, a passage was forced for her and her ladies. She attended the evening service in one of the chapels, and afterwards took her tea in the great chamber of assembly, which was full of privileged spectators. Another nunnery in that quarter claimed a visit, and she had to encounter fresh crowds of eager gazers in passing to her coach. She returned to Chaillot at eight in the evening, much fatigued.¹

A general reconciliation had taken place, at the time of the intermarriages between the Condé, Bourbon, and Conti families, among all parties engaged in the late feuds, except the duke de Lauzun, who positively refused to go to a grand entertainment of reunion given by one of the dowager princesses, on this occasion at Passy. Mary Beatrice being the only person in the world who had any influence over his stormy temper, endeavored to persuade him to go. He replied, with some warmth, "that he would not," and mentioned several causes of offence which justified him, he thought, in keeping up the quarrel. "You mean to say that you will not oblige me," observed the queen. "Not oblige you, madame!" exclaimed Lauzun, vehemently. "You know very well that if you were to tell me to walk up to the mouth of a cannon when it was going to fire, I would do it."—"I am not likely to put you to such a test," said her majesty, gravely; "I only ask you to dine with our friends at Passy." She carried her point.²

Early in August, Mary Beatrice received a letter from her absent son, telling her "that he had received the precious gift she had sent him, of the ring set with the diamond of her espousals, and the hair of the princess his sister," which, "he said, "he should keep as long as he lived." He added, and that troubled his anxious mother, "that he had been ordered by his physicians to the waters

¹ MS. Diary of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

of Plombières for his health, but he could not undertake the journey without 20,000 livres." ¹—"I know not how I am to come by them," observed Mary Beatrice to the nuns, when she was reading her son's letter; "I have written to Mr. Dicconson about it, not knowing what else to do. God will, perhaps, provide." The royal widow was certainly right to place her trust in Providence, and not in her luckless treasurer and his exhausted funds. It is impossible not to compassionate the case of this poor Mr. Dicconson, who was called upon by every one for money, from the queen and her son to their famishing followers. So far from obtaining any supply from St. Germain, her majesty received a heart-rending letter from her old almoner, père Ronchi,² describing the destitution of every one there, especially the poor Irish, "many of whom," he said, "must perish for want of food, not having had a sous among them for the last two months. Mary Beatrice, who was much in the same case as regarded ready money, was penetrated with grief at being unable to assist them. "For myself," said she, "I have some remains of credit to procure the necessities of life, but these poor people have not." Her only comfort was, that a great many of her followers were beginning to take advantage of the peace to steal back to England. She told the community of Chaillot, "that of 20,000 persons, of whom the emigration at first consisted, not more than 6000 able-bodied men were left; that a great many had perished in the French armies, but the maintenance of their widows and children had fallen upon her." This had been provided out of her French pension. "How

¹ The chevalier de St. George was self-denying and moderate in his personal expenses from a child. He had been allowed 8000 livres (about three hundred and twenty pounds) a year during his minority for pocket-money and little pleasures in which all young persons of rank indulged, but this money he always gave away in alms. His expenses while at the court of Lorraine amounted to 80,000 livres a year, for he was compelled to maintain some sort of state, and to be liberal in his fees to the officials there, where he was on a precarious footing. It was his only city of refuge, so completely had the treaty of Utrecht excluded him from all the other courts in Europe.

² Père Ronchi had been in her service ever since she was duchess of York, being the same ecclesiastic who escaped from the wreck of the Gloucester by clinging to a plank.

often," said the unfortunate queen, "have I bewailed with bitter tears the life I led in England!" Her ladies, knowing how irreproachable her conduct had always been, replied that she could have no cause for repentance. "Yes, indeed," she said, "I have, considering how little good I did when I had much in my power, especially in the way of charity. I see now that many things which I then fancied necessary I might well have done without, and then I should have had more to bestow on others. I give now, in my adversity and poverty, double the sum in alms annually that I did when I had the revenues of a queen-consort of England." Infinitely precious, doubtless, in the sight of God were the self-sacrifices which enabled the fallen queen to minister to the wants of the numerous claimants of her bounty at St. Germain. It was literally, in her case, the division of the widow's mite among those whose necessities she saw were greater than her own.¹

The object of père Ronchi's pathetic representations was to induce Mary Beatrice to make a personal appeal to Louis XIV. on the subject of the unpunctual payment of her pension. No persuasions could prevail on her to do this on her own account, or even that of her son, her pride and delicacy of mind alike revolting from assuming the tone of an importunate beggar. Her ladies, her councillors, her ecclesiastics, the sisters of Chaillot, all united in urging her to make the effort, telling her "that the elector of Bavaria had made no scruple of complaining to his majesty of the inconvenience he had suffered from the procrastination of the officers of the exchequer in disbursing his pension, and that it had been paid regularly ever since." "But," said Mary Beatrice, "I shall never have the courage to do it."—"All in St. Germain will die of hunger in the mean time, if your majesty does not," was the reply. Greatly agitated, she retired to her closet, threw herself on her knees, and prayed long and earnestly for spiritual succor and strength.²

Madame de Maintenon had written to the exiled queen from a sick bed, requesting her to come and see her at

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

Marli, for she was suffering very much from inflammation in the face, had been bled, and dreaded the approaching removal to Fontainebleau, and all the courtly fatigues that awaited her there. The day was intensely hot, Mary Beatrice was herself far from well, and as the hour for her journey approached, she became more and more restless and agitated. However, she composed herself by attending vespers; and after these were over, set off, attended only by lady Sophia Bulkeley. She arrived at Marli at five o'clock, and found madame de Maintenon in bed, and very feeble. While they were conversing *tête-à-tête*, the king entered the chamber unattended. Mary Beatrice, who had not seen him for several months, was struck with the alteration in his appearance, for he was much broken. Regardless of the ceremonial restraints pertaining to her titular rank as a queen, she obeyed the kindly impulse of her benevolence by hastening to draw a *fauteuil* for him with her own hand, and perceiving it was not high enough, she brought another cushion to raise it, saying at the same time, "Sire, I know you are incommoded by sitting so low." Louis, once the soul of gallantry, now a feeble, infirm old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, but still the most scrupulously regardful of all the courtesies due to ladies of every degree, made a thousand apologies for the trouble her majesty had given herself on his account. "However, madame," said he, "you were so brisk in your movements, you took me by surprise. They told me you were dying."¹ Mary Beatrice smiled, but had not the courage to avail herself of this opportunity of telling her adopted father that her sufferings had been more of the mind than the body, and appealing to his compassion. She said afterwards, "that she talked of subjects the most indifferent in the world, while her heart was ready to burst, not daring to give vent to her feelings."

When the king went to take his evening walk, or rather, to show himself as usual on the promenade, Mary Beatrice told madame de Maintenon "that she had a great desire to speak to the king on the subject of her pension, as eight

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

months had passed since she had received any portion of it, and that, in consequence, every one at St. Germain was dying of hunger; that she came partly to represent this to his majesty, but her courage had failed her, though her heart was pierced with anguish at the sufferings of so many people whom she knew so well." Madame de Maintenon appeared touched by this discourse, and said "she would not fail to mention it to the king, who would be much concerned;" adding, "that she was, however, surprised to hear it, as she had been told that her majesty had been paid the sum of 50,000 livres the last time she came."—"It is true," replied the queen; "but that 50,000 was the arrear of a previous seven months' delay, and was, of course, all anticipated."¹ The payment she now requested had been due for two months when the last instalment was disbursed, and she ought to have received it then, but it was too painful to her to press for it. "It is well known," continued she, sighing, "that I should not ask for it now, were it not for those poor Irish. How much do you think was reserved for my use of that last 50,000 livres? Less than a thousand crowns, to put in my privy-purse for necessary expenses. Of that sum, the larger half went to the relief of urgent cases of distress."² When the poor queen had thus unburdened her mind, she went to make her round of visits to the princes and princesses. As she was passing through the saloon where the great ladies had assembled to make their compliments to her, lady Sophia Bulkeley told her that madame de Beauvilliers and madame de Remiremont were following her. Her majesty, who had not observed them in the noble circle, immediately turned back to speak to them, with every mark of respect, and gave them her hand to kiss. She would not, however, appear as if she were assuming the state of a queen of France holding a court, but stood while she conversed with the ladies, who expressed themselves charmed with her politeness to them, one and all, and the graciousness of her deportment. When she visited the princesses, she made a point of speaking courteously to

¹ Diary of Chaillot.² Ibid.

their ladies, so that she left an agreeable impression everywhere she went.¹

"The queen," says her Chaillot chronicler, "did not return here till near ten o'clock. As she said she would be here at nine, lady Middleton and madame Molza were waiting with us at the gate.² They were very uneasy, because they feared that the queen, who was not well when she went away, had been taken ill at Marli. It wanted about a quarter to ten when her majesty arrived. She made great apologies for being so late, and begged that the sisters who waited on her would go to bed, but they entreated to be permitted to remain. She would not herself go to bed till she had attended prayers in the tribune, before she performed her private devotions in her own apartments. Lady Sophia Bulkeley was well pleased with this visit. She said, 'that all the ladies at the French court had been charmed with her majesty; that they had talked of her at supper, and declared 'that no lady in France, since the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, had afforded so perfect a model of dignity and politeness.'"³ Thus we see that in the midst of all her trials and poverty, Mary Beatrice had the singular good fortune to maintain, in that fastidious and fickle court, the favorable impression she had made at her first appearance there in 1689, when Louis XIV. had said of her, "See what a queen ought to be!"⁴ The French ladies had told lady Sophia Bulkeley that they were always charmed with the queen of England's visit to Fontainebleau. Her ladyship would have repeated more of the agreeable things that had been said of her royal mistress to the nuns, but Mary Beatrice, who always discouraged everything like flattery, interrupted her by saying, gravely, "The ladies here have much kindness for me, which was not the case in England, truth to tell; but I have lived since then to become wiser by my misfortunes." At the

¹ Inedited MSS. in the archives of France.

² This expression shows that the author of the Diary of Chaillot and Memorials of Mary Beatrice must have been either the portress or the *tourière* of the convent, or one of the lay-sisters, as the rule would not have permitted the other nuns to have been at the gate.

³ Diary of Chaillot.

⁴ Madame de Sévigné.

evening recreation she said to the nuns, "Can you believe that I have returned without having ventured to speak to the king on my business? But I hope what I have done will be the same as if I had, as I have spoken to madame de Maintenon." The mind of the fallen queen then misgave her, and she cried, "But what shall I do if she should fail me? All would be lost then. But I am wrong," continued she, correcting herself. "My God, it is in thee only that I should put my trust; Thou art my stay."¹

So urgent was the want of money, that Mary Beatrice was reduced to the painful necessity of taking up a sum to relieve the direful pressure of distress at this crisis. She found a merchant willing to accommodate her with a loan for three months, on the security of her French pension. "It was a painful duty," she said; "but if she waited till she touched what had been so long due to her, two-thirds of St. Germain's would have perished."² She was also very anxious about her son's health, and determined to supply him with the means of going to the waters of Plombières at any sacrifice. One little expense which Mary Beatrice indulged herself in out of this loan was, to give a day of pleasure to some lowly individuals in her household, to whom so long a sojourn in a convent had probably been weary work. Our Chaillot diary records, "that on Tuesday, August 29th, the queen hired a coach for the *filles-de-chambre* of her ladies to go to Paris, to see a young person of their own degree take the novitiate habit of a *sœur-domestique* at the Ursuline convent, and in the afternoon to see the Petit Luxembourg. The girls came back in raptures, for the princess de Condé, hearing that they were in the family of the queen of England, had, out of respect to their royal mistress, ordered all the grand apartments to be thrown open to them, and even that they should be introduced into her own private apartment, where she was playing at cards."

The day Mary Beatrice was at Marli she had called on the duc de Berri, the grandson of Louis XIV., as etiquette required, but he was not at home. On the morrow, he sent

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² Ibid.

a gentleman of his household to make his compliments to her majesty, and to express "his regret that he was absent, hunting in the plains of St. Denis, when she did him the honor of calling, but that he should take an early opportunity of returning her visit." The queen, who had no wish for his company, told the equerry "that she thanked his royal highness for his polite attention, which she considered all the same as if he had put himself to the trouble of coming."¹ This her majesty told the abbess she had said in the hope of being excused from his visit, as he was a prince for whose character she had no esteem; "nevertheless," added she, "you will see that he will come." The following day his royal highness made his appearance at the customary hour for formal calls,—four o'clock. He came in state, and as he was the next in succession to the throne of France after the infant dauphin, etiquette required that the abbess of Chaillot should pay him the respect of going with some of the community to receive him at the gate. She only took five or six of the sisters,—doubtless the elders of the house,—and her reception was not the most courteous in the world, for she begged him not to bring any of his followers into her house. His royal highness appeared a little surprised, and explained that his visit was to the queen of England, and not to her reverence; however, the holy mother was resolute not to admit any of his train. He was therefore compelled to tell the chevalier du Roye, and three other nobles of high rank who were with him, that they could not enter; at which they were much offended.² The queen received him in the apartments belonging to the princess-dowager of Condé, which were on the ground-floor, "to spare him the trouble," as she politely observed, "of going up-stairs," but probably in the hope of being rid of his company the sooner. However, he seated himself by her on the *canapé*, and appeared in no hurry to depart. While he was conversing with the queen, the duchess of Perth, wondering what had become of the lords of his retinue, went to inquire, and found them very malcontent in consequence of the slight that had been

¹ Diary of Chaillot.² Ibid.

put upon them, attributing their exclusion to the pride or over-nicety of the queen of England. Lady Perth returned, and told her royal mistress, in English, of this misunderstanding. Her majesty was much vexed, and when the duke of Berri begged that she would permit his gentlemen to enter, she said, "Sir, it is not for me to give that order; the power rests with you, and I beseech you to use it." The gentlemen were then admitted, but chose to mark their displeasure by remaining with the princess de Condé. She was greatly annoyed at the circumstance, trivial as it really was, for she felt the insecurity of her position in that court, and beheld in the duc de Berri the probable regent of France.¹

The queen's principal physician, M. Garvan, came on the 13th of September, to try and persuade her to return to St. Germain, but she would not hear of it. She said she should write to her son, to prevent him from paying any attention to those who were pressing him to importune her on that subject. "Nothing that any one else can say will make me do it," added she; "but if my son asks me, I cannot refuse him."²

The duchess-dowager of Orleans came to see Mary Beatrice in her retreat, and brought her a very kind letter from her daughter the duchess of Lorraine, expressing the great satisfaction that both herself and her lord had experienced in the society of the chevalier de St. George, whom she styled "a most accomplished prince." The delighted mother could not refrain from reading this letter to the sisters of Chaillot; she expressed her gratitude to the duke and duchess of Lorraine, and begged madame the duchess of Orleans to tell them "that she regarded them as friends, whom God had raised up for her and her son at their utmost need, when they looked in vain for any other succor." The duchess of Orleans said "her daughter was

¹ He died the following spring, having shortened his life by his own evil courses, leaving the post of guardian to the infant heir of France to be disputed between the duke of Maine, the son of Louis XIV. by Montespan, and the duke of Orleans, who obtained it.

² Diary of Chaillot.

greatly altered, which she attributed to the number of children she had had."—"Or rather," rejoined the queen, "by the grief of losing them; for," added she, with great emotion, "there is nothing so afflicting as the loss of children." "Her majesty," continues our recording nun, "repeated this several times, and it appeared as if it were only by an effort of self-control that she refrained from speaking of the princess her daughter."¹ That grief was too deep, too sacred to be named on every occasion; there was, withal, a delicacy of feeling in Mary Beatrice, which deterred her from wearing out sympathy by talking too much of her bereavement. When some one remarked in her presence, that people often loved their grandchildren better than they had done their own children, she replied, "When I shall have grandchildren, I hope my affection for them will not lead me to spoil them; but I am sure I shall not love them better than I love the king my son, or than I loved my poor daughter."² The affection of Mary Beatrice for these her youngest children was of so absorbing a nature as to render her apparently forgetful of her buried family in England,—her three elder daughters, and her first-born son, the infant duke of Cambridge. If any one alluded to the loss of those children, which had been among the trials of the first years of her wedded life, she generally replied, "that she acknowledged the wisdom and mercy of her heavenly Father in that dispensation, as well as in all his other dealings with her; for now she felt an assurance of their eternal happiness, which she might not otherwise have done. Happy," she would add, "are those mothers who bear for the Lord."³

Mary Beatrice received a packet of letters from her absent son on the 17th of September, just after she had entered the chapel to attend *compline*, but, anxious as she was to hear from him, she would not open the envelope till the service was over. She read her letters while she was taking her tea. The same evening the princess of Condé, who drank tea with her, showed her a print of the late princess

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

² MS. Diary of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

³ Ibid.

her daughter, which the painter Lepel had caused to be engraved. The queen looked at it, and repressing the tears with which the sight of those dearly-loved features, now veiled forever in the darkness of death, called to her eyes, pursued her discourse on indifferent subjects.¹ Eloquent as she generally was when the name of that last and fairest of her buried hopes was mentioned, she could not speak of her then; her heart was too full. She said, "that she had a copy of Rigaud's portrait of Louis XIV. made, to send to her son. That portrait," she observed, "had always struck her as a great resemblance of his majesty, only it was full thirty years younger than he was, even when she came into France, and he was very much changed and bent since then." She added, "He perceives it himself, and says, sometimes, 'Formerly, I was taller than some of the people about me, who are now taller than I am.'"²

On the 26th of September an ecclesiastic came from St. Germain's to consult with the queen on the means to be taken for the relief of the destitution there, telling her "that, to his certain knowledge, several persons had passed thirty hours without food." Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted, and said, "She was embarrassed to the last degree herself, not daring to importune the king of France, though her pension was several months in arrear, and her son was also without money." She was tantalized with promises from some of queen Anne's ministers that her dowry should be paid. Secret engagements had undoubtedly been made between that sovereign and Louis XIV. before the peace of Utrecht, guaranteeing that provision for the widow of James II.; and the abbé Gautier had been sent to England to receive the first instalment from Harley, the lord treasurer, but was put off from day to day. Desmarets, the French minister of finance, made the promises of the British government touching the payment of the dowry an excuse for delaying the disbursements of her pension from his royal master.³

The distress of her followers roused Mary Beatrice once

¹ MS. Diary of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

² Ibid.

³ MSS. in the Secret Archives of the kingdom of France.

more from the quiescent state of endurance in which she was willing to remain in regard to her own pecuniary difficulties: she wrote a heart-rending appeal to madame de Maintenon. She received a letter in reply on Sunday, October 1st, while she was at dinner, in which that lady expressed great sympathy, saying, "that her majesty's letter had filled her heart with pity; that she could not think of her situation without pain, and though she did everything in her power to avoid causing any to the king, she could not refrain from representing her distress to his majesty, who would speak himself to M. Desmarets on the subject." She said also, "that he had sent to M. de Torey, requesting him to write to the abbé Gautier, not," added the cautious diplomatiste, "that I dare to solicit for your majesty anything that would be inconvenient to him, but merely to testify my zeal for your interests."¹ This communication served to raise the spirits of the desolate widow; the intervention of the powerful advocate she had succeeded in interesting in her favor produced a payment of 50,000 livres of the arrears due to her on her pension. Small as that sum really was, according to English computation of money, it was as the cup of cold water to the fainting caravan in the desert, and enabled the exiled queen to accord to many of the famishing emigrants at St. Germain the means of dragging on the fever of life for a few months longer. Common honesty demanded that she should make a small instalment to the convent of Chaillot, on account of the large sum in which she stood indebted to them, not only for a home, but very often for food, both for herself, her ladies, and their maids. "Her majesty," says the recording sister of Chaillot, "gave our mother, very privately, three thousand livres, all in gold, but entreated her not to let any one know that she had paid her anything." No sooner, indeed, was it suspected, much less known, that the widowed consort of James II. had received any portion of her income, than she was beset with clamorous demands from all her creditors and pensioners.²

¹ MSS. in the Secret Archives of the kingdom of France.

² MS. Diary of Chaillot.

Some readers will doubtless feel disposed to censure Mary Beatrice for expending money she could ill afford in the following manner: The fête-day of the abbess occurring while she was at Chaillot, she could not avoid complying with the custom, which prescribed that every person in the convent should make some present, great or small, to that lady for the decoration of her church. Mary Beatrice was not only under great obligations to the house, but considered it necessary to give according to her rank, rather than her means: as the widow of a king of England, and bearing the title of queen, she determined not to be outdone by any French lady on this occasion. Having privately got the assistant sister, Marie Hélène, to measure the width of the choir, she sent her careful privy-purse, lady Strickland, to Paris, to purchase materials for a curtain, called by our nun an *aparament*, to hang up before it, instead of a piece of tapestry. Lady Strickland performed her commission, it seems, to admiration; for she made a choice of a beautiful piece of red brocade, flowered with gold and silver, and edged with a splendid gold fringe, with a rich heading. Sister Marie Hélène, who possessed the pen of a ready writer, composed, by the queen's desire, some verses suitable to the occasion, to accompany the present. Meantime, the matter was kept as secret as anything could be in which three ladies were concerned, till the important day arrived. After the abbess had received all the other little offerings, they were placed in the chamber of assembly, and the queen was invited to come and look at them. Her majesty had something obliging to say of everything, and when she had inspected all, she bade sister Marie Hélène bring her gift, and present it to the abbess with the verses, in her name. It was quite a surprise, and the whole community were eloquent in their admiration of the elegance and magnificence of the offering; but the queen imposed silence, not liking to hear her own praise.¹ The community wished to have the arms and initials of the royal donor emblazoned on the *aparament*; but Mary Beatrice would not permit it, saying "that it would appear like vanity and ostentation,

¹ Chaillot Diary.

and that she should consider it highly presumptuous to allow anything to her own glorification to be placed in a church."

Cardinal Gaulterio, who had seen the chevalier de St. George at the court of Lorraine, after his return from Plombières came to bring letters from him to his widowed mother, and rejoiced her heart with good accounts of his health and commendations of his conduct. Mary Beatrice told the nuns, "that she had laughed and cried alternately at the sight of the cardinal, who was her countryman, because she had thought to see his face no more." The '*coquere*,' as our Chaillot chronicle designates the enthusiastic broad-brimmed Jacobite before mentioned, paid the queen a second visit about this time. Mary Beatrice received him in the presence of her friend, cardinal Gaulterio, and behaved so graciously to him that he left her highly delighted with the interview. The conference between so remarkable a trio as our Italian queen, a cardinal, and a Quaker, must have been an amusing one.¹ Martine,

¹ Three years previously to this date, 1714, we find some curious particulars of the Quaker, Bromfield, in the inedited diary despatches of secretary St. John to the earl of Strafford, ambassador to the States-General, which appear very similar to our nun's account of the *coquere*. St. John writes, April 20, 1712:—"As to the Quaker, Bromfield, the queen [Anne] hath had one or two letters from him, wherein he gives such an account of himself as would serve to convey him to Tyburn, and I own I look upon him as a madman. Your excellency will not, I believe, think fit to give him any passport. If you can make use of him to discover any Jacobite correspondence, it will be of service." The earl of Strafford, in his letter from the Hague to St. John, writes, April 21st:—"There is one Bromfield, a Quaker, who wrote me a letter with one enclosed to the queen, showing that the fellow had formerly been a private secretary to the late king James, and was no fool. I sent for him to see what I could get out of him. He at first inferred that he would sell his secret to no one but the queen; but I made him sensible that could not be done, and that he must trust me before I could let him have a pass." Strafford goes on to say that Bromfield's mighty secret was, "that he knew of a nobleman in France who was the rightful representative of the house of Valois, and might be easily set up as a pretender to the crown of that realm, to disturb the government. He confessed 'that he had been imprisoned by king William, having been sent over by king James to raise loans for him in England, in which he had succeeded,' he said, 'to the amount of two millions; adding, that there were people engaged in doing the same for his son, and that there was certainly some design on foot.' The duke of Marlborough says he remembers to have heard of him as a person in credit, as master of the mint to king James in Ireland. 22d of May. I am

the Hessian envoy at Paris, notices the Quaker's visit to the chevalier de St. George in a letter to Robethon, the Hanoverian minister,¹ in which he mentions the return to Paris of one of his friends, who had spent two months with the exiled prince at Barr, where he got much into his confidence, and spoke very favorably of him. The chevalier himself told Martine's friend, "that a Quaker, who was much spoken of in England at that time, came to Barr on purpose to see him, and when he entered the room, addressed him in these words:—'Good day, James. The Spirit desired me to come to thee, to tell thee that thou shalt reign over us, and we all wish it. I come to tell thee that if thou hast need of money, we will pay thee amongst us from three to four millions.'"² The prince wanted to make him some present, but he would not take anything.³

Mary Beatrice would gladly have ended her days in the retirement of Chaillot; but, for the sake of her beloved son's interest, she was induced to return to St. Germain towards the end of November, to the great joy of her ladies, the duchess of Perth, the countess of Middleton, lady Sophia Bulkeley, and madame Molza, who, though they were zealous Roman Catholics, appear to have considered six months' conformity to conventual rules rather too much of a good thing. Before the widowed queen quitted Chaillot, one of the nuns congratulated her on the beneficial effects the waters of Plombières had produced on the weakly constitution of the chevalier de St. George, adding, "that she should pray for the improvement of his health and the preservation of his life as the most important things to be desired for him."—"How can you say so?" cried the queen. "Is there no other good thing to be

informed that the Quaker Bromfield, who I mentioned to you in my former letters, finding I would not give him a pass, has contrived to go over without any, in the last merchant's ship that went from Rotterdam. He sent me the letter of his correspondent at Paris only as a blind, that I might not hear of his going over. You will easily discover him. He is of a middle stature, between fifty or sixty years old, with a long grisly beard."—Collection of State Letters and Papers, Birch MSS.

¹ Dated Paris, March 23, N. S., 1714. Bothmar State-Papers, in Macpherson.

² Ibid.

desired for my son?"—"Madame," replied the nun, "we know that on these depend his fortunes."—"Ah! my sister," said the royal mother, "think not too much of his temporal good; but rather let us ask sanctification and constancy in his religion for my son, and the accomplishment of God's holy will, whatever it may be." General reports were at that time prevalent that the chevalier de St. George was about to comply with the earnest solicitations of his friends of the church of England, by abjuring that of Rome. The resignation of the earl of Middleton, the only Roman Catholic in his train at Barr, appeared a preliminary to that step. Few could believe that he would hesitate to imitate the example of his great-grandfather, Henry of Navarre, when, under similar temptations, he had sacrificed his Protestantism for a crown. The unfortunate family of Stuart were, with one exception, singularly deficient in the wisdom of this world. The 'merry monarch' was the only man of his line who possessed sufficient laxity of principle to adapt himself to the temper of the times in which he lived. The son of James II. had not only been imbued by his parents with strong prejudices in favor of the faith in which he had been educated, but a feeling of spiritual romance induced him to cleave to it, as a point of honor, the more vehemently, whenever he was assailed with representations of how much his profession was opposed to his worldly interests. Among the Chaillot records a paper is preserved,¹ in the well-known hand of the widow of James II., enclosed in a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, headed:—

"Extract of a Letter from the King my son, written by him to me in English, the 30th of December, 1713.

"I doubt not that the reports, positive and circumstantial as they are, which are in circulation of my having changed my religion, have reached you, but you know me too well to be alarmed; and I can assure you that, with the grace of God, you will sooner see me dead than out of the church."²

¹ In the hôtel de Soubise.

² To render this extract intelligible to her friend, her majesty has translated it into French, of which the above is the literal version. If ever the original should be forthcoming, the phraseology will of course appear somewhat different.

Under this, the royal mother has, with characteristic enthusiasm, written :—

“For my part, my dear mother, I pray God that it may be so, and rest in firm reliance that God in his mercy will never abandon that dear son whom he has given me, and of whom his divine Providence has, up to the present time, taken such peculiar care.

MARIE, R.

“At St. Germain, January 26, 1714.”

In the letter wherein the preceding extract is enclosed the queen says :—

“I have been delighted to see these lines written by his hand, and am well persuaded that they are imprinted on his heart. I have written to this dear son that I threw myself on my knees after I had read them, and thanked God with all my heart that, through His mercy, both were inspired with the same sentiments,—he in wishing rather to die, and I in desiring rather to see him dead, than out of the church.”¹

The name of bigot will, doubtless, be applied to Mary Beatrice by many readers of the above passage, and perhaps with justice, for confining exclusively to one peculiar section a term which includes the righteous of every varying denomination of the great Christian family. The accidents of birth and education had made this princess a member of the Latin church; but if she had been born and brought up as a daughter of the church of England, or any other protestant community, there can be little doubt but she would have been equally zealous and sincere in her profession, and no less ready to sacrifice temporal advantages for conscience' sake. Her enthusiastic attachment to her own religion prompted her to give as much publicity to her son's assurances on the subject of his determination to adhere to the Romish communion as if it had been her great object to exclude him from the throne of England. Among the papers of Bothmar, the Hanoverian minister, there is an intercepted letter headed thus, in Robethon's hand :—

“Paris, 31st January, 1714.—From the secretary of the Pretender's mother to lord Aylesbury.”

which ends with these words :—

“Our friend at Bar-le-duc remains firm to his persuasions as yet, though many efforts have been made to bring him over. It was a great comfort to his

¹ Archives au Royaume de France; inedited autograph.

mother to find his firmness in that point, by a letter under his own hand. We shall see what the darling hopes of a crown will do, when proper steps are made towards it.”¹

The death of queen Anne was almost hourly expected at that time. All Europe stood at gaze, awaiting, with eager curiosity, the proceedings of the rival claimants of the crown of Great Britain. That the prospects of the expatriated son of James II. and Mary Beatrice were regarded at that crisis as flattering may be inferred from the encouragement given by the emperor of Germany to the secret overtures for a matrimonial alliance between that prince and the archduchess his sister.²

Early in the year 1714, Mary Beatrice received the first, last, and only instalment from the British government ever paid to her of the jointure settled upon her by the parliament of England. Queen Anne, on the 23d of December, 1713, signed the warrant authorizing the payment of 11,750*l.* out of 500,000*l.* lately granted by parliament for the liquidation of her own private debts. 50,000*l.* per annum was the sum originally claimed by the exiled queen, but her necessities, and above all her desire of entering into amicable relations with queen Anne, for the sake of her son, induced her gladly to accept a first quarter's payment on the lord treasurer Harley's computation of the dower at 47,000*l.* The acquittance she gave was simply signed *Marie, Reine*. This transaction was subsequently made one of the heads of Harley earl of Oxford's impeachment in the house of lords, when, among other political offences, he was accused—

“Of having, by means of Matthew Prior (the poet), held secret correspondence with Mary, consort to the late king James; and that he had also had frequent conferences with the abbot Gautier, a Popish priest, her emissary to concert settling the yearly pension of the said 47,000*l.* upon her, for her life, under pretence of those letters-patent; and that he had advised her majesty, queen Anne, to sign a warrant to himself, reciting the said grant to the late king James for payment thereof.”³

¹ Hanover State-Papers, in Macpherson.

² Letters of the duke of Lorraine and the secretary of state to the court of Vienna.

³ State-Trials, vol. viii. 316.

To this accusation the earl of Oxford pleaded, "that the consort of James II. was legally entitled to receive the jointure, which had been secured to her by an act of parliament, and guaranteed by the private articles of the treaty of Ryswick; and the legality of her claims not being doubted by her majesty queen Anne's counsel-at-law, he had considered it his duty to pay proper attention to it; and being a debt, he had thought himself authorized to pay it out of the fund of 500,000*l.* which had been provided for the liquidation of her majesty's debts."¹ The arrears of the dower, for all the years that this unfortunate queen had been deprived of her provision, amounted to upwards of a million of sterling English money; her urgent necessities rendered her glad to compound that claim, for the sake of touching the above eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds in ready money, which enabled her to relieve the distresses of her unfortunate followers, who were perishing before her eyes of want.

The earl, or, as he was entitled in that court, the duke of Melfort, having returned to St. Germain, died there in the beginning of the year 1714, leaving his wife and family almost in a state of destitution. He was a man whose violent temper, defective judgment, and headlong zeal for the interests of the church of Rome contributed to the ruin of his royal master and mistress; but the assertion that the exiled family regarded him in any other light than that of a faithful servant is disproved by the affectionate manner in which the chevalier de St. George recommended his family to the care and protection of queen Mary Beatrice. The following inedited letter of condolence, addressed by that prince to lady Melfort, which, through the courtesy of the present duke de Melfort is here, for the first time, placed before the historical reader, must set that dispute at rest forever:—

"Barr, Feb. 3, 1714.

"The true sense I have of the late duke de Melfort's long and faithful services makes me sincerely share with you in the loss both you and I have had of him. It is a sensible mortification to me not to be able to be of that comfort and support to you and your son and whole afflicted family which you so justly

¹ Journal of the Lords. State-Trials, vol. viii.

deserve from me. All I could do was to recommend you all to the queen's goodness and bounty, which I did before the duke of Melfort's death, whose merit is too great ever to be forgot by me, who desire nothing more than to have it in my power of showing you and your family how truly sensible I am of it, and of the particular esteem and kindness I have for yourself.

"JAMES, R."

"For the Duchess of Melfort."

In consequence of her son's recommendation, her majesty appointed the duchess de Melfort as lady of the bedchamber, and one of her daughters a maid of honor,—the same young lady, probably, who, while in the service of the late princess Louisa, was celebrated by count Hamilton, by the name of mademoiselle de Melfort, among the beauties of St. Germain. A melancholy change had come over those royal bowers since then. After the death of the princess, and the enforced absence of her brother, the sportive lyre of their merry old poet, chevalier Hamilton, was never strung again. His gay spirit was quenched at last with sorrow, age, and penury.¹

Towards the spring of 1714, Mary Beatrice was attacked with so severe an illness, that she was given up by her physicians. She received the intimation with perfect calmness; life had now nothing to attach her, except a longing desire to see her son. Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon came to take leave of her, and testified much concern: they paid her great attention during the whole of her illness, from first to last. Contrary to all human expectation, she revived, and finally recovered.² Her great patience, tranquillity, and docility in sickness were supposed to be the reasons that her feeble frame had survived through illnesses that would have proved fatal to younger and more vigorous persons, so true it is, "that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The queen's beloved friend, Angelique Priolo, was so dangerously ill at the same time that her life was despaired of also, and she too recovered. In the first letter written by

¹ His sister, the countess de Grammont, was dead, and he retired to Poussé to live on the alms of his niece, who was abbess of the convent there, rather than increase the burdens of the widow of his royal master. He died at an advanced age, somewhere about the year 1716.

² *Mémoires de St. Simon.* Chaillot Records.

Mary Beatrice during her convalescence, dated May 22d, she says :—

“ It is very proper that I should come to testify in person the joy I feel in the new life that God has given you, and that I should give you some signs of that which he has also restored to me, for no one could be nearer death than I have been, without dying. I believe, however, that you have not been in less danger than I was, only you did not see it so plainly, for my head was perfectly clear and self-possessed, even when it was supposed that I had less than an hour to live. But I was not worthy to appear before God, and it is meet that I should suffer still more in this life to do penance for my sins, and I shall be too happy if God, in his mercy, will spare me in the other.”

Her majesty goes on to express “ her intention of coming to Chaillot as soon as the weather should change for the better, provided her health continues to amend, seeing she gains strength very slowly.” She sends affectionate messages to the “ sisterhood in general, and to some of the invalids by name, requesting the prayers of the community for herself and for her son, who is at present,” she says, “ at the waters of Plombières.” This very interesting letter concludes with these words :—

“ Adieu, my dear mother, till I can give you in person the particulars of the state of mind and body in which I am at present, and of my feelings when I believed myself dying, at which time both my heart and soul were far more tranquil than when I am well. It was one of the effects of God’s mercy on me.”¹

The utter prostration of physical powers in which the royal widow remained for many weeks after this severe and dangerous illness is probably the reason that her name is so little mentioned in connection with the political history of a crisis in which, as the mother of the chevalier de St. George, she was only too painfully interested. The stormy conflicts on the subject of the succession, that rudely shook the ebbing sands of her august step-daughter, queen Anne, will be related in the biography of that queen.²

¹ Autograph letter of the widow of James II. to Angélique Priolo: Chaillot collection.

² The general history of that exciting period has been ably condensed by a noble historian of the present day, lord Mahon, who, having carefully collected many inedited documents connected with the events related in the authorized annals of the times, gives a more impartial view of things that so closely affected the passions and prejudices of contemporaries than can rationally be expected from partisan writers on either side.

During the last weeks of queen Anne's illness, Mary Beatrice transmitted the intelligence she obtained on that subject regularly to her son. Her proceedings were of course closely watched. Prior, in his despatch to lord Bolingbroke, of August 17th, expresses himself uncertain whether his royal mistress was alive or dead. Mary Beatrice had received earlier tidings of the event, for we find, by the same letter, that she had sent off an express to her son in Lorraine on the 12th of August, the day the news of queen Anne's death reached her. The moment the chevalier de St. George learned the demise of his royal sister, he took post, and travelled *incognito*, with the utmost speed, from Barr to Paris, to consult the queen, his mother, and his other friends, "having resolved," says the duke of Berwick, "to cross over to England to assert his rights."¹ As he was prohibited from entering France, Mary Beatrice came to meet him at Chaillot, where the duc de Lauzun had hired a small house, in his own name, for the reception of the royal adventurer, whose person was too well known at St. Germain's for him to venture to brave the authority of his most Christian majesty by appearing there. Surrounded as both the mother and son were with spies, the secret of his arrival in the purlieus of Paris was quickly carried to the court of France. Louis XIV. had paid too dearly for his romantic sympathy for the widow and son of James II. on a former occasion, to commit himself a second time by infringing the peace of Utrecht, as he had done that of Ryswick, to dry the tears of an afflicted queen. France was not in a state to maintain a war: her monarch was turned of seventy-six; the age of chivalry was over. Instead of trusting himself to listen to the impassioned pleadings of the Constance and Arthur of modern history, he wisely sent his cool-headed minister, de Torcy, to persuade the luckless claimant of the British crown to return whence he came; and if he could not prevail, to tell him that he had orders to compel him to leave France without delay. As no invitation arrived from England, but on the contrary George I. had been peacefully proclaimed,

¹ Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick, vol. ii. p. 134.

it was judged unadvisable for the chevalier to attempt to proceed thither, destitute as he was of money, ships, or men, and uncertain where to land.¹ To have had the slightest chance of success, he ought to have been on the spot before the death of queen Anne, ready to make a prompt appeal to the suffrages of the people. Now there was nothing to be done but to await quietly the effect that might be produced by the manners and appearance of the new sovereign who had been called to the throne of the Plantagenets.

Mary Beatrice and her son perceived, too late, how completely they had been fooled by the diplomacy of Harley. It must be confessed that neither the queen nor the earl of Middleton had placed any confidence in the professions of that statesman, till by the disbursement of a quarter's payment of the long-contested dower he gave a tangible voucher of his good intentions towards the Stuart cause. It was, in sooth, eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds cleverly employed in throwing dust in the eyes of those whose confidence he, by that politic sacrifice, succeeded in winning.² The parting between Mary Beatrice and her son was, of course, a sorrowful one. The prince returned to Barr, and from Barr proceeded to Plombières, where he issued a manifesto, asserting his right to the crown of England, and proclaiming "the good intentions of the late princess, his sister, in his favor." This declaration turned, in some measure, the table on the treacherous members of queen Anne's cabinet, who had played fast and loose with the court of St. Germain, and was followed by the disgrace of Harley, Ormonde, and Bolingbroke.

The young queen of Spain, who was a princess of Savoy,

¹ *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick*, vol. ii. p. 134.

² Harley played too fine a game to be understood by the sovereign whom he was the means of placing on the throne of Great Britain. He incurred the hatred and contempt of both parties by his diplomacy. The Jacobite mob threw halters into his coach as he went to proclaim George I.; and George I., in return for that service, took an early opportunity of impeaching him of high treason for having entered into secret correspondence with the court of St. Germain, that correspondence which had, in effect, beguiled the son of James II. from coming over to make a personal appeal to the feelings of his sister and the people of England.

sister to the late dauphiness, Adelaide, and grand-daughter of Henrietta of England, kept up an affectionate correspondence with Mary Beatrice, whom she always addressed as her dear aunt. Mary Beatrice received a very pleasing letter from this friendly princess during her abode at Chaillot, telling her "how much pain she had felt at the reports of her illness, and thanking her for her goodness in having had prayers for her and her consort put up in the convent of Chaillot." Her majesty entreated "that they might be continued till after her delivery, as she was now in her eighth month, and should be compelled to remain in bed for the rest of the time." On the birth of the expected infant, which proved a son, the king of Spain wrote, with his own hand, to announce that event to Mary Beatrice; and as she was still treated by that monarch and his ceremonious court with the same punctilious respect as if she had been the queen-mother of a reigning sovereign, the royal letter was delivered to her, in all due form, by the secretary to the Spanish embassy, who came in state to Chaillot, and requested an audience of her majesty for that purpose. Mary Beatrice received also a letter from the princess des Ursins, giving a very favorable account of the progress of the queen, and telling her, "that the new infant was to be named Ferdinand,—a name revered in Spain." Mary Beatrice wrote, in reply, to the king of Spain, congratulating him on this happy event. In her reply to the princess des Ursins, after expressing her joy at the safety of the queen of Spain, she says:—

"I pray you to embrace for me the dear little prince of the Asturias, to whom I wish all the blessings, spiritual and temporal, that God in his grace may be pleased to bestow. And I beg you to tell him, as soon as he can understand what it means, that he has an old great-great-aunt, who loves him very much."¹

Meantime, in consequence of the death of the duc de Berri, the last surviving grandson of France, in the preceding May, the court of Versailles was scarcely less agitated with cabals and intrigues regarding the choice of the future regent for the infant dauphin than that of England had recently been on the question of the regal succession.

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

The exiled queen of England was accused of aiding, with her personal influence, the attempt of madame de Maintenon to obtain that high and important post for her pupil, the duc de Maine, Louis XIV.'s son by Montespan, in preference to the duc d'Orleans, to whom it of right belonged; and for this end she constantly importuned his majesty to make a will, conferring the regency on the duc de Maine. The veteran *intriguante*, to whom the weight of fourscore years had not taught the wisdom of repose from the turmoils of state, fancied, that if her pupil obtained the regency, she should still continue to be the ruling power in France. Louis XIV. was reluctant to make a will at all, and still more so to degrade himself in the opinion of the world by making testamentary dispositions, such as he foresaw must be set aside by the great peers of France. Madame de Maintenon carried her point, nevertheless, by the dint of her persevering importunity. The part ascribed to Mary Beatrice is not so well authenticated; on the contrary, it appears that it was to her that the vexed monarch vented the bitterness of his soul on this occasion. When he came to Chaillot to meet her, on the 28th of August, 1714, the moment he saw her, he said, "Madame, I have made my will. They tormented me to do it," continued he, turning his eyes significantly on madame de Maintenon as he spoke, "and I have had neither peace nor repose till it was done." Mary Beatrice attempted to soothe his irritation, by commending him for his prudential care in settling the government for his infant heir before his death. The answer of the aged king was striking: "I have purchased some repose for myself by what I have done, but I know the perfect uselessness of it. Kings, while they live, can do more than other men; but after our deaths, our wills are less regarded than those of the humblest of our subjects. We have seen this by the little regard that was paid to the testamentary dispositions of the late king, my father, and many other monarchs. Well, madame, it is done, come what may of it; but, at least, they will not tease me about it any more."¹

¹ St. Simon. Duclos, and the duke of Berwick's Auto-biography.

"The queen Beatrix Eleanora, wife of James II.," says Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans, "lived too well with the Maintenon for it to be credible that our late king was in love with her. I have seen a book entitled the Old Bastard Protector of the Young, in which was recounted a piece of scandal of that queen and the late père de la Chaise. This confessor was an aged man, turned of fourscore, who bore no slight resemblance to an ass, having long ears, a large mouth, a great head, and a long face. It was ill imagined. That libel was even less credible than what they have said about our late king."¹ It is rarely indeed that our caustic duchess rejects a gossip's tale; and her departure from her wonted custom of believing the worst of every one, is the more remarkable in this instance, inasmuch as the widowed consort of James II. was the intimate friend, and in some things unadvisedly the ally, of '*la vieille Maintenon*.' The duchess of Orleans complains that the latter had prejudiced the queen against her, so that she had, on some occasions, treated her with less attention than was her due. "For instance," she says, "when the queen of England came to Marli, and either walked with the king, or accompanied him in his coach on their return, the queen, the dauphiness, the princess of England, and all the other princesses would be gathered round the king but me, for whom alone they did not send." Our grumbling duchess attributes the friendship with which Mary Beatrice honored Maintenon to the idea that princess had formed of her sanctity. "She feigns so much humility and piety when with the queen of England," continues the duchess of Orleans, still speaking of Maintenon, "that her majesty regards her as a saint."² It was considered a conclusive evidence of the matrimonial tie between Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon, when it was seen that she occupied a *fauteuil* in the presence of the consort of James II., who never abated one iota of the state pertaining to a queen of England in matters on which that ceremonious court placed an absurd importance.³ As soon as it was known that the king had been to visit queen

¹ *Fragmens Historiques*.² *Ibid.*³ St. Simon.

Mary Beatrice at Chaillot, all the court considered it necessary to follow the royal example; and as she made a point of offending no one by refusing to grant receptions, she found herself so much fatigued as to be glad to return to St. Germain.

The following spring strange manifestations of popular feeling in favor of the disinherited representative of the old royal line broke forth in various parts of England. The cries of "No foreign government! no Hanover!" "Down with the roundheads!" "St. George for England!" were reiterated in Oxford, London, Bristol, and Leicester, and other large towns. The oak leaves were, in spite of all prohibition, triumphantly displayed once more on the national festival of the 29th of May, with the words, "A New Restoration," superadded in many places. In London, on the 10th of June, white roses were worn in honor of the birthday of the chevalier de St. George; and at night the mob compelled the householders to illuminate, and broke the windows of those who did not, and finished their saturnalia by burning the effigy of William III. in Smithfield.¹ It was the twenty-seventh anniversary of the birth of the son of Mary Beatrice, and the only one which had been celebrated with anything like popular rejoicings. At Edinburgh, his health was publicly drunk at the town-cross, by the style and title of king James VIII., with acclamations.² The object of this wild enthusiasm was, like Robert the Unready, too tardy to take advantage of the movement which might have borne him triumphantly to a throne, if he had been at hand to encourage his friends. He waited for foreign aid; if Henry IV., Edward IV., and Henry VII. had done so, neither would have died kings of England. The timidity of Mary Beatrice, arising from the excess of her maternal weakness for her son, continued to paralyze the spirit of enterprise requisite for the leader of such a cause. She declared, as lord Stair affirms, "that without a fleet, and a proper supply

¹ Jesse's History of the Two Pretenders. Calamy bears record of the excited state of the populace in favor of the Pretender, and the insults offered to the reigning sovereign.

² Lockhart of Carnwath.

of arms and troops, her son ought not to imperil the lives and fortunes of his devoted friends, by attempting a descent either on England or Scotland.”¹ It was probably for the purpose of impressing this caution on the mind of her son that we find the royal invalid rousing herself to personal exertion once more, and commencing a journey to Plombières in a litter, on the 12th of June, to obtain an interview with him, as he was prohibited from entering the French dominions. The chevalier de St. George came to meet his mother at Plombières; and after she had reposed herself there for a few days, induced her to accompany him on his return to the court of Barr, where she was most affectionately received by the friendly duke and duchess of Lorraine. The earl of Stair was immediately, as in duty bound, on the alert to trace the proceedings of the exiled queen and her son. On the 24th of July he writes to his own cabinet:—

“I sent Barton to Lorraine, to be informed of the Pretender’s motions. I met the abbé du Bois in a wood, and gave him an account of the intelligence I had concerning the Pretender. I desired he would be particularly careful in informing himself concerning the Pretender’s designs, and how far the court meddled with them. I set a man to observe lord Bolingbroke.”²

Barton returned on the 29th of July from Barr, and the same day lord Stair reports that “the Pretender is still there with the queen [his mother]; everything quiet, and few people there. They talk,” adds his excellency, “of his [the Pretender] going to Britain; when his mother comes back, he will probably set out.”²

The following passage, in a letter from the duke of Berwick to Torcy, the French minister, dated August 24, 1715, affords an amusing comment on the conduct and character of his renowned uncle:—

“I have received a letter from the duke of Marlborough, in which he expresses to me that he hopes much to enjoy the protection of M. le chevalier [St. George], accompanying these professions with a second present of two thousand pounds sterling. This gives me much hope, considering the character of my uncle, who is not accustomed to scatter his money thus, unless he foresees that it will prove of some utility.”

¹ Stair’s Despatches.

² Miscellaneous State-Papers, in two quarto vols., printed for Cadell, vol. ii. p. 532.

² Ibid.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA, QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

Mary Beatrice returns to St. Germain—Attends the death-bed of Louis XIV.—Her constancy to madame de Maintenon—Lord Bolingbroke's ill-will to Mary Beatrice—The rebellion of 1715—Mary Beatrice prayed for as queen-mother—Her uncertainty as to the fate of her son—His dangerous journey from Lorraine—Secret visit to Paris—Queen meets him at Chaillot—His frightful peril at Nonancourt—Sails for Scotland—Queen's suspense—Conflicting rumors of successes and defeats—Flattering news from Scotland—Reports of her son's coronation—Melancholy reverse—Desperate position of Jacobite cause—Unfeeling conduct of lord Bolingbroke to the queen—Her pecuniary distress—The chevalier visits his mother at St. Germain—Compelled to leave her—His inconsiderate conduct—Maternal anxiety of the queen—Her son's rupture with Bolingbroke—Queen offers to mediate—Bolingbroke's rude reply—Depression of the queen and her ladies—Fate of Jacobite prisoners—Distress of Mary Beatrice—Respect felt for her in France—Her son goes to Avignon—Lingering affection in England for the Stuart cause—Oak-apple day and white-rose day—A new courtier presented to queen Mary Beatrice—Matrimonial projects for her son—Her correspondence with the old Jacobites—Plots for her son's restoration—Her seals—Armorial bearings—Jacobite correspondence—Her last illness—Recommends her son to the regent Orleans—Her care for her ladies—Her death—General lamentations at St. Germain—Funeral honors—Refuge granted to her ladies—Her apartment at St. Germain—Traditions of the place—Her portrait in old age.

MARY BEATRICE returned to St. Germain in time to attend the death-bed of her old friend Louis XIV., and to use her influence with him for the last time in behalf of her son. The dying monarch exerted himself to write with his own hand to his grandson, the king of Spain, urging him to render all the assistance he could to his adopted son, as he called the chevalier de St. George, to aid in establishing him on the British throne.¹ Louis had himself actually entered into serious engagements with queen Mary Beatrice

to furnish arms for ten thousand men, and ships to transport them to Scotland. He had issued his commands for the preparation of the armament, and it was in a state of forwardness at the time when his death frustrated all the dispositions he had made in favor of the expected rising in the north of England.¹ "He gave," says the duke of Berwick, "all the orders that were necessary, and then calmly awaited his last hour. He had told the queen of England, several times, that he was not ignorant that, at his advanced age, he must soon expect to die; and thus he prepared himself for it, day by day, that he might not be taken by surprise. They had a very different opinion of him in the world, for they imagined he would not suffer any one to speak to him of death. I know, to a certainty, that what I have stated is true, having had it from the mouth of the queen herself, a princess of strict veracity."²

Louis XIV. breathed his last September 1, 1715. Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted, both for the loss of her old friend, and its depressing effect on the Jacobite cause at that momentous crisis. In the dispute that took place touching the guardianship of the infant king of France, she was appealed to by the duke of Maine and his party, as a person more in the confidence of the deceased monarch than any one. Her majesty deposed, in the presence of the duke and duchess de Lauzun, what had been said to her by Louis XIV. on the subject of his testamentary dispositions."³ It was unfortunate for Mary Beatrice that, by a sort of negative implication with the rival faction patronized by madame de Maintenon, she incurred the ill-will of the regent Orleans, and furnished him with an excuse for repudiating the cause of her son. The death of Louis XIV. had produced an entire change in the aspect and interests of the French court. Madame de Maintenon found herself, in her present adversity, as carefully shunned by the minions of fortune as she had recently been courted and caressed. Not so wise in her generation as the children of this world, and acting in the kind sincerity of an honest

¹ *Histoire de la Régence. Mémoires de Berwick.*

² *Ibid.*

³ *Duclos. Memoirs of the Regency, vol. i. pp. 102, 103.*

heart, Mary Beatrice treated her afflicted friend with the tender sympathy and attention that were due to the relict of the deceased sovereign. Their first meeting was, by mutual appointment, at Chaillot: madame de Maintenon was dressed in deepest mourning, and looked ill and dejected. As soon as the queen saw her, she extended her arms towards her, and when they drew near each other, tenderly embraced her: both burst into tears. Their communications were long and affectionate. Mary Beatrice recurred frequently to the memory of her departed lord, king James, but with that holy sorrow which time and religion had softened and subdued. With her, there was a joy in her grief; and, whenever madame de Maintenon related any instance of piety shown by Louis on his death-bed, her majesty was sure to rejoin, "that was like my sainted king; even he could not have done better." Madame de Maintenon repeated this observation afterwards to the sisters at Chaillot, and said it had given her much comfort. Mary Beatrice returned the same evening to St. Germain. When she was ready to leave her chamber, after she had taken an affectionate farewell of madame de Maintenon, she asked for the abbess of Chaillot, who, with a train of the oldest sisters, attended her majesty to the gate. She spoke warmly in praise of madame de Maintenon, and the admirable frame of mind in which she appeared. The abbess replied, "that her majesty's example had been very proper to animate that lady. The queen raised her eyes to heaven with a look that sufficiently indicated the humility of her heart, and entering the chapel, she knelt down for a few moments in the act of silent adoration with an air of such perfect self-abasement, that all present were deeply touched. She took the arm of the abbess as they left the chapel, and talked much of madame de Maintenon, and what she had been saying of Louis XIV., repeating, "that it reminded her of her own sainted monarch." She bade the abbess a very gracious farewell, and requested her prayers for her son; and then turning to the nuns, entreated that they would also pray for him.¹

¹ Diary of Chaillot.

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germain's, to hold her anxious councils with Berwick and her son's new secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, as to the means of obtaining the necessary supplies for the Jacobite rising in Scotland. Bolingbroke's frequent solicitations for that purpose to the regent Orleans only served to expose the designs of the friends of the cause, and to put the British government on the alert. The arms and stores that had been secretly provided by the friendship of the deceased king, Louis XIV., were on board twelve ships lying at Havre; but just as they were ready to sail, sir George Byng came into the roads with a squadron, and prevented them from leaving the harbor, and lord Stair, the British ambassador, demanded of the regent that they should be given up, as they were intended for the service of the Pretender. The regent, instead of doing this, ordered the ships to be unloaded, and the arms and ammunition to be carried to the king of France's arsenal.¹ This was one of the leading causes of the failure of the enterprise, since the bravest champions can do little without weapons.

The rebellion in Scotland broke out prematurely, hurried on by the ardor of misjudging partisans. Its details belong to our national annals; all we have to do with it is to trace its effects on the personal history of the royal mother of the representative of the fated line of Stuart. Bolingbroke, in his letter to that prince of September 21st, after informing him that her majesty's almoner, Mr. Innes, and captain O'Flanigan had been consulting about providing a vessel to convey him to the scene of action, says:—

“The queen orders Mr. Innes to furnish money to O'Flanigan, and by that means he will guess at the service intended, as well as by what was said to him before my return; but I shall say nothing to him, nor any one else of the measure taken, because I know no better maxim, in all business, than that of trusting no creature with the least circumstance beyond what is absolutely necessary he should know in order to enable him to execute his part of the service.”²

An excellent maxim, doubtless; but the object of the new minister was evidently to alienate the confidence of his

¹ Documents in lord Mahon's Appendix. Berwick's Memoirs. St. Simon.

² Lord Mahon's Appendix.

master from the queen and her councillors; and more than that, to estrange him from the only person capable of giving good advice, the duke of Berwick. And that he had succeeded in creating a coolness may be perceived even from the manner in which he speaks of the duke:—

“The duke of Berwick is gone to St. Germain, so that I shall have no opportunity of making either a secret or a confidence of this to him. I add no more as to his grace, though I should have something to say, because the queen tells me she has writ to your majesty her opinion, in which I most humbly concur.”

The self-importance of the new secretary of state was piqued at finding Mary Beatrice confided implicitly in Berwick, and only partially in himself, and that, instead of having to communicate intelligence to her, she imparted it to him. He intended to be the head of the Stuart cause, and he found himself only employed as the hand. The queen and Berwick transacted all the secret correspondence and negotiations together, and then employed him, not as a minister of state, but as an official secretary. Mary Beatrice directed Berwick to press Charles XII. of Sweden to perform his promise of landing 8000 troops in Scotland, to assist her son; but Charles was himself in great difficulties, being closely besieged at Stralsund at the very time his aid was solicited, and could only express his regret at being unable to accord the needful succors. The king of Spain revoked his promise of a pecuniary loan at the same time; both these inauspicious circumstances being communicated by Mary Beatrice to Bolingbroke, he thus briefly announces the twofold disappointment to the luckless chevalier de St. George:—

“I enclose to your majesty two letters from Stralsund with great reluctance, since you will find by them that all our hopes of troops are vanished. I received them from the queen, whose packet accompanies this, and who intends to send your majesty’s servants down to you.”¹

Overtures were made at this time for a marriage between the regent’s unmarried daughter, mademoiselle de Valois, and the chevalier de St. George. How far the queen was concerned in this project, does not appear; it certainly

¹ Lord Mahon’s Appendix.

was not pushed with any degree of earnestness on the part of the prince, who apprehended that it would injure his popularity with his party in England. It has been said that the young lady herself, being greatly in love with the royal knight-errant, who at that period excited a very romantic interest in France, besought her father to make her his wife; to which the cautious regent replied, "*Nous verrons, ma fille; nous verrons.*" Meantime, the standard of the chevalier had been raised in Scotland, and a formidable insurrection, headed by lord Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, took place in Northumberland. On the second Sunday in October the Protestant clergymen who acted as chaplains to the rebel muster prayed for the son of James II. by the style and title of king James, and for Mary Beatrice by the designation of "Mary, queen-mother."¹ The same was done at Kelso, where a mixed congregation of Protestants and Roman Catholics met in the great kirk, to listen to a political sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Patten, on the text, "The blessing of the first-born is his." The gentlemen of the latter persuasion told the preacher, "that they approved very well of our liturgy, which they had never heard before."²

On the 28th of October the chevalier left Barr. Information was immediately given to the British ambassador, lord Stair, who went to the regent Orleans, and demanded, in the name of his sovereign George I., that orders should be issued to prevent his passage through France. "If you can point out, to a certainty, the precise place where he may be found," replied the regent, "I will have him re-conducted to Lorraine; but I am not obliged to be either spy or jailer for king George."³—"Prudence prescribed to the regent a conduct, oblique enough to satisfy George I. without discouraging the Jacobites; but the events precipitated themselves, as it were, with a rapidity which rendered it difficult to preserve a course sufficiently gliding."⁴

¹ Notes on the Life of Calamy.

² Patten's History of the Rebellion.

³ Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick.

⁴ Mémoires de la Régence, par M. Lemontey.

He summoned Contades, the major of the guards, into his presence, and there, before lord Stair, gave positive orders to him to intercept the prince on the road from Lorraine; but aware of the unpopularity in which such a proceeding would involve him, he secretly instructed Contades not to find the person of whom he went in quest."¹ Berwick adds, "that the chevalier, being warned of the intended arrest, kept out of the danger by taking a circuitous route. Contades, on his return, gave a flourishing account to Stair of all he had done during an absence of several days; his excellency affected to be satisfied, yet shrewdly suspected that the regent had no particular desire to hinder the passage of the chevalier, and Contades no great relish for the commission that had been imposed on him. Stair sent his myrmidons out in all directions, to try to discover the road the prince was taking; but he was so well disguised, and travelled with so few companions, that he never heard of him till it was too late to be of any use."²

No one was more uncertain of the movements of her son than the queen, for he dared not write to her, lest his letters should be intercepted. He had, withal, reason to suspect that she could not keep a secret, and that there were traitors at St. Germain, and spies within the hallowed pale of her favorite retreat at Chaillot. The feelings of the anxious mother, though they have never been unveiled to public view, may be imagined, after her only son, her last surviving child, had left a place of security, and set forth to join a desperate enterprise, with a bill of attainder hanging over him, and the price of blood on his head.

Twelve precious inedited letters from the queen's faithful friend, lady Sophia Bulkeley, who generally performed the office of private secretary to her royal mistress when unable to write herself to her friends at Chaillot, afford much interesting information connected with the personal history of Mary Beatrice at this period. They are addressed to the abbess and ex-abbess, *la mère Déposée*, of Chaillot, written in very bad French. Lady Sophia, though a

¹ *Mémoires de la Régence*, by Lemontey. See also Duclos, and St. Simon.

² *Mémoires du Maréchal Berwick*.

Scotchwoman, and a Stuart of Blantyre by birth, had, during her seven-and-twenty years of exile with her royal mistress, nearly forgotten her mother tongue, and writes Perth, *Pairte*, and Stirling, *Sirle*. There is, however, a warmth of feeling and an affectionate simplicity in her style, worth all the meretricious graces and elegantly-turned periods of the classic Bolingbroke. The first letter of this valuable series of domestic documents is dated merely "this 13th of November," the date preceded by St. Andrew's cross, the distinctive mark of this lady's correspondence, from which our limits will only permit us to select such extracts as relate to the queen. Lady Sophia commences her first letter to the ex-abbess, written, she says, by desire of the queen, with inquiries after the health of the sisters of Chaillot, and then proceeds:—

"God be thanked, that of the queen is good, though she looks ill enough, which is not wonderful, considering the painful inquietude she suffers, and must continue to do till the king, her son, be established. Her majesty commands me to inform you, of what you have probably heard some time ago, which is, that the king, my master, has left Lorraine; but this is all she can tell you at present, except that his affairs go on prosperously in Scotland, and that we reckon that the earl of Mar has at Perth twenty thousand men, well disciplined, and firmly united for the good cause, and that the duke of Argyle has not more than three thousand men in his camp. Moreover, in the north of England four provinces [counties] have declared for the good cause, and the Scotch—that is to say, a considerable portion of the army of the earl of Mar, are going, if possible, to join our friends in the north; but as Argyle is encamped at Stirling, and guards the passage of the river and the bridges, where he is strongly intrenched, it is difficult to force it. Nevertheless, they hope soon to pass into England."¹

Such was the exaggerated account of the state of her son's affairs in Scotland, which flattered the maternal hopes of the widowed consort of James II., while she was, at the same time, tortured with suspense and uncertainty on his account, not knowing what had become of him, whether he were in France, Scotland, or England, living or dead, at this momentous crisis of his fortunes. The earl of Mar had written to her on the 12th of October, giving her a statement of the proceedings of the insurgents, and earn-

¹ Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Secret Archives of France.

estly demanding the presence of him they styled their king.¹ Lady Sophia Bulkeley concludes her letter to the abbess of Chaillot in these words:—

“The queen begs you, my dear mother, and all the community, to redouble, if it be possible, your holy prayers for the preservation of the person of the king, for the success of this great enterprise, and for the preservation of his faithful subjects. Her majesty ordered me to write yesterday, but we waited till this evening, having a hope that the letters from England, which ought to come to-day, might furnish some fresh news; but as the post is delayed, her majesty would not longer defer inquiring what tidings you have, and communicating hers to you. For myself, permit me, my dearest mother to assure you, that no one can esteem and honor you more entirely than your very obedient servant,

S. BULKELEY.

“I hope that Miss Plowden and her lady mother are both well. Have the goodness, my beloved mother, to tell my dear Catharine Angelique, that the queen is very sorry she has not time to answer her letter; but she must not allow that to discourage her from writing, as her majesty is very glad to receive letters from her.”

Endorsed—“To the very reverend Mère déposée de Mouffe, of the ladies of St. Marie de Chaillot, at Chaillot.”²

Almost immediately after the date of this letter the queen received an intimation of the movements of her son, who, dodged by the spies of the British embassy, had been playing at hide and seek for many days without venturing to approach the coast, though his friend, lord Walsh, lay at Nantes with a light-armed, swift-sailing vessel, ready to convey him down the Loire. The chevalier de St. George, and his friend William Erskine, brother to the earl of Buchan, who were wandering about in disguise, observed that portraits and descriptions of his person were set up in some of the post-houses to facilitate his apprehension. Another of his attendants, colonel Hay, falling in with a party that were lying in wait to seize the royal adventurer, very narrowly escaped being assassinated in mistake for him, as he was travelling in one of his post-carriages.³ All of a sudden, the chevalier determined to come to Paris to attend a general council of his friends, both French and English, that was to be held at the hôtel de Breteul, the house of the baron de Breteul et de Preully, a nobleman of

¹ Letter of the earl of Mar, in Mrs. Thomson's *Lives of the Jacobites*, vol. i.

² Inedited Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise, by favor of M. Guizot.

³ Stuart Papers.

great wealth and of distinguished family, who had married the beautiful daughter of lord and lady O'Brien Clare, who had accompanied queen Mary Beatrice on her voyage to France when she fled with her infant son in 1688. Lady Clare was the state-housekeeper at St. Germain, and one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the queen. The hôtel de Breteul was the resort of all that was gay, gallant, and *spirituel* in Paris; it was also, of course, a general rendezvous for the friends of the house of Stuart. It was in the salons of the marquise de Chatelet, the sister of the baron de Breteul, they held their conferences.¹

When the queen was informed that her son meant to take Paris in his route, she came to Chaillot to avail herself of the opportunity of making all necessary arrangements with him, and bidding him a personal farewell.² The following interesting particulars are recorded in the autobiography of one of the nieces of the baron de Breteul:—"The chevalier de St. George came very privately to Paris, in the dress of an abbé, with only one or two companions. He went directly to the hôtel de Breteul, where he met all his friends and confederates." It should seem, the young ladies of the family had the honor of being presented to him, which made a great impression on madame de Crequi, then mademoiselle de Froulay, a girl in her teens, who continues, "He was at that time a very handsome and accomplished prince, and did not appear more than five or six-and-twenty years of age. We had the honor of making our courtesies to him, and he addressed some complimentary words to us; after which, he withdrew with his followers into my uncle's cabinet, where they remained in conference great part of the night. At the dawn of day he departed for Chaillot, where the queen, his mother, who had come to meet him, was waiting for him at the convent of the Visitation. He slept in a little house which the duc de Lauzun had, no one knew why, retained for his own use in that village. He remained there four-and-twenty hours."³ Mary Beatrice felt this parting with her son, on an expedition so full of peril, a severe trial. He was dearer to her

¹ Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

than ever,—the last tie that bound her to a world of care and sorrow; but she suspected not that the only serious danger he was to encounter would be within a few hours after he had bidden her adieu.¹

The hôtel de Breteul was a marked place, and everything that passed there was watched with jealous attention by the spies of lord Stair; there was, besides, an unsuspected traitress within the domestic circle. Mademoiselle Emilie de Preully was so greatly piqued at the preference evinced by one of the prince's gentlemen in waiting, lord Keith, for her cousin mademoiselle de Froulay, that she did all she could to injure the Jacobite cause out of revenge. Secret information of whatever designs came to her knowledge was communicated by her immediately to the earl of Stair.² It was therefore, in all probability, through the ill offices of this inimical member of the family circle at the hôtel de Breteul, that the intelligence of the chevalier de St. George's visit was conveyed to the British embassy, together with the information that he was to set out the following day for Château Thierry on his way to the coast of Bretagne, and that he would change horses at Nonancourt. If we may believe the following statement of madame de Crequi, which is corroborated by Lemontey, Duclos, St. Simon, and several other contemporary French writers, lord Stair, misdoubting the regent Orleans, instead of claiming his promise of arresting the unfortunate prince, determined to take surer measures on his own account, by sending people in his own employ to waylay him. Be this as it may, it is certain that the prince, after he had taken leave of the queen, his mother, started from Chaillot in one of the post-carriages of the baron de Breteul, attended by some horsemen who had put on the livery of that noble French family. At the entrance of the village of Nonancourt, which is not more than twenty leagues from Paris, a woman begged the postilions to stop, and stepping quickly on the boot of the carriage, she addressed the feigned abbé in these words:—"If you are the king of England, go not to the post-house, or you are lost; for

¹ Chaillot Records.

² Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

several villains are waiting there to murder you,"—rather a startling announcement for a man, on whose head the tremendous bribe of 100,000*l.* had been set by the British government. Without betraying any discomposure, he asked the woman who she was? and how she came by her information? She replied, "My name is L'Hopital. I am a lone woman, the mistress of the post-house of Nonancourt, which I warn you not to approach; for I have overheard three Englishmen, who are still drinking there, discussing with some desperate characters in this neighborhood a design of setting upon a traveller, who was to change horses with me to-night on his way to Château Thierry, where you are expected on your road to England." She added, "that she had taken care to intoxicate the ruffians, and, having locked the door upon them, had stolen out to warn him of his danger, beseeching him at the same time to confide implicitly in her good intentions, and allow her to conduct him to the house of the curé, where he would be safe."¹

There was something so simple and earnest in the woman's manner, that, stranger as she was to him, the royal adventurer resigned himself to her guidance, with that frank reliance on the generous impulses of the female character which no one of his race had ever cause to rue. She led him and his attendants safely to the house of the village pastor, and then ran to summon M. d'Argenson, the nearest magistrate, who came properly supported, and took three persons into custody at the post-house. Two of them were Englishmen, and produced lord Stair's passports; the other was a French baron, well known as a spy in the employ of that minister.² The leader of the party was colonel Douglas, son of sir William Douglas, an *attaché* to the embassy, who assumed a high tone, and said, "that he and his companions were in the service of the British ambassador." The magistrate coolly observed, that "no ambassador would avow such actions as that in which he was engaged," and

¹ *Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.*

² Lemontey. Duclos. St. Simon. Madame de Crequi. See the depositions signed by the magistrates, in Lemontey's Appendix.

committed them all to prison.¹ Meantime, madame L'Hopital despatched one of her couriers to the marquess de Torcy with a statement of what had occurred, and took care to send the chevalier forward on his journey in another dress, and in one of her own voitures with a fresh relay of horses, with which he reached Nantes, and finding the vessel in waiting for him, descended the Loire, and safely arrived at St. Maloes. Mary Beatrice wrote, with her own hand, to madame L'Hopital a letter full of thanks for the preservation of her son, but that which charmed the good woman most was the acknowledgments she received from the regent, who sent her his portrait as a testimonial of his approbation of her conduct on this occasion. Reasons of state compelled the regent to stifle the noise made by this adventure, and he prevented the depositions of the post-mistress of Nonancourt and her servants from being published.²

Lady Sophia Bulkeley gives the superior of Chaillot the following confidential account of the state of mind in which her royal mistress and herself remained, during a second interval of suspense that intervened before tidings of the chevalier's proceedings reached the anxious little court at St. Germain:—

“This 28 of November.

“As the queen intends to write to you, my dear mother, I shall not say much, except to let you know that, through the mercy of God, the queen is well, and received yesterday news from Scotland and the north of England; but still her majesty can hear no tidings of the king, her son. Her majesty doubts not of the fervor and zeal of your prayers to the Lord for his preservation. The lively and firm faith of the queen supports her, which makes me every moment reproach myself for being so frequently transported with fears for the safety of the king. I take shame to myself, when I see how tranquil the hope she has in Divine Providence renders the queen; but I pray you not to notice this in your reply, for I put on the courageous before her majesty.”³

¹ Lemontey. Duclos. St. Simon. Madame de Crequi. See the depositions signed by the magistrates, in Lemontey's Appendix.

² But these documents are still in existence, and have been printed in the Appendix of Lemontey's *Histoire de la Régence*. See also letter of Maréchal d'Uxelles to M. Iberville, minister from France to the court of Sweden, dated 9th December, 1715.

³ Inedited autograph letter, in the hôtel de Soubise.

Under the impression that her son had embarked at St. Maloes, Mary Beatrice enclosed a packet of letters for him to the earl of Mar in Scotland, to whom she also wrote.¹ But the chevalier, though he went on board ship, waited several days for a favorable wind, and finally learning that the forces of George I. occupied Dunstafnage,² where he intended to land, and that there was a squadron on the lookout for him, came on shore again, and travelled privately on horseback to Dunkirk, where he embarked on board a small vessel of eight guns, attended by six gentlemen only, who were disguised like himself in the dress of French naval officers.³ He was seven days in performing the voyage, and it was long ere the news of his safe landing reached his anxious mother.

On the 5th of December, lady Sophia Bulkeley writes, by the desire of her royal mistress, to the superior of Chaillot, to inquire after the health of the community, and to tell them the floating rumors that had reached her from the scene of action. "Her majesty," she says, "continues well, but, as you may truly suppose, very restless, till she can receive sure intelligence of the arrival of the king, her son, in Scotland. There are reports, but we imagine without foundation, that the faithful friends of the king have been defeated in England. On the other hand, they say that the earl of Mar has beaten our enemies in Scotland, but that wants confirming. However, there are many letters which corroborate the latter rumor; yet we dare not flatter ourselves at present, for if it be really so, there will surely arrive between this and to-morrow morning the verification, which the queen will not fail to communicate to the dear sister Catharine Angelique, as she intends to write to her; therefore, it will not be necessary for me to inflict on you the trouble of reading a longer letter of my scrawling,"⁴—'*griffonnage*' is the word. It is certainly graphically descriptive of the queer caligraphy of the noble

¹ Mar Correspondence, in Mrs. Thomson's *Lives of the Jacobites*.

² *Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick*.

³ Lord Mahon's *History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht*.

⁴ *Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise*.

amanuensis, to say nothing of her misapplication of capitals to adjectives and adverbs, and small letters for names of places; but her unaffected sympathy for the royal mistress, whose exile and adversity she had shared for seven-and-twenty years, makes every word from her pen precious.

Lauzun came to St. Germain's to break to Mary Beatrice the disastrous intelligence of the utter failure of her son's cause in England, in consequence of the cowardly or treacherous conduct of Mr. Foster at Preston, and the defeat and surrender of the rebel army there on the 13th of November, together with the loss of the battle of Sheriffmuir in Scotland on the same day.

The queen and her faithful ladies spent their melancholy Christmas at St. Germain's, in painful uncertainty of what had become of the chevalier de St. George. Lady Sophia Bulkeley writes again to the superior of Chaillot on the 29th of December, telling her "that the queen continued well, and had been able to attend, for nine successive days, the services of the church for that holy season, which," continues lady Sophia, "have been very consolatory to her majesty, who only breathes for devotion." Her ladyship goes on to communicate the message of her royal mistress to her cloistered friends in these words:—

"The queen commands me to tell you that as soon as she receives any good news, she will not fail to impart it. She says you are not to give credit to the report, which she understands you have heard, that the Scotch wish to make peace with the duke of Hanover; for it is not true, although their affairs are not in so good a condition as they were. The season is so inclement there, that they cannot do anything on either side. God has His seasons for all things, and we must submit to His holy will, and not cease to hope in His mercy, since our cause is just."¹

The manner in which lady Sophia speaks of her royal mistress is very interesting:—

¹ Inedited Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise.

“Although you know the great virtue of the queen, my dear mother, you would be surprised to see with what firmness her majesty supports all the trying events that have come upon her since she has been at St. Germain. Return thanks to God, my dear mother, for all the grace he has given the queen, and request of Him a continuation of it for her; also for the preservation of her who is so dear to us.”

This unaffected tribute of affection and esteem from one of the noble British matrons of her bedchamber, who had lost everything for her sake, surely affords a presumptive evidence of the moral worth of the consort of James II. It is a common saying, that no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*; but this proverb appears reversed with regard to our unfortunate queen, for the more we search into the records that have been borne of her by her personal attendants, and all those who enjoyed the opportunity of observing her conduct in her most unreserved hours of privacy, the brighter does the picture grow. Be it also noticed, that no one who knew her intimately has ever spoken ill of her, although she was not, of course, free from the faults of temper and errors of judgment inherent in human nature. It may be said that those who have commended Mary Beatrice were partial witnesses, being her servants and personal friends; nor can this be denied, seeing that they gave proofs of attachment not often to be met with among courtiers. Partial they were, for they preferred her in her poverty, exile, and adversity, to her powerful and prosperous rivals, the regnant queens, Mary and Anne. They preferred her service to their own interests, and were contented to be poor expatriated outlaws for her sake; and being thus faithful in deeds, is it likely that they would be unfaithful in their words? or less worthy of credit than the unscrupulous writers who performed an acceptable service to her powerful enemies by calumniating her?

The new year, 1716, opened drearily on Mary Beatrice. Every day agitated her with conflicting rumors of victories and defeats, and it was not till the 10th of January that

she received certain tidings that her son had reached his destination in safety. Lady Sophia Bulkeley communicates the welcome news to the abbess of Chaillot in the following animated letter, which will best describe the feelings with which it was received by the royal mother:—

“This Friday, 10th of Jan.

“By the order of the queen, my dearest mother, I have the honor and the pleasure of informing you that, by the grace of God, the king, my master, landed in Scotland on Tuesday week, at *Peter's Head* [Peterhead], in spite of fourteen or fifteen English vessels that were hovering on the coast to take him. After that, can we doubt that holy Providence protects him in all things? or of the goodness of God towards our dear king for the time to come? The queen is well, thanks be to the Lord. Her majesty and all of us are, as you may well believe, transported with joy. Will you assist us, my very dear mother, in offering up thanksgivings to God for his goodness, and asking of Him a continuation of them. I cannot tell you more at present.”

Endorsed—“To the very reverend mother, Superior of the ladies of St Marie de Chaillot, at Chaillot.”¹

The letter of the chevalier himself, announcing his arrival, was written to his secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, and is dated three weeks earlier. It is very short, and will, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader.

“JAMES STUART TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.”²

“Peterhead (Scotland), Dec. 22, 1715.

“I am at last, thank God, in my own ancient kingdom, as the bearer will tell you, with all the particulars of my passage, and his own proposals of future service. Send the queen³ the news I have got, and give a line to the regent, *en attendant*, that I send you from the army a letter from our friends, to whom I am going to-morrow. I find things in a prosperous way. I hope all will go on well, if friends on your side do their part as I shall have done mine. My compliments to Magni; tell him the good news. I don't write to him, for I am wearied, and won't delay a moment the bearer.

J. R.”

In his letter dated Kinnaird, January 2, 1716, the chevalier sends several messages to the queen, his mother. He speaks of his own situation cheerfully, though he owns, with some humor, that he has nothing to begin the campaign with “*but himself*.”

“All was in confusion,” he says, “before my arrival: terms of accommodation pretty openly talked of. The Highlanders returned home, and but 4000

¹ Inedited Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

² Lord Mahon, vol. i., Appendix, p. xxxiv.

³ His mother, queen Mary Beatrice.

men left at Perth. Had I retarded some days longer, I might have had a message not to come at all. My presence, indeed, has had, and will have, I hope, good effects. The affection of the people is beyond all expression. . . . We are too happy if we can maintain Perth this winter: that is a point of the last importance. We shall not leave it without blows.

"I send to the queen, my mother, all the letters I mention here, that she may peruse them, and then agree with you the best ways of forwarding them. You will show her this, for mine to her refers to it. There will go by the next messenger a duplicate of all this packet, except my letter to the queen."¹

Mary Beatrice had endured the conflicts of hope and fear, the pangs of disappointment, and the tortures of suspense for upwards of four months, with the patience of a Christian and the firmness of a heroine, so that, as we have seen by lady Sophia Bulkeley's letters, every one was astonished at her calmness, when all around her were in a state of excitement and alarm; but directly she received the cheering intelligence that her son had landed in Scotland, where his presence had been vainly demanded for the last thirteen years, the revulsion of feeling overpowered her feeble frame, and she was attacked with a nervous fever, which rendered her incapable of further exertion. Lady Sophia Bulkeley, to whose correspondence with the *religieuses* of Chaillot we are indebted for these interesting particulars connected with the almost forgotten mother of the chevalier de St. George, at the period of the disastrous attempt of his friends in Scotland to restore him to the throne of his forefathers, writes on the 29th of January, 1716, by desire of her royal mistress, to the abbess of Chaillot, to tell her "that her majesty was progressing favorably towards convalescence, though still feeble. After having kept her bed fifteen days, the queen had sat up the day before for the first time, and was so much better that nothing but her weakness prevented her from being dressed and going on as usual; that she now slept well, and the chevalier Garvan, her physician, would not allow her to take bark oftener than twice in four-and-twenty hours, which he meant her to continue for some time to come. If the weather were not so inclement, her majesty would

¹ Lord Mahon's Appendix, from Stuart Papers in her majesty's collection at Windsor.

soon be restored," continues lady Sophia; "for, thank God! she recovers very rapidly after these sort of illnesses when once the fever leaves her, by which we perceive that her constitution is naturally good. The queen has not received anything since the arrival of the courier from the king who brought the news of his landing. She is expecting every moment to see one arrive, but apparently the contrary winds cause the delay. In the mean time some of the letters from Edinburgh notice that the king arrived at Perth on the 7th, and that all the nobles in the duke of Mar's army went on before to receive his majesty. They appeared transported with joy to see him, and the following day he reviewed his army at Perth." The enthusiastic affection of lady Sophia Bulkely for the cause, combined with her droll French, has the effect of making her identify herself in this letter with the Jacobite army at Perth; for she says, "The enemy threatens much to attack us before our forces can be drawn together. Their numbers much exceed ours at Perth; therefore," continues her ladyship, "we have the more need of your prayers for them." After communicating the usual petition of the queen to the community of Chaillot for more prayers for the success and preservation of the king, she adds:—

"To tell you the truth, I fear he will have much to do ere he can be put in possession of his crowns, but I doubt not that time will come after many troubles; for I should fail in my duty to God, if I doubted of his protecting the king, my master, after having preserved him through so many perils from the time he was three months old. I should have little faith, if I could doubt that his holy Providence would always take care of our lawful king, and, after having thoroughly proved him as gold in the furnace, giving him the victory over his perfidious enemies."

After this enthusiastic burst of loyalty, which may be forgiven in a lady who claimed kindred with the royal house of Stuart, and who had been present at the birth of the exiled heir of that ill-fated line, lady Sophia adverts to a subject of nearer, if not dearer interest to herself:—

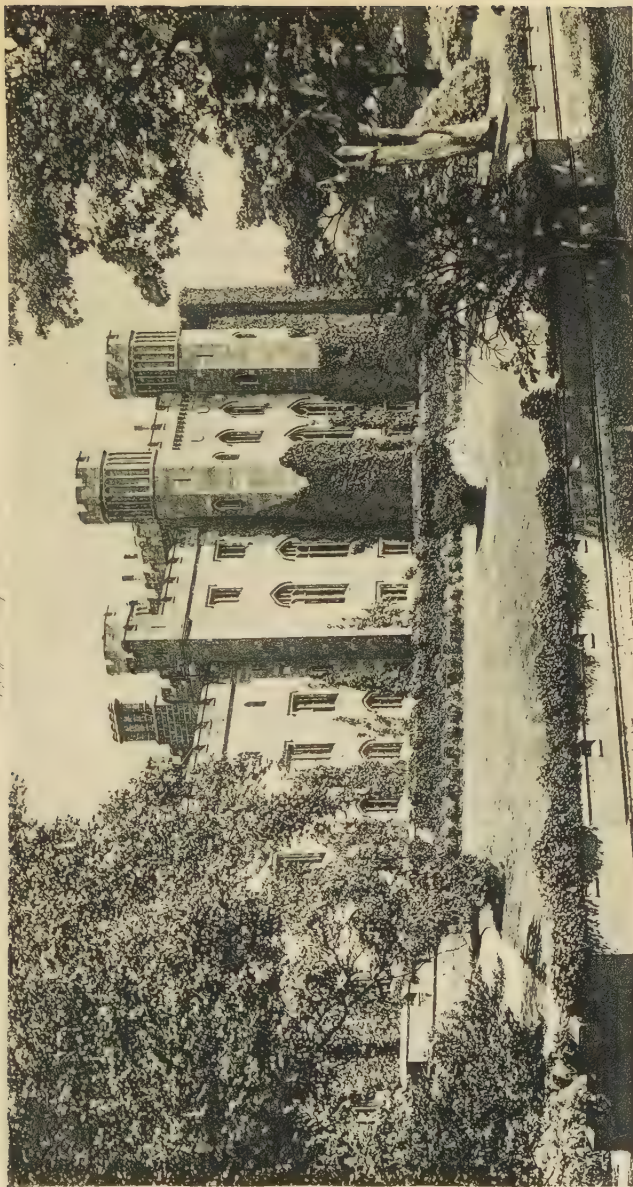
"May I not venture," she says, "my dearest mother, to entreat you to think of me in your prayers to the Lord, and of my son, who set out on Wednesday fortnight for Scotland. God grant that he be arrived in some safe port; but,

Stone Palace and Queen Mary's Tree

Favorite residence of Mary Beatrice of Modena



Photograph 1904 by G. Davis & Sons



unhappily, a gentleman belonging to the king, my master, named Mr. Booth, is supposed to have perished on the English coast, or to have been taken prisoner.¹ God grant that the fate of my son may be better !”

Nothing could be nearer to a tragic termination than the expedition in which Mr. Bulkeley, the son of this noble lady, and his two companions, the marquess of Tynemouth, eldest son of the duke of Berwick, and sir John Erskine, were engaged. They had been deputed by the queen and the duke of Berwick to convey to the aid of the chevalier, in Scotland, a hundred thousand crowns in ingots of gold, which the king of Spain had at last granted to the earnest importunities of the royal widow in behalf of her son ; “but,” says the duke of Berwick, “everything appeared to conspire to ruin our projects. The vessel in which they were was wrecked on the coast of Scotland, and, as it was in the night, they had barely time to save themselves by means of the shallop, without being able to carry away any of the ingots, which they had concealed in the hold of the ship.”²

The queen still kept her chamber, when lady Sophia Bulkeley wrote by her desire on the 5th of February, to communicate to the abbess of Chaillot the intelligence of her son’s proceedings in Scotland. A gentleman had just arrived from Perth with letters, and had rejoiced the anxious ladies at St. Germain and their royal mistress with an account of the universal rapture which pervaded all ranks of the people in that quarter of Scotland at beholding the representative of their ancient monarchs among

¹ “Poor Booth,” writes the chevalier de St. George to Bolingbroke, “I am in pain for. We passed Dunkirk together, and I heard no more of him after the next day that his ship lagged behind mine.”—Stuart Papers in lord Mahon’s Appendix, from her majesty’s collection at Windsor.

² The vessel was lost near the mouth of the Tay, for want of a pilot. A regal diadem was to have been made for the intended coronation of the luckless son of James II. at Scoon, of some of the gold with which this bark was freighted. Well might that prince, in his address to his council, observe, “For me, it is no new thing if I am unfortunate. My whole life, even from my cradle, has been a constant series of misfortunes.” He was, at that time, suffering from the depressing influence of the low intermittent fever, to which he inherited, from his mother, a constitutional tendency.

them again, or, as the refrain of the Jacobite song written on that occasion has it,—

“The auld Stuarts back again.”

“The queen,” writes lady Sophia Bulkeley,¹ “has waited, that she might send you her tidings, which, thanks to the Lord, are good. She was hoping to tell you all about the king, her son, because she was expecting every moment the arrival of a courier from him; and now a gentleman has just come, who left the king my master in perfect health on Saturday week. All the Scotch in the neighborhood were delighted beyond description to see him. All the world came to kiss his hand, in such crowds that he was obliged to extend them both at once, so that he might be able to save a little time to attend to business. The noblemen and officers were charmed to find that he could understand them so well.

“My lord Edward wrote to my lady, his wife, that, without seeing, no one could conceive the joy with which the people were transported. The gentleman who has come says, ‘that he believes the king is crowned;’ that is to say, consecrated, ‘for he was to be in a few days at the time of his departure.’ In short, my dear mother, the affairs of his majesty are in as favorable a train as they can be in this inclement season, for they have just the same weather there as here, only the cold is more severe.”²

A melancholy reverse is presented to this flattering picture by turning to the history of the rebellion, by which it appears, that at the very time queen Mary Beatrice and her ladies were rejoicing and offering up thanksgivings to God for these imaginary successes, and the royal mother was pleasing herself with the idea that the coronation of her son as king of the ancient realm of Scotland had actually taken place, that his recognition in London would quickly follow, and that her eyes would look upon his consecration in Westminster abbey, the desperate enterprise was already at an end, and he in whose behalf it had been undertaken was a fugitive. The duke of Berwick declares “that from the first there were no hopes of a successful issue to this desperate enterprise, and that when the prince arrived in Scotland, he found his cause in a most melancholy position. His army, which the earl of Mar had in his letters exaggerated to sixteen thousand men, did not amount to more than four or five thousand, ill armed and badly disciplined; while Argyle had a great train of artillery, and a very great superiority in numbers of well-armed

¹ Inedited Stuart Letters, in the hôtel de Soubise.

² Ibid.

veteran troops.”¹ Argyle was, at one time, within eight miles of Perth, and, for reasons best known to himself, refrained from attacking the Jacobite forces.² It might be that he was willing to spare the slaughter of so many of his countrymen, and wished not to bring the blood of the unfortunate representative of the ancient royal line of Scotland on his house; but, from whatever motive, it is certain that he allowed him to escape, when he might have annihilated him and his little army.

The chevalier, at first, refused to avail himself of the opportunity of retiring from Scotland; and it was not till he was assured that, by withdrawing, he would enable his unhappy friends to make their peace with the Britannic government, that he could be induced to do so.³ When he embarked for Montrose, he sent a sum of money, the remnant of his slender resources, with a letter to Argyle, desiring it might be applied to the relief of the poor people whose villages he had reluctantly given orders to burn; “so that,” said he, “I may, at least, have the satisfaction of having been the destruction of none, at a time when I came to free all.”⁴ Such tenderness of conscience passed for an unheard-of mixture of folly and weakness in times like those.

But to return to the queen, his mother, of whom lady Sophia Bulkeley gives the superior of Chaillot the following intelligence, in a letter dated February 5th:—

“Her majesty had entirely left her bed since my last, and had been daily taking a few turns in her chamber till yesterday, when the gout attacked her two feet. The chevalier Garvan [her physician] entreated her to keep in bed, because the inflammatory action would pass off the sooner. This her majesty has proved; for she is much better to-day than she was yesterday. Her majesty sends her regards to her dear friends.”

In her concluding paragraph, lady Sophia thus adverts to the frightful peril in which her own son had been involved, of which she had just heard from the gentlemen who

¹ *Mémoires du Maréchal Berwick.*

² Lord Mahon's *Hist. of England.* Chambers's *Hist. of the Rebellion.*

³ *Ibid.* *Mémoires du Maréchal Berwick.*

⁴ Lord Mahon. Chambers.

brought the letters from the chevalier to queen Mary Beatrice:—

“I entreat you, my dear mother, to have the goodness to assist me in returning thanks to the Almighty for the escape of the earl of Tynemouth and my son, about a fortnight back, from the wreck on the coast of Scotland. Happily, they were not above twenty miles from Perth, and the gentleman who has arrived here to-day says that they had joined the king before he departed. You see what great cause I have to offer up my thanksgivings to God.”¹

The sanguine anticipations which had been raised at St. Germain's by the flattering reports of the prince's messenger were too quickly destroyed by accounts of the hopeless position of the Stuart cause. On the 16th of February, lady Sophia Bulkeley tells the abbess of Chaillot, “that anguish of heart had made the queen ill again; but still she trusted that her majesty would rally in a day or two, unless some very sad news should arrive to agitate her.”

“That which we have from England this evening,”² continues her ladyship, “intimates that our enemies intend to give us battle soon, if they have not done so already. As they far outnumber the king's army, and are all regular troops, we have much to fear. I tell you these things frankly, my dear mother, that you may see what need there is of your prayers; but make no observation if you please, on this passage, for the queen reads all your letters herself.”³

Thus we see that lady Sophia, although she was writing this letter in her capacity of private secretary to her majesty, was able to introduce information, of which the ladies at St. Germain's had deemed it expedient to keep their royal mistress in ignorance. Nothing could be more pitiable than the state of trembling apprehension in which both the queen and her noble attendants awaited the arrival of letters and newspapers from England, Scotland, and Holland. The Dutch gazette was, at that time, a less restricted medium of publishing the events of the day than any English journal whatsoever. Editors and printers in London could not be induced to print authentic accounts of anything touching on political matters during the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act.

The queen's distress of mind, at this trying season, was

¹ Inedited Stuart Papers in the hôtel de Soubise, through the favor of M. Guizot.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

aggravated by the conduct of her son's secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, who, instead of showing the slightest consideration for her maternal anxiety, treated her with marked disrespect, and neither attempted to communicate intelligence, nor to consult her on what steps ought to be taken for the assistance of him he called his master. Ever since the death of Louis XIV. he had regarded the cause of the chevalier de St. George as hopeless; and, according to lord Stair's report, he did his utmost to render it so, by squandering, in his own profligate pursuits, the money with which he had been too confidingly intrusted to buy powder and other supplies for the Jacobite muster.¹ Mary Beatrice was, meantime, suffering great pecuniary difficulties, which are alluded to by lady Sophia Bulkeley, in reply to some appeal that had been made to her majesty's benevolence through the abbess of Chaillot, to whom she says:—"The queen orders me to tell you that she is much grieved (her finances are so scanty) that it is out of her power to do anything for this lady. The queen, between ourselves," continues lady Sophia, "has never been in greater distress for money than she is at present. They are now [the old story] eight months in arrear with her pension. The Lord, I hope, will comfort her majesty, and reward her great patience, by giving her shortly her own. I cannot cease to believe it, and to hope in God against all human hopes. The prisoners taken in England are condemned to death. There are many Catholics among them."²

The next event in the life of Mary Beatrice was the return of her luckless son. The chevalier de St. George landed safely at Gravelines,³ about February 22d, and came secretly in disguise to see her at St. Germain, where, in spite of the interdict against his presence in the French dominions, he remained with her several days,⁴—a consolation she had scarcely ventured to anticipate, after the disastrous termination of his expedition to Scotland. More

¹ Letter of the earl of Stair to Horace Walpole.—Walpole Correspondence by Coxe.

² Inedited Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

³ Letter of lord Bolingbroke to Wyndham.

⁴ Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick.

than once she had said, during his absence, that she could be content, if he were spared to her, to say, like Jacob, "It is enough: Joseph, my son, yet liveth;"¹ but to look upon his face once more she had scarcely ventured to expect.

The morning after the arrival of the chevalier at St. Germain, lord Bolingbroke came to wait upon him, and advised him to return to Barr as quickly as possible, lest he should be denied an asylum there.² It was, however, an indispensable matter of etiquette, that permission should first be requested of the duke of Lorraine, and that the prince should wait for his answer. After lingering at St. Germain longer than prudence warranted, he bade his widowed mother farewell, and set out for Chalons-sur-Marne, where he told her and Bolingbroke it was his intention to wait for the reply of the duke of Lorraine. But he proceeded no farther than Malmaison, and then, retracing his steps, went to the house of mademoiselle de Chausseraye, at Neuilly; and her majesty had the surprise and mortification of learning that he spent eight days there,³ in the society of several intriguing female politicians, and held private consultations with the Spanish and Swedish ambassadors, from which his best friends were excluded. The royal mother would possibly have remained in ignorance of circumstances, alike painful to her and injurious to him, if his rupture with Bolingbroke had not betrayed the unsuspected secret to her and all the world.

The duke of Berwick, dazzled with the wit and literary accomplishments of Bolingbroke, attached a value to that false brilliant which he was far from meriting, and declared, "that the chevalier had committed an enormous blunder in dismissing from his service the only Englishman capable of managing his affairs."⁴ Mary Beatrice, who placed a

¹ MS. Memorials by a nun of Chaillot.

² *Mémoires de Berwick*. Bolingbroke Correspondence.

³ Berwick.

⁴ The loss of the services of a statesman who had changed his party rather oftener than the vicar of Bray, and had been false to all, was, with all due submission to honest Berwick, no great misfortune. "The enormous blunder" committed by the chevalier de St. George was, in ever having employed and placed confidence in a person devoid alike of religious principles and moral worth; and having done so, to dismiss him in a manner which afforded a

greater reliance on Berwick's judgment than on her own, acted, probably, in compliance with his suggestions in sending a conciliatory message to Bolingbroke, assuring him "that she had had no concern in his dismissal, and expressed a hope that she might be able to adjust the differences between him and her son." The tone in which "all-accomplished St. John" rejected her proffered mediation savored more of his roundhead education than of the classical elegance of phraseology for which he has been celebrated. "He was now," he said, "a free man, and wished his arm might rot off if he ever again drew his sword or his pen in her son's cause."¹ It is doubtful whether butcher Harrison, or any other low-bred member of 'the rump,' could have replied to a fallen queen and distressed mother in terms more coarsely unmannerly.

Lord Stair, who appears to have been somewhat better acquainted with Bolingbroke's proceedings than the duke of Berwick, gives the following sneering account of the affair to his friend, Horace Walpole:—

"Poor Harry is turned out from being secretary of state, and the seals are given to lord Mar. They call him knave and traitor, and God knows what; I believe all poor Harry's fault was, that he could not play his part with a grave enough face; he could not help laughing now and then at such kings and queens. He had a mistress here at Paris, and got drunk now and then; and he spent *the money* upon his mistress that he should have bought powder with, and neglected buying the powder or the arms, and never went near the *queen* [Mary Beatrice]. For the rest, they [the Jacobites] begin to believe that their king is unlucky, and that the westerly winds and Bolingbroke's treasons have defeated the finest project that ever was laid."²

The letters of Mary Beatrice to her friends at Chaillot at this exciting period, have been apparently abstracted from the collection preserved in the hôtel de Soubise; for

plausible excuse for proving that his enmity was not quite so lukewarm as his friendship. As might be expected, a series of treacherous intrigues between Bolingbroke and the Walpole ministry were commenced, to pave the way for his return from exile. Dr. Johnson's abhorrence of this infidel was founded more on principles of moral justice than on his own well-known predilection for the Jacobite cause.

¹ Lord Mahon's History of England.

² Walpole Correspondence, by Coxe, vol. ii. pp. 307, 308. Letter of lord Stair to Horace Walpole, brother of sir Robert Walpole, dated March 3, 1716, from Paris.

although she generally employed lady Sophia Bulkeley as her amanuensis in the Chaillot correspondence, she occasionally wrote herself, when time and the state of her health permitted, as we find from the commencing words of the following touching note of that faithful friend, which, it seems, enclosed one of hers:—

“This 6th of March.

“As I have the honor to put this envelope to the queen's letter, I have no need, my dearest mother, to give you the trouble of reading one in my bad writing, save to tell you that we have great cause to praise God that her majesty continues well. The Lord gives us much consolation in that, while he chastens us in other things. His name be blessed for all. We remain in a constant state of uncertainty as to what will become of our friends who remain in Scotland, especially our husbands and sons. Permit me, my dear mother, to entreat a continuance of your charitable prayers for them, and believe me to be, with much attachment,

“Your very humble and obedient servant,

“S. BULKELEY.”

The son of lady Sophia happily escaped the dreadful penalty suffered by too many of the unfortunate noblemen and gentlemen who had been rash enough to engage in the desperate enterprise, which, in evil hour, was undertaken in 1715 for the restoration of the house of Stuart. “My son and Mr. Bulkeley,” says the duke of Berwick, “whom the king was not able to bring off with him, instead of endeavoring to conceal themselves in the highlands like the others, ventured to come from the north of Scotland to Edinburgh, where they remained undiscovered for eight days, and hired a vessel to land them in Holland, whence they made their way to France. The regent, at the solicitation of lord Stair, deprived them of their places under the French government.”

The extreme depression in which the queen and her ladies remained during the melancholy spring of 1716, when every post from England brought them sad tidings of the tragic fate of the devoted friends who had engaged in the cause of the chevalier de St. George, is feelingly noticed by lady Sophia Bulkeley in a letter to one of the sisters of Chaillot, dated March the 20th.

“The weather and ourselves are both so dismal, my dear sister, that I have scarcely courage to write to you, much less to come and see you, though the

queen has had the goodness to propose it to me; but I have thought it better to defer it till Easter, in the hope that the holy festivals may a little tranquillize our spirits, which find small repose at present. Her majesty's health is, thanks to God, good, in spite of the continual and overwhelming afflictions with which she is surrounded. The deaths of the earls of Derwentwater and Kenmure have grieved her much. Nothing can be more beautiful than the speech of the first; if it were translated into French, I would send it to you. The other [lord Kenmure] said nothing then, but merely delivered a letter addressed to our king, which he begged might be sent to him. He afterwards embraced his son on the scaffold, and told him, 'that he had sent for him there to show him how to shed the last drop of his blood for his rightful king, if he should ever be placed in like circumstances.' His poor son was not more than fourteen or fifteen years old. The three other lords were to die last Wednesday, but it is hoped they will be pardoned. Meantime, we can know nothing more till we have letters from England, and they will not arrive before Monday."

We may imagine the agonizing feelings that agitated the hearts of the anxious queen and her ladies during the interval. Intelligence of the successful enterprise of that noble conjugal heroine, Winifred countess of Nithesdale, for the preservation of her husband's life, reached the court of St. Germain's, and caused great excitement in the tearful circle there, as we find from the context of lady Sophia Bulkeley's letter:—

"The earl of Nithesdale, who married one of the daughters of the duke of Powys, and sister of lady Montague, has been fortunate enough to escape out of the Tower, on the eve of the day appointed for his execution. Lady Nithesdale, who came to see him that evening, dressed him in her clothes, and he went out with two other ladies who had accompanied her. Some letters say that lady Nithesdale remained in the Tower in his place; others, more recent, affirm that she went away with him; but this is very certain, that they did not know the husband from the wife, and that they cannot punish her for what she has done. My letter begins to get very long, and is so scrawled that you will find it difficult to decipher some passages."

The '*griffonage*' for which lady Sophia apologizes is, truth to tell, so bad, that if the holy sister of Chaillot succeeded in making out the next paragraph, she was cleverer than all the experienced decipherers of queer caligraphy in the hôtel de Soubise, who were unable to unriddle the mystery. For the satisfaction of the curious reader, it may, however, be confidently affirmed that neither Jacobite intrigues nor popish plots lurk in those unintelligible sentences, but rather, as we are inclined to suspect, some trifling matters of costume, of which the nomenclature, as spelt by the

noble writer, would be somewhat puzzling. Her ladyship, in conclusion, requests the nun "to tell her daughter," who was *en pension* in the convent, "that she sends her four pairs of gloves, of the then fashionable tint, called *blanc de pomme de terre*, and that she had requested a person to bring her some pairs of brown gloves to wear in the holy week, but as they could not arrive till the morrow, she thinks she may manage with her white ones, and desires the young lady to take a discreet opportunity of sending back all her soiled gloves to her." The last clause implies a piece of domestic economy practised by the impoverished ladies of the household of the exiled queen at St. Germain's,—namely, cleaning their own gloves.

The late unsuccessful enterprise of the Jacobites in Scotland and the north of England had not only involved in ruin and misery all the devoted partisans who had engaged in it, and exhausted the pecuniary resources of friends who had taken a more cautious part, but placed the son of Mary Beatrice in a far worse position with the powers of Europe than that in which he had been left at the peace of Utrecht. His generous friends, the duke and duchess of Lorraine, were reluctantly compelled to exclude him from the asylum he had hitherto enjoyed at Barr; neither durst the prince of Vaudemonte, or any other of the vassal princes of France or Germany, receive him. He was advised to retire to Sweden or Deux Ponts, as more likely to please the people of England than a residence in the papal dominions, but he chose to fix his abode at Avignon.¹ Lady Sophia Bulkeley, in the postscript of a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, merely dated "*Ce Vendredy St., au soir*," says:—

"Lady Clare has just come to tell me that the queen commands me to inform you that the king, my master, is well, and arrived on the 2d of this month at Avignon. The queen awaits with impatience the fine weather to come and see you."²

The regent Orleans, though he would neither assist nor tolerate the presence of the chevalier de St. George in

¹ Lord Mahon. Chaillot Records and Correspondence.

² Inedited Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise.

France, could not be induced to deprive his widowed mother of the royal asylum and maintenance she had been granted by his late uncle, Louis XIV. Profligate as he was himself, Orleans regarded with reverence and compassion a princess whose virtues and misfortunes entitled her to the sympathies of every gentleman in France. Even if he could have found it in his heart to listen to the remonstrances of the British ambassador against her residence at St. Germain, it would have been regarded as derogatory to the national honor of the proud nation whose majesty he represented, to do anything calculated to distress or trouble her, who was so universally beloved and venerated by all classes of people. Mary Beatrice, therefore, remained unmolested in the royal château of St. Germain, and retained the title and state of a queen-dowager of England, to her dying day. Her courts and receptions were attended by the mother of the regent, and all the French princes and princesses, with the same ceremonials of respect as in the lifetime of her powerful friend, Louis XIV. It would have been more congenial to the tastes and feelings of Mary Beatrice, either to have passed the remnant of her weary pilgrimage in the quiet shades of Chaillot, or to have accompanied her beloved son to Avignon; but his interest required that she should continue to support, at any sacrifice, the state of queen-mother, and to keep up friendly and confidential intercourse with the wife, mother, and daughters of the regent of France. The marquess de Torcy, maréchal Ville-roi, and others of the cabinet of Versailles, cherished great respect for her, and through the ladies of their families she enjoyed the opportunity of obtaining early information as to the political movements in England. It was, under these circumstances, much easier for the Jacobite correspondence to be carried on through the widow of James II. at the château of St. Germain, than with the more distant retreat of her son at Avignon. The communications between these two courts, as they were fondly styled by the adherents of the exiled family, were unremitting; and the pen of the royal mother was, during the last two years of her life, actively employed in secret correspondence with her old

friends among the English and Scotch nobility in behalf of her son.

The little Stuart sovereignty at St. Germain's had been thinned by the events of the last few months. Many a brave gentleman, who had departed full of hope to join the Jacobite movement in the north, returned no more: the mourning garments and tearful eyes of their surviving families afforded only too sad a comment on the absence of well-remembered faces. Independently, however, of those who had perished by the contingencies of war, or, sadder still, by the hand of the executioner, the number of the faithful friends who had held offices of state in her household, or that of her late consort king James II., was diminishing every year by death. Among these, no one was more sincerely lamented by Mary Beatrice than James earl of Perth, or, as he was entitled in her court, the duke of Perth, who died in the spring of 1716. If she had followed the energetic counsels of that nobleman in the first years of her regency, her son would, in all probability, have recovered the crown to which he had been born heir-apparent, or, at any rate, established himself as an independent sovereign of Scotland.

The disastrous result of the Jacobite insurrection in the preceding year ought to have convinced the widow and son of James II. of the hopelessness of devising plans for the renewal of a contest which had cost the partisans of the Stuart cause so dear. They were, however, far from regarding that cause as desperate, seeing that the terrors of the sanguinary executions which had just taken place in London and elsewhere did not deter the people from wearing oaken boughs, in defiance of the prohibition of government, on the 29th of May, and white roses on the 10th of June.¹ Imprisonments, fines, and scourgings were inflicted

¹ Calamy, in his *History of his Own Life and Times*, pours forth a jeremiad on the perversity of the people in displaying a spirit so inconsistent with their duty to that gracious sovereign George I. He affirms that when the general service of thanksgiving for the suppression of the late tumults and seditions took place at St. Paul's on the 7th of June, they were anything but suppressed, and instances the serious riots at Cambridge on the 29th of May, when the scholars of Clare Hall and Trinity college were miserably insulted for their

on those who would not resign those picturesque badges of misdirected loyalty to the soldiers, who were stationed in various parts of the city to tear them from the hats and bosoms of the contumacious. The names of "oak-apple day," for the 29th of May, and "white-rose day," for the 10th of June, are still used by the peasantry in many parts of England, and tell their own tale as to the popularity of the customs to which they bear traditionary evidence. The symptoms of lingering affection for the representative of the old royal line, of which these badges were regarded as signs and tokens, were observed with uneasiness by the Walpole administration, and very severe measures were taken to prevent them. A legislative act for the reform of the British calendar, by the adoption of new style, would have done more to prevent white roses from being generally worn on the anniversary of the chevalier's birth than all the penalties sir Robert Walpole could devise as a punishment for that offence.¹ But owing to the ignorant bigotry of his party, in opposing the alteration in style as a sinful conformity to popish fashions, the day called the 10th of June in England was, in reality, the 20th, when white roses are somewhat easier to obtain than they are ten days earlier, especially in cold ungenial seasons.

In the autumn of 1716, an unwonted visitor appeared at St. Germain's, and requested the honor of a presentation to the queen-mother, as Mary Beatrice was called there. This was no other than the young marquess of Wharton, the son of one of the leaders of the revolution of 1688. He had been sent to finish his education in republican and

loyalty to king George I., besides the pulling down of meeting-houses in various towns, which he enumerates among the tokens of disloyalty to the Protestant branch of the royal family, who had been called to the throne for the protection of the established Church of England. He also groans in spirit over the number of white roses which he saw worn on the 10th of June, to do honor to the birthday of the Pretender.—*Life and Own Times*, by Edmund Calamy, D.D.

¹ On the 29th of May, 1717, "guards were placed to apprehend those who durst wear oaken boughs, and several persons were committed for this offence." Moreover, on the 6th of August following, "two soldiers were whipped almost to death in Hyde park and turned out of the service, for wearing oak boughs in their hats 29th of May."—*Chronological History*, vol. ii. pp. 63–67, 72.

Calvinistic principles at Geneva, and, out of sheer perversity, broke from his governor, travelled post to Lyons, whence he sent a present of a valuable horse to the chevalier de St. George, with a request to be permitted to pay his homage to him. The exiled prince sent one of his equerries to conduct him to his little court at Avignon, where he gave him a flattering reception, invested him with the order of the Garter, and admitted him into the number of his secret adherents. Wharton then proceeded to St. Germain's to pay his court to queen Mary Beatrice.¹ Information of Wharton's presentation to the widowed consort of James II. having been conveyed to lord Stair, that statesman made a point of expostulating with him very seriously on his proceedings, as likely to have a ruinous effect on his prospects in life, and earnestly recommended him to follow the example of his late father, the friend and counsellor of William III. Wharton made a bitterly sarcastic retort; for he had wit at will, and used that dangerous weapon, as he did all the other talents which had been intrusted to him, with a reckless disregard to consequences. Wharton was a character made up of selfisms,—a spoiled child of fortune, whose whim had been a law both to himself and all around him. He had never felt the necessity of caution, a quality in which villains of high degree are often found deficient. His apparent artlessness, at first, inspired confidence in those who did not perceive the difference between candor and audacity. The captivating manners and brilliant accomplishments of this young nobleman made a very agreeable impression on the exiled queen and her little court; but he was, in reality, a false diamond of the same class as Bolingbroke, equally devoid of religion, moral worth, or political honor, and proved, ultimately, almost as mischievous an acquisition to the cause of her son as that anti-Christian philosopher.

The attention of Mary Beatrice was a good deal occupied, for the last two years of her life, in the various unsuccessful attempts that were made by her son to obtain a suitable consort. He was the last of the male line of

¹ Life of Philip, duke of Wharton.

Stuart, and many of those who were attached to his cause were reluctant to risk a scaffold and the ruin of their own families on the contingency of his single life. The backwardness of the English nobles and gentlemen of his own religion during the rebellion of the preceding year, was considered mainly attributable to his want of a successor. The death of his sister, the princess Louisa, had robbed the Stuart cause of its greatest strength, and was a misfortune that nothing but the offspring of a royal alliance of his own could repair. Of all the princesses that were proposed, the daughter of her uncle, Rinaldo d'Este, duke of Modena, was the most agreeable to Mary Beatrice and to her son. "My happiness, my dear uncle, as well as that of all my subjects," writes the princely suitor to the father of the lady, "is in your hands, and religion itself is not less interested in your decision."¹

The answer was unfavorable, and much regret was felt in consequence.² The son of Mary Beatrice was almost as much at discount in the matrimonial market at this period as his uncle Charles II. had been during the Protectorate; but not quite, seeing that there was one princess, highly connected, and possessed of great wealth, who was romantically attached to him from report. This was Clementine Sobieska, the grand-daughter of the illustrious John Sobieski, king of Poland, whom he afterwards married. Mary Beatrice did not live to witness these espousals. Almost the last time this queen's name is mentioned in connection with history is in the correspondence between count Gyllenberg and baron Spaar, the Swedish ministers at London and Paris, and Charles XII.'s minister, baron Gortz, relating to the secret designs of that monarch for the invasion of Scotland with 12,000 men, to place her son on the British throne.³ Spain and Russia were engaged in the confederacy.⁴ It appears, from one of count Gyllenberg's intercepted letters to Gortz, dated January 18, 1717, that the

¹ Stuart Papers, in possession of her majesty the queen; edited by J. H. Glover, Esq., vol. i. p. 15.

² Ibid.

³ Intercepted correspondence published in London, 1717.

⁴ Lord Mahon's Hist. of England.

merchant of whom a large loan had been procured was to remit 20,000*l.* into France, to be paid into the hands of the queen-mother, Mary Beatrice, who would hand it over to the persons empowered to take the management of the financial arrangements.¹ The most sanguine anticipations of the success of this confederacy were cherished, but secret information being conveyed to the British government, Gyllenberg, who had forfeited the privileges of an ambassador, was arrested. His papers were seized, which contained abundant evidence of the formidable designs in preparation, which were thus happily prevented.²

Mary Beatrice paid her annual visit at Chaillot in the summer. She was in very ill health, and returned to St. Germain's much earlier in the autumn than usual. The following is an extract from a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, written apparently soon after :—

“St. Germain's, November 4th.

“The fine weather we have had since I quitted you, my dear mother, was not necessary to make me regret the abode at Chaillot, which is always charming to me; but it certainly makes me regret it doubly, although I cannot deny that since the three weeks I have been here, I have had more time to myself and more solitude than during the whole period of my stay at Chaillot. This does not prevent me from wishing often for the company of my dear mother, and all the beloved sisters, in which I hope much to find myself again, if God gives me six months more of life. I took medicine last Friday, because I have had during the last few days a return of the malady which has tormented me all the summer; but I have been better since then, thank God, and in three or four days I shall leave off the bark.”³

This letter is apparently one of the last of that curious correspondence of the exiled queen with the *religieuses* of Chaillot, which, surviving the dissolution of that monastery and all the storms of the Revolution, has enabled her biographer to trace out many interesting incidents in her personal history; and more than this, to unveil her private feelings, as she herself recorded them in the unreserved confidence of friendship. All the letters written by Mary Beatrice in her widowhood are sealed with black. Some bear the impression of her diamond signet,—her regal initials “M. R.,” crowned and interlaced with the cipher

¹ Letters of Count Gyllenberg.

² Lord Mahon.

³ Inedited letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot MSS.

of her deceased lord, which now indicated that of her son, "J. R." being the same initials; but the seal she more frequently used is a size larger, having the royal arms of England, France, Ireland, and Scotland on the dexter side, and her own paternal achievement of Este of Modena and Ferrara on the sinister,—viz., on the first and fourth quarters, argent, an eagle displayed, sable, crowned or; the second and third, azure, charged with three fleurs-de-lis, or, within a bordure indented, or and gules. One supporter is the royal lion of England, the other, the crowned eagle of Este. This was her small privy-seal, the miniature of her great seal as queen-consort of England, of which there is an engraving in Williment's *Regal Heraldry*.

In the commencement of the year 1718, Mary Beatrice, though fast approaching the termination of her weary pilgrimage, was occupied in corresponding with her old friends in England in behalf of her son. Her pen appears to have been more persuasive, her name more influential, than those of the secretaries of state, either at Avignon or St. Germain. Early in January that year, general Dillon writes to lord Mar, "that Atterbury, whom he figures under the political designation of Mr. Rigg, presses earnestly for Andrew's [the queen-mother] writing to Hughes [lord Oxford] about the mantle affair, and thinks the most proper time for compassing that matter will be during the next sessions of Percy [parliament], whilst friends are together in town."¹ This mantle affair seems to relate to a subscription loan for the use of the chevalier de St. George. It is further recommended "that her majesty," signified by the *sobriquet* of Andrew, "should send her instructions to the earl of Oxford, in order to bring him to the point,"—rather a difficult matter with so notable a shuffler, we should think. The queen was also to be requested "to write a letter to Mrs. Pooly [lady Petre], thanking her for what she had done, and informing her that her son's affairs required further assistance; and another letter to the same purpose to Mr. Newcomb [the duke of Norfolk], and to

¹ Stuart Papers, in her majesty's possession; edited by J. H. Glover, Esq., vol. i. p. 19.

send with these letters two blank powers for raising mantle [money],—one for Mr. Allan [the earl of Arran], which he might make use of with such of the Primrose family [Protestants] as he should think fit, and another for any person whom he and the duke of Norfolk should think proper to be employed among Rogers's people [Roman Catholics]." Another paper to the same effect in her majesty's collection is supposed, by the learned editor of the newly-published volume of the Stuart Papers¹ containing the Atterbury correspondence, to have been sent first to the queen-mother at St. Germain, who forwarded it to her son, the chevalier de St. George, at Urbino, where he was then residing.

From the same volume, it appears that the chevalier had been justly displeased with the conduct of her majesty's almoner, Mr. Lewis Innes, who, when employed to make a French translation of a letter addressed by that prince to the reverend Charles Leslie, and through him to the whole body of the Protestant clergy, had put a false interpretation on certain passages,—a most insidious piece of priestcraft, intended by Innes for the benefit of his own church, but calculated, like all crooked dealings, to injure the person he pretended to serve. James, in a letter to the duke of Ormonde on the subject, expressed himself disgusted with the proceedings of the coterie at St. Germain, and said that, with the exception of the queen his mother, he did not desire to have anything more to do with any of them. "Their principles and notions, and mine," continues he, "are very different; former mistakes are fresh in my memory, and the good education I had under Anthony [queen Mary Beatrice] not less. So that I am not at all fond of the ways of those I have lived so long with, nor the least imposed on by their ways and reasonings."² Not contented with a strong expression of his displeasure at the dangerous liberty taken by Innes, James very properly insisted on his being dismissed from the queen-mother's service. Implicit submission to his authority was yielded,

¹ J. H. Glover, Esq., librarian to her majesty Queen Victoria.

² Stuart Papers, edited by Glover, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.

both by her majesty and her spiritual director. "The king is master," wrote Innes to the duke of Ormonde, "and I, having the honor to be both his subject and his servant, think myself doubly obliged simply to obey his majesty's orders, without saying anything for myself."¹ This unpleasant occurrence happened towards the end of February, but whatever consternation the spirited conduct of the chevalier de St. George created among the reverend messeurs of the chapel-royal of St. Germain, it is certain that it did not in the slightest degree disturb the affectionate confidence which had always subsisted between the royal mother and her son, and which remained unbroken till the hour of her death.²

The coldness of the weather and the increasing debility of the queen, prevented her from paying her accustomed visit to Chaillot at Easter. The fatal malady in her breast, though for a time apparently subdued, had broken out again with redoubled violence in the preceding summer. She had borne up bravely, and endured with unruffled patience the torturing pangs that were destroying the principles of life, and continued to exert herself in her beloved son's cause till within a few days of her decease. Her last illness attacked her in the month of April, 1718. She had recovered from so many apparently more severe, that a fatal termination was not at first apprehended. A deceptive amendment took place, and she even talked of going to Chaillot; but a relapse followed, and she then felt an internal conviction that she should not recover.³

The following letter, without date or signature, in her well-known characters, which is preserved among the Chaillot papers in the hôtel de Soubise, appears to have been written by the dying queen to her friend Françoise Angélique Priolo. It contains her last farewell to her, and the abbess and sisters; under such circumstances, it must certainly be regarded as a document of no common interest:—

¹ Stuart Papers, edited by Glover, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.

² Chaillot Records, inedited, in the hôtel de Soubise.

³ Ibid.

"*Patientia vobis necessaria est.* Yes, in verity, my dear mother, it is very necessary for us this patience: I have felt it so at all moments. I confess to you that I am mortified at not being able to go to our dear Chaillot. I had hoped it till now, but my illness has returned since three o'clock, and I have lost all hope. There is not, however, anything very violent in my sickness; it has been trifling, but I believe that in two or three days I shall be out of the turmoil, if it please God, and if not, I hope that he will give me good patience. I am very weak and worn down. I leave the rest to lady —, embracing you with all my heart. A thousand regards to our dear mother and our poor sisters, above all to C. Ang——"¹

Angelique,² she would have written, but the failing hand has left the name of that much-loved friend unfinished. About six o'clock on Friday evening, the 6th of May, Mary Beatrice, finding herself grow worse, desired to receive the last sacraments of her church, which, after she had prepared herself, were administered to her by the curé of St. Germain. As it was impossible for her to enjoy the consolation of taking a last farewell of her son, she resigned herself to that deprivation, as she had done to all her other trials, with much submission to the will of God, contenting herself with praying for him long and fervently. She desired, she said, to ask pardon, in the most humble manner, of all those to whom she had given cause of offence, or by any means injured; and declared she most heartily pardoned and forgave all who had in any manner injured or offended her. She then took leave of all her faithful friends and attendants, thanking them for their fidelity and services, and recommended herself to their prayers, and those of all present, desiring "that they would pray for her, and for the king her son (for so she called him), that he might serve God faithfully all his life." This she repeated twice, raising her voice as high as she could; and for fear she might not be heard by everybody, the room being very full, she desired the curé to repeat it, which he did. Growing

¹ Translated from the original French.

² Catharine Angelique de Mesme is the *religieuse* indicated; her other friend, Claire Angelique de Beauvais, had already paid the debt of nature. Mary Beatrice, in one of her preceding letters, says, "I shall never cease to lament the loss of my dear Claire Angelique." A packet of letters from the exiled queen to that *religieuse*, preserved in the Chaillot collection, is thus endorsed:—"Ces lettres de la Reine ont été écrites à sa très honorable mère, Claire Angelique de Beauvais, pendant son dernier Trianal, fini à cette Ascension, 1709."

weaker, she ceased to speak, and bestowed all her attention on the prayers for a soul departing, which were continued all night.¹

From the time the queen's sickness assumed dangerous symptoms, her chamber was crowded with company of the four nations of whom the inhabitants of St. Germain's were composed,—English, Irish, Scotch, and French, and two or three of her Italian attendants, who had been in her service ever since her marriage. More than fifty people were present, but her son, the last and dearest tie that remained to her on earth, was not permitted to come to her, being forbidden to enter France. He was absent, but not forgotten. The dying queen had earnestly desired to see her friend marshal Villeroy, the governor of the young king of France; and when, in obedience to her summons, he came and drew near her bed, she rallied the sinking energies of life, to send an earnest message to the regent Orleans and to the royal minor Louis XV. in behalf of her son. Nor was Mary Beatrice forgetful of those who had served her so long and faithfully, for she fervently recommended her servants and destitute dependents to their care, beseeching, with her last breath, that his royal highness, the regent, would not suffer them to perish for want in a foreign land when she should be no more.² These cares appear to have been the latest connected with earthly feelings that agitated the heart of the exiled queen, for though she retained her senses to the last gasp, she spoke not again. More than fifty persons were present when she breathed her last, between seven and eight in the morning of the 7th of May, 1718, in the sixtieth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her exile. She had survived her unfortunate consort James II. sixteen years and nearly eight months.

"The queen of England," says the duke de St. Simon, "died at St. Germain's after ten or twelve days' illness. Her life, since she had been in France, from the close of the year 1688, had been one continued course of sorrow and misfortune, which she sustained heroically to the last. She

¹ MS. Lansdowne, 849, fol. 308, British Museum. Inedited Stuart Papers, Chaillot collection.

² Ibid.

supported her mind by devotional exercises, faith in God, prayer, and good works, living in the practice of every virtue that constitutes true holiness. Her death was as holy as her life. Out of 600,000 livres allowed her yearly by the king of France, she devoted the whole to support the destitute Jacobites with whom St. Germain's was crowded." The same contemporary annalist sums up the character of this princess in the following words:—"Combined with great sensibility, she had much wit and a natural haughtiness of temper, of which she was aware, and made it her constant study to subdue it by the practice of humility. Her mien was the noblest, the most majestic and imposing in the world, but it was also sweet and modest."¹

The testimony of St. Simon is fully corroborated by that of a witness of no less importance than the mother of the regent Orleans,—a princess who, from her near relationship to the royal Stuarts, and an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment of the real characteristics of the exiled queen; and as she is not accustomed to speak too favorably of her own sex, and certainly could have no motive for flattering the dead, the following record of the virtues and worth of Mary Beatrice ought to have some weight, especially as it was written in a private letter of the duchess to one of her own German relatives. "I write to you to-day with a troubled heart, and all yesterday I was weeping. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the good, pious, and virtuous queen of England died at St. Germain's. She must be in heaven. She left not a dollar for herself, but gave away all to the poor, maintaining many families. She never in her life," a strong expression, and from no hireling pen, "did wrong to any one. If you were about to tell her a story of anybody, she would say, 'If it be any ill, I beg you not to relate it to me. I do not like histories which attack the reputation.'"² As the besetting sin of the writer of this letter was the delight she took in re-

¹ *Mémoires du Duc de St. Simon*, vol. xv. pp. 46, 47.

² From the *Historical Correspondence and Remains of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans*: Paris, 1844.

peating scandalous tales, she was doubtless among those to whom this admonitory check was occasionally given by the pure-minded widow of James II., who not only restrained her own lips from speaking amiss of others, but exerted a moral influence to prevent evil communications from being uttered in her presence. Mary Beatrice had suffered too severely from the practices of those who had employed the pens and tongues of political slanderers to undermine her popularity to allow any one to be assailed in like manner; nor was she ever known to retaliate on the suborners of those who had libelled her. The eagle of Este, though smitten to the dust, could not condescend to imitate the creeping adder, "which bites the horse by the heel to make his rider fall backward:" it was not in her nature to act so mean a part. "She bore her misfortunes," continues the duchess of Orleans, "with the greatest patience, not from stupidity, for she had a great deal of mind, was lively in conversation, and could laugh and joke very pleasantly. She often praised the princess of Wales [Caroline, consort of George II.]. I loved this queen much, and her death has caused me much sorrow."¹

Though Mary Beatrice was now where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, hearts were found hard enough to falsify, for political purposes, the particulars of her calm and holy parting from a world that was little worthy of her. She had forgiven her enemies, her persecutors, and, those who were hardest of all to forgive, her slanderers; these, however, not only continued to bear false witness against her, but accused her of having borne false witness against herself, by pretending "that on her death-bed she had disowned her son, and adopted their calumny on his birth." The absurdity of this tale, which appeared in the Dutch gazette a few days after her death, is exposed in a contemporary letter written by a gentleman at Paris, who, after relating the particulars of her late majesty's death, which, he says, "he had from a person who was in the room with her when she died, and sat up

¹ From the Historical Correspondence and Remains of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans: Paris, 1844.

by her all night, as most of her servants and many others did," adds:—¹

"You will wonder, therefore, upon what your Holland gazetteer could ground such an apparent falsity, as to insinuate that she disowned at her death the chevalier de St. George being her son, for whose safety and happiness she professed, both then and at all times, a much greater concern than for her own life, as was manifest to all that were well acquainted with her, and to above fifty persons that were present at her death; for as she loved nothing in this world but him, so she seemed to desire to live no longer than she could be serviceable to him. She had suffered near thirty years' exile for his sake, and chose rather to live upon the benevolence of a foreign prince than to sign such a receipt for her jointure as might give the least shadow of prejudicing what she thought her son's right. And yet, what is still more wonderful, the said gazetteer infers, from her desiring to see the maréchal de Villeroi, that it was to disown her son; whereas, quite the contrary, it was to recommend him to the regent of France with her dying breath, hoping that might induce his royal highness to have a greater regard for him; and likewise to recommend her servants and those that depended upon her to his generosity, that he might not suffer them to perish for want in a foreign country.

"The story of her being at variance with her son was as groundless as the rest. There was not a post but they mutually received letters from each other, and packets came from him directed to her every post since her death, and will, undoubtedly, till he hears of it. Her last will was sent to the chevalier de St. George by a courier. In fine (to use my friend's words), never mother loved a son better. Never mother suffered more for a son, or labored more zealously to assist him. But if malicious men will still pursue that oppressed princess with lies and calumnies, even after her death, that with the rest must be suffered. It is easier to blacken the innocent than to wipe it away."²

It is now evident whence Onslow, the speaker, derived the vague report to which he alludes in his marginal note on Burnet's History of his Own Times, "that the widowed queen of James II. took no notice of her son in her will, and left all she had to dispose of to the regent Orleans." Poor Mary Beatrice! Her effects were literally personal, and those she disposed of as follows, without bestowing the smallest share on the regent: Her heart she bequeathed to the monastery of Chaillot, in perpetuity, to be placed in the tribune beside those of her late husband king James, and the princess their daughter; her brain and intestines to the Scotch college, to be deposited in the chapel of St.

¹ MS. Lansdowne, 849, fol. 308.

² This remark illustrates the political maxim of the earl of Wharton, when he reminded his royal friend, William III., "that a clever lie, well believed, answered their purpose as well as the truth."

Andrew;¹ and her body to repose unburied in the choir of the conventual church of St. Mary de Chaillot till the restoration of her son, or his descendants, to the throne of Great Britain, when, together with the remains of her consort and their daughter the princess Louisa, it was to be conveyed to England, and interred with the royal dead in Westminster abbey.²

Never did any queen of England die so poor as Mary Beatrice, as regarded the goods of this world. Instead of having anything to leave, she died deeply in debt to the community of Chaillot: "this debt, with sundry small legacies, she charged her son to pay, out of respect to her memory, whenever it should please God to call him to the throne of his ancestors."³ After the customary dirges, prayers, and offices of her church had been performed in the chamber of the deceased queen, her body was embalmed. Mary Beatrice was arrayed for the grave in the habit of the nuns of Chaillot by two of the sisters of that order, who brought the dress and veil which had been prepared for their royal friend, and placed a silver cross on her breast, with many tears. The following day, being Sunday, her remains rested at St. Germain's, where solemn requiems were chanted in the cathedral church for the repose of her soul.⁴ All wept and lamented her loss, Protestants as well as persons of her own faith; for she had made no distinction in her charities, but distributed to all out of her pittance. The poor were true mourners. Her ladies, some of whom had been five-and-forty years in her service, were disconsolate for her loss; so were the officers of her household. The French, by whom she was much esteemed, also testified great regret, so that a general feeling of sorrow pervaded all classes.

¹ Stuart Papers in the archives of France. The chapel dedicated to St. Andrew, at Paris, still exists, and contains a beautiful monument of marble, erected by the duke of Perth to the memory of James II., beneath which was placed an urn of gilt bronze, containing the brain of that monarch. Monuments and epitaphs of Mary Beatrice, wife, and of Louisa Mary, daughter of James, and also of several members of the Perth family, are still to be seen, together with the tombs of Barclay the founder, and of Innes.

² Chaillot Records. *Mémoriaux de la Reine d'Angleterre*, in the archives of France.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

The duke de Noailles, as governor of St. Germain's and captain of the guards, came, by the order of the regency, to make the necessary arrangements for her funeral, which was to be at the expense of the French government, with the respect befitting her rank and the relationship of her late consort to the king of France, but without pomp. A court mourning of six weeks for her was ordered by the regent; but the respect and affection of the people made it general, especially when her remains were removed, on the 9th of May, attended by her sorrowful ladies and officers of state. In the archives of France the official certificate of the governor of St. Germain's is still preserved, stating, "that being ordered by his royal highness the regent, duke of Orleans, to do all the honors to the corpse of the high, puissant, and excellent queen, Marie Beatrix Eleonora d'Este of Modena, queen of Great Britain, who deceased at St. Germain's-en-laye 7th of May, he found, by her testament, that her body was to be deposited in the convent of the Visitation of St. Marie, at Chaillot, to be there *till the bodies of the king her husband, and the princess her daughter, should be transported*; but that her heart and part of her entrails should rest in perpetuity with the nuns of the said convent, with the heart of the king her husband and that of his mother (queen Henrietta); and that he has, in consequence, and by the express orders of the king of France (through M. le régent), caused the said remains of her late Britannic majesty to be conveyed to that convent, and delivered to the superior and her *religieuses* by the abbé Ingleton, grand-almoner to the defunct queen, in the presence of her ladies of honor, lord Middleton," etc.¹ There is also an attestation of the said father Ingleton, stating, "that he assisted at the convoy of the remains of the royal widow of the very high and mighty prince James II., king of Great Britain, on the 9th of May, 1718, to the convent of Chaillot, where they were received by the devout

¹ The date of this paper is the 12th of May. It certifies the fact that the remains of this unfortunate queen were conveyed with regal honors from St. Germain's to Chaillot, by order of the regent Orleans, two days after her decease, but that her obsequies did not take place till the end of the following month.

mother, Anne Charlotte Bocharé, superior of that community, and all the *religieuses* of the said monastery, in the presence of the ladies of her late majesty's household; the earl of Middleton, her great chamberlain; Mr. Dicconson, comptroller-general of the household; count Molza, lord Caryl, Mr. Nugent, and Mr. Crane, her equerries; and père Gaillar, her confessor."

The following letter was addressed by the chevalier de St. George to the abbess of Chaillot, in reply to her letters of condolence, and contains a complete refutation of the malicious reports that were circulated as to any estrangement between the deceased queen and her son. The original is in French, written in his own hand:—

"June 16, 1718.

"MY REVEREND MOTHER:—

"You will have seen, by a letter I have already written, that I am not ignorant of the attachment and particular esteem that the queen, my most honored mother, had for you and all your community, and the affection with which it was returned. So far from disapproving of the letter of condolence you have written in your name and that of your holy community, I regard it as a new proof of your zeal, and I have received it with all the sensibility due to the sad subject. I require all your prayers to aid me in supporting the great and irreparable loss I have just sustained with proper resignation. Continue your prayers for me, I entreat. Unite them with those which I hope that righteous soul offers this day in heaven—for you as well as for me. This is the best consolation that her death has left us.

"In regard to her body and heart, they are in good hands, since they are where the queen herself wished them to be; and doubt not, that in this, as in all other things, the last wishes of so worthy a mother will be to me most sacred, and that I shall feel pleasure in bestowing on you, and all your house, marks of my esteem and of my good-will, whenever it shall please Providence to give me the means.

Votre bon Amy
Jacques R

"Urbino, this 16th of June, 1718."

The obsequies of Mary Beatrice were solemnized in the conventual church of Chaillot on the 27th of June. The sisters of that convent, and all the assistant mourners, were, by the tolling of the bell, assembled in the great chamber at noon on that day for the procession, but as the ceremonial and offices were according to the ritual of the church of Rome, the detail would not interest the general reader.¹

The earnest petition which the dying queen had preferred to the regent Orleans, in behalf of the faithful ladies of her household, who, with a self-devotion not often to be met with in the annals of fallen greatness, had sacrificed fortune and country for love of her, and loyalty to him they deemed their lawful sovereign, was not in vain. Orleans, however profligate in his general conduct, was neither devoid of good nature nor generosity. Mary Beatrice had asked that the members of her household might be allowed pensions out of the fund that had been devoted to her maintenance by the court of France; and above all, as they were otherwise homeless, that they and their children might be permitted to retain the apartments they occupied in the château of St. Germain's till the restoration of her son to his legal inheritance. Long as the freehold lease of grace might last which a compliance with this request of the desolate widow of England involved, it was frankly granted by the gay, careless regent, in the name of his young sovereign. Thus the stately palace of the Valois and Bourbon monarchs of France continued to afford a shelter and a home to the noble British emigrants who had shared the ruined fortunes of the royal Stuarts. There they remained, they and their families, even to the third generation, undisturbed, a little British world in that Hampton Court on the banks of the Seine, surrounded by an atmosphere of sympathy and veneration, till the revolution of France drove them from their shelter.² Till that

¹ The particulars are preserved among the archives of France, in the hôtel de Soubise.

² The countess of Middleton survived her royal mistress eight-and-twenty years. She lived long enough to exult, in her ninety-seventh year, in the news of the triumphant entrance of the grandson of James II. and Mary Beatrice,

period, the chamber in which Mary Beatrice of Modena died was scrupulously kept in the same state in which it was wont to be during her life. Her toilette-table, with its costly plate and ornaments, the gifts of Louis XIV., was set out daily, as if for her use, with the four wax candles in the gilt candlesticks ready to light, just as if her return had been expected,—such at least are the traditionary recollections of the oldest inhabitants of the town of St. Germain, relics themselves of a race almost as much forgotten in the land as the former Jacobite tenants of the royal château.

A time-honored lady, who derived her descent from some of the noble emigrants who shared the exile of James II. and his consort, favored me with the following particulars in corroboration of the French traditions of the palace of the royal Stuarts :—"I was a very young girl," wrote her ladyship, "when I saw the castle of St. Germain; there were apartments there still occupied by the descendants of king James's household. Among these were my father's aunt, Miss Plowden,"—no other, gentle reader, than that 'petite Louison' whose childish burst of grief and disappointment, at not seeing her mother among the ladies in attendance on the queen, moved her majesty's kind heart of pity,—“niece to the earl of Stafford, and my mother's aunt; also an old maiden lady, sister to my grandfather, lord Dillon. The state-rooms were kept up, and I remember being struck with the splendor of the silver ornaments on the toilette of the queen. At the French revolution, all was plundered and destroyed.”

An original portrait of Mary Beatrice, probably the last that was ever painted of her, is one of the few relics of the royal plunder that has been traced, authenticated, and preserved.¹ Its value is not as a work of art, but as affording a faithful representation of this unfortunate queen in her last utter loneliness. She is in her widow's dress, sit-

Charles Edward Stuart, into Edinburgh in 1745, and died in the fond delusion that a new restoration of the royal Stuarts was about to take place in England. This lady was the daughter of an earl of Cardigan.

¹ In the collection of the late James Smith, Esq., of St. Germain.

ting by the urn which enshrines her husband's heart: she points to it with a mournful air. A large black crape veil is thrown over her head, according to the fashion of the royal widows of France, one corner forming a point on the forehead, and the rest of the drapery falling like a mantle over the shoulders nearly to the ground. Her robes are of some heavy mourning stuff, with hanging sleeves, which are turned back with white lawn weepers, and display the hands and arms a little above the wrist. She wears the round white lawn tippet which then formed part of the widow's costume, and about her throat a single row of large round pearls, from which depends a cross. Her hair is shown from beneath the veil: it has lost its jetty hue, so have her eyebrows; and though decided vestiges of beauty may still be traced in the majestic outline of her face, it is beauty of a different character from that which Lely and Kneller painted, and Waller, Dryden, and Granville sang. A milder, a more subdued expression marks the features of the fallen queen, the desolate widow, and bereaved mother, who had had so often cause to say with the Psalmist, "Thine indignation lieth hard upon me. Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms." But the chastening had been given in love, the afflictions had been sent in mercy; religion and the sweet uses of adversity had done their work; every natural alloy of pride, of vanity, and impatience had been purified from the character of this princess. There is something more lovely than youth, more pleasing than beauty, in the divine placidity of her countenance as she sits in her sable weeds by that urn, a mourner; yet not without hope, for the book of holy writ lies near, as well it might, for it was her daily study. It was the fountain of consolation whence Mary Beatrice of Modena drew the sweetness that enabled her to drink the bitter waters of this world's cares with meekness, and to repeat, under every fresh trial that was decreed to her, "It is the Lord, he is the master, and his holy name be forever blessed and praised."¹

¹ MS. lettres de la Reine d'Angleterre, veuve de Jacques II., in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

The life of the unfortunate widow of James II. can scarcely conclude more appropriately than with the following characteristic quotation from one of her letters, without date, but evidently written when the cause of her son was regarded, even by herself, as hopeless :—"Truth to tell, there remains to us at present neither hope nor human resource from which we can derive comfort of any kind whatsoever ; so that, according to the world, our condition may be pronounced desperate, but, according to God, we ought to believe ourselves happy, and bless and praise Him for having driven us to the wholesome necessity of putting our whole trust in Him alone, so that we might be able to say,—

Et nuncque est expectatio mea ! Nonni, Dominus !

Oh, blessed reliance ! Oh, resource infallible!"¹

¹ Inedited letter of Mary Beatrice of Modena, to Françoise Angelique Priolo : Chaillot collection, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

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